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WHAT IS IT that "gets" you IN THESE VOICES?



FOUR WOMEN and four men whose voices are famous. Women: Salvation Army leader Evangeline Booth, famous singer Kirsten Flagstad, American "hot gospeller" Aimee McPherson, and Lotte Lehmann. The men are: Gandhi, Mussolini, Mr. Chamberlain, and Hitler.

STRANGE POWER THAT CAN EXCITE, ANGER OR AMUSE . . .

HOW does Adolf Hitler manage to produce those frenzied cheers when he addresses a crowd of Germans?

Why do thousands flock to Aimee McPherson's "temple" at Los Angeles?

The secret is the magic power of the human voice. That strange, compelling quality, possessed by some women as well as men, can sway millions. It can, and does, make history.

Voices tell us more about other people than any other characteristic. Your voice. Your friend's voice. Hitler's voice.

To most of us Hitler's staccato bark suggests the ruthless, excitable fanatic, but it can rouse millions of Germans to white-hot emotion.

You will decide perhaps as you listen to him that Mr. Chamberlain is quietly determined; Mr. Menzies, Australia's Prime Minister, polished and intellectual; Mr. Hughes, rugged and outspoken.

President Roosevelt gives us a feeling of quiet strength. In Anthony Eden's voice there is pugnacity; in Winston Churchill's, imagination.

Women as well as men have swayed millions, and are still doing it by the power of their voices.



Joan of Arc must have had that rare gift. Evangeline Booth and Maude Royden showed, when they were in Australia, how an audience can be gripped by the personality behind a voice.

Mrs. Roosevelt keeps millions of Americans enthralled when she talks to them over a nation-wide broadcast relay.

And what quiet assurance there was in the voice of the Queen when she spoke in the midst of the crisis last year at the launching of the liner Queen Elizabeth.

Everyone who heard her speak felt that she was speaking for as well as to the Empire.

A vibrant, forceful voice can do amazing things to a crowd. The words may mean nothing, may not even be understood. Yet the listeners will cheer, laugh, weep—anything that the speaker wills.

America's No. 1 "hot gospeller" is Aimee Macpherson. Thousands flock to hear her at her "temple" in Los Angeles, and she has followers all over the world.

It's her voice that works the spell.

A great singer's voice has magic, too, but of a different kind. Her voice is like a delicately-tuned instrument, but it has the same tremendous power over those who hear it.

Dame Nellie Melba could make her audience weep by singing "Home, Sweet Home." Kirsten Flagstad, Marjorie Lawrence, Lotte Lehmann—all have the same magic, but in the case of singers it is usually a deliberately cultivated magic.

Can be cultivated

STRANGELY enough, most of us don't know the sound of our own voices. We may think we do, but we are probably greatly mistaken.

Listen to your voice played back to you from a record, and more often than not you will be appalled.

"Surely that high-pitched whine or guttural growl is not me!" is the usual reaction.

Although you may not be able to inject personality into your voice, any voice can be trained and cultivated, can be made to express your best qualities—your refinement, your good taste.

This is largely a matter of imitation, for imitation is the life of the human voice.

The voice you are now using you took on by imitation.

All children unconsciously imitate the voice of a parent, a teacher or an associate.

You yourself are surrounded by teachers when you hear voices on the radio. Your voice is so responsive that it is always ready to assume the good qualities—or bad—of other voices you hear.

A recent scientific study in America of the effects of emotion on the voice revealed some remarkable facts.

When Hitler addresses a crowd, it was shown, his voice rises to an unusually high pitch—that normally adopted by a man in the grip of fear or anger.

Among hundreds of voices analysed few rose to such a pitch as Hitler's last year, when he shrieked to a listening world that his patience with Czechoslovakia was at an end and that his army was ready to march . . .

Mr. Chamberlain's range is slightly more than an octave, Mussolini's an octave and a half and Roosevelt's about an octave. The range of a professional actor or radio speaker is much greater than any of these.

A simple test

IN women the vocal cords are (on the average) only two-thirds the length of those in men. The voice is pitched roughly an octave higher. The speaking voice is, as in men, pitched lower than the singing voice.

The most impressive women speakers have learnt to talk in their natural low speaking register, and avoid the hard, coarse quality liable to appear in it by co-ordinating it with the falsetto.

But it's the personality behind the voice that matters.

Here is an easy way to test your voice:

Stand up close to a pane of glass. Cup your hands over your ears and listen to your voice as it reverberates.

That's how it sounds to other people in conversation or if you were speaking over the air.



ERASMIC Face Powder
provided the key

She married *such* a socially prominent man. He never would have noticed her but for her beauty . . . her glorious, flower-like skin. No wonder society welcomed this lovely girl—copied her beauty secret—Erasmic Face Powder.

every beautifying face powder ingredient in ERASMIC

Try this truly beautifying powder—Erasmic! It has every glamour-giving property yet discovered. For Erasmic was famous before most present-day powders were known . . . and is constantly being improved and perfected by the world's greatest cosmeticians. Erasmic has glorified many a fascinating actress, many a titled English beauty—and Erasmic will give *your* skin that same unbelievably lovely bloom!



ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—perfect powder base—1/- a tube. ERASMIC COLD CREAM—for special nightly skin care—1/- a tube.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

57.40.27

Let's Talk Of *Interesting* People



Target for "archies"

VERY much in the modern manner is Miss Mona Friedlander's job. This intrepid young airwoman, daughter of London's well-known millionaire banker, flies nightly over London as a range-finding target for the anti-aircraft batteries.

Miss Friedlander, who is only twenty-four, was one of the first women in England to gain her pilot's A and B licences and second navigator's licence.



Brilliant scientist

PROFESSOR ANGEL ROFFO, the Argentine doctor well known as the principal of the Buenos Aires Institute for Cancer Research, has just been honored by France. He has been awarded the Amerongen prize, the greatest award to be made in France for science. It carries with it an amount of 100,000 francs.



M.P. and alderman

MRS. DAVID KEIR, M.P., who, before her recent marriage in London, was Miss Thelma Cazalet, has the distinction of being the first woman Member of Parliament to be married in the crypt of Westminster Palace. Mrs. Keir has been Conservative M.P. for East Islington since 1931.

She is also much interested in Local Government work, and for some time has been an alderman of the County of London.

Her husband is a Parliamentary lobby journalist.

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"I am living in POLAND"



AT BERCHTESGADEN, MOUNTAIN home of Hitler. From this retreat was planned the German-Russian pact which brought crisis to Europe. The house is closely guarded—no aeroplanes may fly overhead.



EMELIA MALECZYNSKA—Commandant of the Polish Women's Legion. "We fought once and will fight again," she says.

Australian woman's vivid story of the Danzig crisis

Special cable to The Australian Women's Weekly from Warsaw.

I have just heard the news of the German-Russian pact. It wasn't altogether unexpected—Poland, my country (I call it my country now—I am an Australian woman married to a Pole for many years) remains calm and undismayed.

People walk under the chestnut trees talking of the war, of closed frontiers.

WHEN you see in your Australian newspapers that the people of Poland are calm, that the cafes are crowded, and the people are attending the theatre and the cinema, the concert halls and the ballet, you can take that as truth.

To-day as I looked out from my window on the busy crowd I could not imagine that Poland was facing another crisis. There was laughter and gaiety everywhere, and calmness. Our frontiers are closed but our hearts are strong.

In the house next door a girl was playing Chopin—our national composer. In the street the same busy scene.

Down this street I have often seen the bent figure of Paderewski walking — our former President-pianist—people raising their hats to him.

With a quick flash of anxiety I wonder if we shall soon be practising another form of salute.

Poland does not want war. It has nothing to gain by war, but Poland will fight if its liberty is assailed.

Make no mistake about that.

We are a poor nation. There is no great wealth in Poland, few millionaires, and our peasants are very poor indeed.

We have only liberty, and it's our dearest and most priceless possession.

A powder magazine

I WOULD like to tell Australian women something of Poland, how inevitable war seems to us. Why, if it comes, we must fight.

We always expect war, that is why we are calm in the face of danger. We live on top of a powder magazine. We understand only too well what is meant by a "war of nerves."

I laugh sometimes when I read in the newspapers that the next war will be fought in everybody's back garden.

War in Poland has always been fought in our back garden.

They say the next war will be fought against women and children. Well, Polish women have always fought in wars.



GIRLS OF POLISH LEGION. They will fight if called upon.

In the event of war the women of Poland will fight as well as the men.

Polish amazons fought the Bolsheviks, and Polish women will fight again if their nation goes to war.

The famous Women's Legion, who fought the Russians, is still in existence. The veterans of that war are still in uniform. They have trained their children in the Women's Legion.

This afternoon I spoke to Emilia Maleczynska, Commandant of the Women's Legion at headquarters.

She is one of the women who fought against the Bolsheviks. "We are prepared," she said simply.

"We have kept our organisation going since 1920. We have fought once and can fight again. Our girls are trained and ready."

The most heartrending thing about Poland is its courage and vulnerability.

You Australian women who travel from Sydney to Perth, from Cairns to Launceston, and still remain in peaceful Australian territory, with oceans separating you from potential enemies, have no idea how surrounded Poland actually is.

Man-made boundaries

NO huge mountain ranges or wide rivers divide us from other countries. All our boundaries are artificial.

To invade Poland you just keep on walking.

Why, in this country there is the left and right bank of a ploughed furrow—on one side is Poland, on the other side Germany. You go for a swim and afterwards bask on the sand. A little post half buried in the sand shows you the dividing line between the free city of Danzig and Poland.

Geographically we are Europe's most thoroughly surrounded nation.

When I think of Hitler screaming out about encirclement I could weep.

Poland has common boundaries with six foreign neighbors.

We sit in the midst of this chequerboard—hoping for peace, prepared for war.



POLISH SOLDIER on German-Poland frontier. The country has six foreign boundaries and is vulnerable on all sides. Poland sits amid this chequerboard hoping for peace—prepared for war.

ORDINARY DIET FAILS
to supply enough Vitamin 'B'

Over and over again, lack of vitality, loss of weight, impaired digestion, has been found due to the failure of the modern diet to supply enough Vitamin 'B'. Obtained from rich natural sources, Vitamin 'B' has been added to Nestlé's Malted Milk to safeguard you against this diet deficiency. Nestlé's Malted Milk is even more valuable to you now—don't miss your daily glass.

For Perfect Health you need this all-important Vitamin every day!

The body cannot store Vitamin 'B' which must be renewed daily by the diet. Modern foods are so deficient in Vitamin 'B' that it is best to increase your intake of this important vitamin by drinking Nestlé's Malted Milk regularly. Lack of Vitamin 'B' results in loss of weight, vigour and growth, indigestion, constipation, colitis and serious nerve disorders. Ample Vitamin 'B' ensures growth, vigour and appetite and protects against nerve diseases.

Extra Vitamin 'B' sends vitality UP!



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PARIS launches new mode . . .

ACCENT on HIPS

Super-super line is subtle, graceful and feminine

By air mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE in Paris

Rich and colorful as a connoisseur's collection of eighteenth century paintings, the clothes that Paris has launched for the coming season are reminiscent of the glories of the past.

The big news is hips. Whether slender or otherwise, they are the centre of interest.



SCHIAPARELLI created this long jacket, buttoning closely in front to follow the figure-line. The shirt has a trimming of frills which lift slightly towards the back.

BUSTLES and basques, peplums and panniers, high velvet collars and full flaring backs bring an air of romanticism to the mode.

The moulded silhouette, however, draped and swathed in gleaming satins by night, or soft jerseys and heavy silks by day, stands out clearly as a definite 1939-40 mode that owes nothing to the pages of history.

The hour-glass silhouette, moulded to a tight waist, with fullness above and below, has evolved two attractive lines, the draped apron effect in front, finishing in a bustle, and the moulded figure-revealing line, with trimming concentrated at the hips and fullness concealed at the sides or front.

Graceful and feminine, the autumn fashions stress a super-super line, by means of a subtle scheme starting from swathed corsage to full flaring skirt hem, with neat waist and emphasised hips.

Fashion is more luxurious than it has been for a long time, playing with lavish trimmings in a dozen new ways.

Rich fabrics are employed, gaily striped satins, gorgeous brocades, supple silks, scintillating lames, and soft jerseys in silk and wool for afternoon wear.

For the tailleur a host of smooth surfaced fabrics — mostly in black — lend themselves admirably to the long figure-moulding line, while sport and travel clothes come in vividly checked tweeds and tartans that swing from the shoulders in full-length swagger coats or long capes.

Paris, recapturing the military spirit of a revolutionary past, has borrowed every line and trimming, adopting them in a dozen ways that spell swagger.

In brilliant stripes and checks, taffeta and velvet, short pigeon-tail coats, supporting bustle bows are worn with youthful daytime skirts, the fullness held closely at the back.

Paquin introduces this line in a collection of particularly glamorous evening clothes.

A high yoke of gold-and-white embroidery, and gold-and-white aigrettes in the hair complete the picture of Pharaoh's daughter.

A vividly striped satin and faille in musk-pink and blue lift from the front in an apron effect finishing in a huge bustle above concentrated back fullness, while the backward trend is evidenced again in a wine velvet from the same collection with fullness at the back draped from a plain front and a fluted basque standing out stiffly at the rear.

For the slightly hippy there are nipped-in waists with full skirts of transparent laces, net and tulle worn over sheath-like slips and weighted at the end with a fabric matching the bodice.

Chanel shows a black velvet bodice, the square decolletage outlined with deep white lace, a full net skirt finished with deep band of black velvet.

A white satin dress is particularly lovely from Schiaparelli, with gold kid corselet emphasising the waist and gold kid trimming the end of the full satin skirt. The decolletage is square, with narrow shoulder-straps running down to a low back.

For day wear, of course, the longer-at-the-back-than-front basque is equally slimming, and the brocaded evening gowns with plain fronts and fully flaring backs are both elegant and wearable.

For trimmings the military flavor of day clothes brings braid and cord, tassels and fringe, with epaulets of chenille and square snoulders, built up with braid and fur.

Dressy suits are lavishly trimmed with fur placed well down below the hips, standing high around the face, or weighting the skirt sweep, upward to the waist.

A navy-blue duvetyn coat on slim-fitting lines from Robert Piguet has a cape bordered with red fox which may be taken off and tied around the waist to give the effect of a flaring skirt, weighted with fur.

Chanel uses deep bands of flat fur on rich red duvetyn topcoats with skirts that are gathered to a low-fitting waistline, while Paquin makes the same use of beaver, sweeping the fur up to the centre-back.



SCHIAPARELLI'S evening ensemble showing how the backward trend is modified in a tucked skirt that sweeps upward towards the back. The long jacket follows the same line.

EXCLUSIVE article on Coppins, country home of Duke and Duchess of Kent.—Page 15.



CREED model inspired by the Bucks of the Regency period. The striped satin suit has a jacket nipped in at the waist with lace jabot and cuffs.



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A Complete Short Story

By . . .
EVELYN MURRAY CAMPBELL



Illustrated by FISCHER

THAT GIRL of RICHARD'S

When he got to the door, Dick's eyes went from one face to the other, anxiously.

ON the way down to the shops Amy Carlyle drove past the Morton house. Just as she had expected, Dick's car was parked under the trees in front. There were other cars, a new coupe and a sinister red sports car, but Amy saw nothing but her son's small car. She had done without a new winter coat to help him pay for it, and she had the right to resent its presence at eleven o'clock in the morning in the proximity of Geraldine Morton.

The Mortons' house was like the Mortons themselves, rambling, uncertain, with a badly kept lawn redeemed by surprisingly beautiful knots of flowers in unexpected places. It took courage for such a house to hold up its head among such smart neighbors, but Amy Carlyle was untouched by a bid for sympathy. On the contrary, she was indignant. She wanted her son, Richard, snatched from that environment, but she didn't know just how to go about snatching him. For a moment she had a wild idea of ringing the doorbell and demanding that he should come away with her at once, but that, of course, was utterly impractical. Dick would simply scowl and refuse. He was a man, twenty-one years old, and did as he pleased.

In the end she drove on and bought provisions in her accustomed manner.

She resented the Mortons having that new coupe. They couldn't pay for it. They would drive it until the paint was tarnished; then there would be a period when the Mortons had no car and Dick would be called upon for lifts at any day or hour.

There were three Morton girls and they kept a good many young men about. Young men with cars and theatre tickets and tendencies to change everything that had always been to something quite different and new. Geraldine was the second one. She had the most power, she was the most dangerous, and for nearly a year she had concentrated upon Dick. There were times when it was almost more than his mother could bear, yet she did bear it because she was his mother and there was nothing else she could do.

In the beginning she had merely laughed and been glad that Dick had some girl friends.

The laughter did not last long. When she thought it time for Dick to stop playing and think of serious things, she discovered that he was altogether serious and that little Geraldine Morton loomed large and menacing upon the horizon of her peace.

Walter Carlyle, a big, easy-going man, said: "Let the youngsters alone. Puppy love. They all have it; had it myself." He crinkled humorous grey eyes at her. "You had it yourself, Amy."

"But he's wasting time; he's missing lectures to be with her. He needs every minute of his time to keep up with his law course."

Walter frowned. That law course had been a bone of contention in the family. Walter hadn't thought his son would make a good lawyer and there were by far too many lawyers already. Young men had to look about for new fields . . . but Amy had won, having first won Dick to her way of thinking.

BUT that was a year ago, and now Dick had given up law himself. He wanted to make money. He got a job in an insurance office and was doing well. He spent a lot of time at the Morton house, or took Geraldine with him when he had to go out on business. Which his mother thought was the silliest thing he had ever done, because a girl brought up like that could be nothing but a hindrance on such occasions.

And her heart stopped beating when she thought what this might mean.

Her voice trembled when she spoke to his father. "Do you—do you think he might marry her?"

"He might. He'll marry somebody some day." Walter refused to become excited, but he was sympathetic. "Don't worry, dear. The boy has some brains. He knows he can't marry for a while."

"For a while! Walter, have you lost your mind? He can't marry for years". A dark tide she did not recognise rose within her. "He can't marry that girl—ever! She hasn't a single quality I would choose for Dick—for his wife! She's the wrong girl."

How strange, how ominous that sounded. Walter frowned again, not at her but at his own thought.

"I'm afraid we've done too much choosing for the boy, because he's our only one, I suppose. And I've noticed that he doesn't care particularly for what we've chosen. I don't want a hand in picking his wife, so long as she's a good girl."

She was irritated by that tiresome phrase, "good girl." There were thousands of good girls, but that wasn't enough. Dick's wife had to be more than that. She looked at her husband coldly.

"I am not willing to desert my son at the most important moment of his life. Of course, she is good, but what else is she? What character, what initiative, what—depth—has she to give him? A man needs all that in a woman."

Dick didn't tell her things any more. Perhaps he sensed the antagonism, though she tried hard to conceal it. They had always been friends, even when he was a little fellow, and he had trusted her with everything.

But now he was wary. He watched her face when he mentioned Geraldine, and sometimes his young mouth closed firmly over the name, shutting his mother out completely. And to be shut away from Dick meant utter darkness.

All this was in her mind while she bought peas and carrots and totalled her list sharply. It did not seem ridiculous to confuse a love affair with vegetables and odds and ends of Wednesday's shopping. And the oddest part was that she was actually buying this good, nourishing dinner for Geraldine herself and trying to choose what the girl would like.

DICK always brought her to dinner on Wednesday evenings. It had come to be an institution. And it was always a very good dinner indeed, because Amy had reason to suspect the Morton system of housekeeping. All of them were much too thin. They went rushing about with no time for proper meals —Mrs. Morton herself was an anaemic woman with an anxious look, interested solely in world movements, and with no settled hours or menus in her household. But there were always sandwiches.

"Gosh, mother, Gerry knows more than twenty different ways to make sandwiches." Dick had once enthused.

Across her charming table Amy Carlyle smiled at the girl who had taken her son from her. It was a kind smile and sincere, because at the moment she was concerned because Geraldine didn't eat enough.

"Another slice of lamb, my dear . . . Walter, please. But Geraldine, you must eat your dinner or you can't dance half the night."

Geraldine smiled back as if she loved Dick's mother.

"I couldn't dance at all if I ate all this."

She was a pretty girl but too slender, too delicate. Tall enough, but with breakable-looking limbs and no waist at all. Beside Dick she simply melted to nothingness. Even her voice was a mere trickle of sweet little sounds. Her large brown eyes were always wide-open and startled, and she was afraid of almost everything. Dick explained proudly. Spiders and mice and storms. She almost never walked; her spike-heeled shoes were not made for walking, but she could dance limitlessly.

"Exactly the way our great-grandmothers were made," thought Amy.

She was, herself, an outdoor woman, with plenty of heavy walking shoes—and she had walked with Dick over downlands and hills.

"He'd have to carry her over every rough spot," she thought. "She would be excess luggage on one of our walking holidays." And so the idea was born.

Walter was packing his bag for a hurried business trip. He would be gone four days.

"Do you know what I think I'll do, Walter?" Amy said. "I think I'll take Dick and Geraldine in the little car and go up to the cottage for the week-end."

He looked up from his packing.

"Geraldine? Why, you've never taken her before."

"There is always a first time." She spoke sharply. "If Dick is going to devote all his time to Geraldine, she'll have to learn to do the things he likes to do. He has healthy outdoor tastes and she can acquire them, too."

But Dick received the suggestion with a warmth that made up for his father's lack of it.

"Gosh, mother, do you really mean that? You want Gerry to come this time?"

"Of course, Dick. She could have come with us before, only—she doesn't seem able to rough it with old stagers like you and me."

Dick melted before her eyes. But it was Geraldine's name that had thawed him.

"Don't you believe it, mother." He was too eager. It repelled Amy. "Gerry's a lot stronger than she looks. It's because she's never had a chance to rough it a little; her family doesn't care about that sort of thing."

The little car was a tight squeeze for three and the odds and ends they must take along—extra blankets and all the provisions. The cottage had been closed for months.

AMY glanced at Geraldine crushed between herself and Dick. Her heart misgave her, and she almost ordered him to stop at a shop. Geraldine wore a thin flannel skirt and a pullover. She looked very pretty but much like a robin in search of a delayed spring.

"Do you think you'll be warm enough?" Amy asked.

Geraldine smiled eagerly. "I'm never cold."

But it was cold as the road climbed into the mountains.

Dick and Amy took these things as a matter of course. They talked on and on of other journeys, and neither noticed that Geraldine's mouth was white or that she kept her eyes tightly closed. There she was, seated snugly between them, shielded from the cold. They thought they were taking beautiful care of her.

And it was cold at the cottage when they got there. The wind searched through the valleys with a low howling sound.

There was a great deal to be done and Amy had far more than her share. At first Geraldine did not seem to think of helping, she ran about quite mad, making discoveries but keeping her eyes away from the endless purple vistas that sank into folded layers of mist that covered the lowlands. It was not happiness but a sort of wild relief that she was on her own feet again, and Dick's eyes were all for her as he and his mother unpacked the car and aired the cottage. Amy's heart contracted when she saw his face—it was the way he had looked at her when he was little—wondering, adoring. She complained laughing that the wood smoke from their first fire stung her eyes. Now that look belonged to someone else.

It was fun to be at the cottage with supper on the table and the beds made up warm and inviting. Later on it was even better. There was a splendid fire and the little wireless behaved remarkably well. Amy had always loved the evenings most of all, and the long talks with Dick.

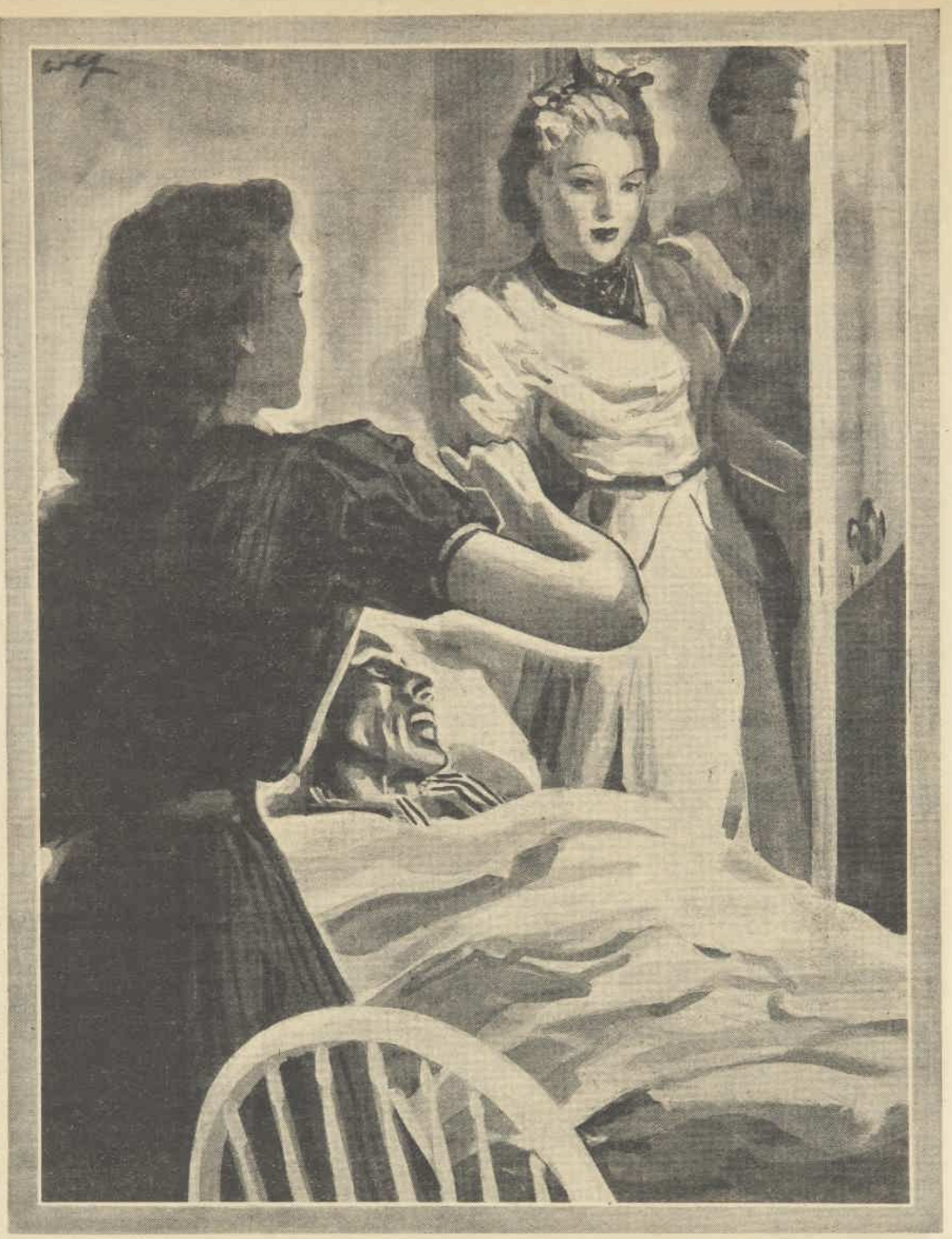
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Concluding our romantic serial

The MAN in My LIFE

By OSCAR SCHISGALL



A THICK-SET, powerful figure, his silvery hair gleaming in the sunshine, Novack awaited them on deck.

"So good of you to come, Mrs. Cameron. And you, too, Pitt. The last time we met, I believe, was at the board meeting of the Arrencort Construction Company."

"Yes," Pitt said shortly, frowning.

Novack led them to the after deck, where they sank into canvas chairs under a striped awning. As a steward brought mint juleps the Estrella started gliding down the bay.

Leslie began tautly, "About my husband——"

"First, Mrs. Cameron, I think it might be wise to become better acquainted, don't you?" He smiled. "We hardly know each other. I suspect you've always thought of me as some sort of——" The smile became deprecating. "Ogre, shall we say?"

"An enigma would be nearer the truth."

At that he laughed. "At least you're frank."

Harley put in, "Look here, Novack; if you have anything to tell Mrs. Cameron——"

"You're her attorney, I understand?"

"Yes!"

"Then I suppose it's quite all right for Mr. Pitt to sit in on this?" He regarded Leslie dubiously. "Or shall we ask him to excuse us?"

"I can't see anything to hide from him."

"As you prefer." Novack studied his cigar. Sunlight reflected from the water shimmered on his polished cheeks. There was a delightful breeze as the yacht slid down the bay.

"Mrs. Cameron," began Frederick Novack, "there are several things I should like to tell you about myself. Perhaps I can clarify this—enigma." There was amusement in the way he said it. "You know, whenever a man manages to make a considerable amount of money, thousands are ready to point at him with wild accusations. Please don't misunderstand me; I'm not trying to whitewash myself. One doesn't make money without fighting. But I've always tried to fight honestly.

"I've been accused of doing a great many impossible things," he went on. "Most of the accusations were ridiculous. I have been charged, for instance, with making a fortune by swindling the city of New York. That's absurd. No man could go on for years cheating a city without being caught at it. Every now and then somebody, fired by civic indignation, has picked me as a target and hurled all sorts of nonsense at me. Seven years ago, Mrs. Cameron, your husband, too, had the idea that I ought to be investigated."

Leslie sipped a little of her julep, then lowered the glass.

"All this, I suppose, is by way of preamble to the assertion that you were in no way responsible for my husband's disappearance; that you knew nothing about it."

"On the contrary," Frederick Novack answered simply. "I knew everything about it."

Somehow Leslie Cameron prevented herself from sitting up with a gasp.

"You—you knew?" she whispered.

Harley Pitt's dark face was stupefied. "If you knew," he flung out hoarsely, "and for seven years allowed Mrs. Cameron to go through this hell of doubt and torture—why, that constitutes——"

"Pitt, don't become legal. Don't tell me I'm liable to something or other." Novack sounded weary. "I'm not asking advice."

"Is my husband alive?" The question broke from Leslie sharply.

"No," he said. "He died three years ago—in Havana."

"Three years ago!"

Instead of replying, Novack peered off across the scintillant waters of the bay. By this time the yacht was nosing its way into blue seas, over long swells. It was a brilliant day, perfect for a cruise.

Leslie, pale, looked at nothing except Frederick Novack. She struggled to keep her voice steady.

"You knew that," she repeated, "and—you didn't tell!"

Novack elevated cryptic brows. "Frankly, Mrs. Cameron, I'm not quite sure why I'm telling you now, unless it's to avoid having the case reopened."

"But how did you know?" cried Harley Pitt. "You realise, of course, that your knowledge implies criminal——"

"Pitt, I know exactly what my knowledge implies," the grey-haired man rapped out. "And I needn't tell you that what we discuss here is in complete confidence. If you were to charge me with it in public, I'd deny every word. You see, Mrs. Cameron, I'm being quite candid."

"I appreciate that. Go on, please!"

"You will remember, Mrs. Cameron, that during the month before his disappearance your husband converted a great many securities into cash. He also drew a considerable amount of money from his bank. Those things were never satisfactorily explained, were they?"

"No."

"I can assure you that what the police suspected was quite true. Your husband planned to disappear. He wanted to get away from New York. That's why he prepared for it financially. I know, because he came to me about a week before he vanished. His visit was in the nature of—blackmail."

Leslie sat furious, pallid, words of denial clamoring to be uttered.

"He came to me one evening," declared Novack, "and told me he'd discovered a great many awkward matters concerning the way I conducted my business. He said that as a public prosecutor he intended to reveal them. But he said also that for fifty thousand dollars he would keep them quiet."

"That," said Leslie flatly, "isn't true!"

"I give you my word, Mrs. Cameron, that it is. Why should I be making revelations of this sort—revelations which really vilify me—unless they're true?"

"I don't know! All I know is that Bert never——"

Frederick Novack shrugged. "I can tell you only the facts."

He paused to relight his cigar. It wasn't until he had thrown another match overboard that he proceeded. "I won't deny there are certain aspects of my life which I'd prefer to keep hidden. All of us have skeletons in our closets. Your husband, I gathered from what he said, had opened one of my closet doors." Novack smiled cynically. "After considerable deliberation it struck me that it might be worth fifty thousand to keep him silent."

"You paid him?" burst from Harley.

"Yes, I paid him. That was a week before his disappearance. I gave him the money in cash."

"So that was why you denied all knowledge——"

"Of course. What else could I do? Admit to the police that I'd bribed a Special Prosecuting Attorney?"

The challenge made Harley Pitt sink back as though something in him had been crushed. He fixed a haggard stare on the deck and was silent.

"You will understand, Mrs. Cameron," Novack continued, "that after I'd paid him fifty thousand dollars I was intensely interested in your husband's movements.

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Love's Final Triumph

Leslie saw Margaret Roake . . . then her gaze swept past the man in the bed and the anguish of seven years poured out in a whispered cry.

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The Unsleeping Regiment

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

A complete short story of the Indian Frontier and a rifle-thief who made a rash wager

By GARNETT RADCLIFFE



When he reached the appointed spot, the Kuttuck sprang and struck with all his strength.

CONTRARY to the general notion, it is cold rather than heat that makes a sentry drowsy. Anyone who has soldiered in India, the place par excellence to encounter extremes of climate, can testify to that fact. Visit your sentries on a July night at Kohat, when the mercury stands at over a hundred, the world is a dusty crucible throwing back the heat absorbed during the day, and the moonlight seems to make you perspire, and you will find every man alert. Almost too alert for your personal peace of mind. Every man will be irritably wide-awake and, especially if he suffers from prickly heat, eager to loose off his rifle on the smallest provocation.

But visit them on a winter's night in the same station, and it doesn't matter if you stutter when you give the password. They will—unless, of course, they happen to belong to the Unsleeping Regiment, with which regiment and its record this story deals—be huddled and sleepy like hibernating bears in their poshteens (sheepskin coats). And if there happens to be an ice-laden gale from the Pamirs (and there very often does happen to be such a gale), you can walk up to your sentry and slap his face before his blue fingers can draw the bolt.

Which facts, needless to say, are included in the book of wisdom of the rifle-thieves. What the experienced stealer of rifles likes, and what he will wait for for months if need be, is a bitter night, a hail-storm and a regiment in an exposed position. Given these conditions, he can elude any save the most alert of sentries.

Raisul Makmud, Mohmand Pathan and most celebrated rifle-thief in the Gomal territory, knew practically all there was to be known about his profession, which was accounted at least as honorable as any other in those parts. But when he swore in open durbar (gathering) that he would break the record of the Fifty-second Kuttuck Rifles (better known as the Unsleeping Regiment) by taking one of their rifles he did not stipulate for a suitable night. For, he said, throwing out his chest and swaggering as only a Mohmand Pathan can, he could get past their sentries any night he chose. It would be child's play for him, Raisul Makmud the Fox.

It was in open durbar in his own village, a village that was about as accessible to the forces of the British Raj as a vulture's nest to a herd of elephants, he made that boast.

All the village elders and many others were present and heard. And that his words were not greeted with open shouts of derision was purely due to the fact that the rifle-thief was a hot-tempered person and almost as good with a knife as he was at creeping through barbed wire.

For there was a proverb in that village to the effect that when Raisul Makmud secured one of the Unsleeping Regiment's rifles the sky would rain gold. That regiment was the one blot on his reputation, the solitary peak he had failed to climb.

He had tried three times and had failed, on the last occasion sustaining a wound that would have incapacitated anyone save a wiry Mohmand. And on that occasion, more than a year previously, he had saved his face by proclaiming that the Fifty-second Kuttuck Rifles were in league with the Devil and therefore to be shunned by every honest Mohmand rifle-thief.

And now this sudden volte-face! Not in his cups and bragging to confidants, but in public durbar where men talk seriously! It seemed to his hearers he must suddenly have gone mad. They glanced at one another across the fire and hid their smiles in their beards.

Raisul Makmud was smiling for a different reason. His nickname for obvious reasons was the Fox, and he looked like a fox that night. Picking up a handful of sand, he tossed it in the air.

"So much for the Unsleeping Regiment! They're only water-carriers dressed to look like soldiers. The legend of their cunning and vigilance has existed too long. If they've never lost a rifle, as the legend runs, they're going to lose one shortly. I, Raisul Makmud, can stroll past their so-called sentries as if they were so many piles of bhoosa (hay) and take one any time I like."

It was the village headman who answered. He was an old man now, but in his youth had been almost as noted a rifle-thief as Raisul. And he too had met his Waterloo in the Unsleeping Regiment.

He spoke thoughtfully.

"In future, methinks, Raisul the Fox will have to be known as Raisul the Grasshopper. You remember the tale, brothers? The grasshopper, going to visit his sick mother, had to cross a mountain whose peak touched the sky. 'One day when I've got time,' he chirped. 'I will sweep this little heap of dust into the sea.' "

THERE was a roar of laughter, in which Raisul Makmud joined as heartily as any.

"And a flea to whom what was really a little dust loomed like a mountain called him a boaster!" he said.

"Meaning that I am a flea?" the village headman asked sharply.

"Nay, lambadar sahib, for I am a man. But were I Raisul the Grasshopper I might not be able to judge so clearly."

That was too involved for the village headman and he tried another tack.

"So you are Raisul the Man! Then why does Raisul the Man wish to rob the Unsleeping Regiment for a second time? It is but a year since he visited them—and brought back a Government bullet in his chest taken from the camp."

The durbar rocked, but Raisul remained imperturbable.

"True, lambadar sahib. Last year I took a bullet, this year I will take a rifle. A Brutten rifle with dial sights such as have been lately issued to the Unsleeping Regiment alone of all the regiments on the Frontier. It was an honor paid by the Government of the British Raj to that regiment because they alone have never had a rifle stolen."

"And you will take one of those rifles?" the headman cried incredulously.

"Certainly." Raisul smiled. "A few weeks hence the Unsleeping Regiment will be leaving Gilgat, where they are now stationed, and returning to their depot. They will spend one night on the camping-ground at the mouth of the Gilgat Ravine. On that night, no matter if it be cold or warm, and no matter whether there be a moon or not, I will take the rifle. Shall we have a wager on the matter? If I fail I will give you a quarter of my holding of tilled ground, and if I bring back the rifle you will give me—what?"

"The weight of every mountain you can see from here in solid gold," the lambadar said promptly. "You are talking like a fool, Raisul. In my youth it was said that the Kuttucks of the Unsleeping Regiment could see through rocks and hear scorpions like galloping horses, and they tell me they are now as they were then."

"Doubly since the Government has entrusted them with the Brutten rifles," a younger man put in, speaking from sad experience.

"Then all the more reason for making the wager," Raisul cried. "Come, lambadar sahib, are you so averse to gaining a piece of good ground? Or can it be that though you say I speak foolishly you think otherwise in your heart?"

The headman stared at him. This was Raisul the Fox and he seemed utterly confident. On the other hand, there was the reputation of the Unsleeping Regiment. The headman thought of all the legends he had heard about the uncanny vigilance of the Kuttucks and took heart.

"All right, Raisul," he said. "Far be it from me to stand between a fool and his folly. I will make a wager. If you return alive bringing with you a Brutten rifle stolen from the Unsleeping Regiment I will give you four camels, a year's store of feed and—and all my wife's gold ornaments."

"Four dying camels, the hay that poisoned them, and two toe-rings!" Raisul Makmud sneered.

"Am I to risk my life for those?"

"And what of your land?" the headman screamed. "There's not space to bury a dead mule on its side even if it were possible to remove the rocks. But since I am anxious to prove you a liar and a boaster, I will also offer——"

A Mohmand enjoys bargaining as much as a Donegal peasant. To a stranger it would have appeared that bloodshed was imminent. In reality custom was being observed. The headman, who was wealthy, increased his offer by fractions of a camel at a time; other village worthies (gambling ranks second only to rifle-stealing as a Mohmand pastime) joined in with smaller offers, and after about three hours Raisul Makmud stood to win what would make him a wealthy man for life. Being too hoarse to bargain any longer, he raised his hand in token of assent.

"So be it," he said. "In return for what is offered I will secure the Brutten rifle from the Unsleeping Regiment on the night I named."

There is a saying to the effect that no man can keep either his wife or a secret on the North-West Frontier. Whatever truth there be in the former assertion, the latter is undeniable. And Raisul had spoken in open durbar before many witnesses. Within twenty-four hours of his uttering the boast it was being discussed and laughed about from Chaman to Abbotabad, and those who laughed the most heartily of all were the men of the Unsleeping Regiment themselves.

A political officer brought the tale in the first instance. He had had it from a travelling Baluch pedlar and he recounted it to the colonel of the Unsleeping Regiment as a good joke.

The colonel roared, as the P.O. had known he would. He had unlimited confidence in the ability of his hawk-eyed, cat-eared Kuttucks to protect their rifles.

"Kind of him to give us notice beforehand," he said. "How long has he been mad?"

AT mess that evening the colonel repeated the story to his second-in-command as an example of the stupidity and boastfulness of Mohmand rifle-thieves. The second-in-command repeated it to the adjutant, who in his turn told the company commanders. After that the story percolated down through the ranks of the Unsleeping Regiment like split water through sand. From subaltern to subadar, from subadar to jemidar and from the jemidars to the N.C.O's and sepoys it sank down, down, down until it reached rock-bottom, which was Sepoy Fazal Ali.

At Fazal Ali it stopped, since it could sink no lower. He was the opposite pole of the Unsleeping Regiment to the colonel. He was the most junior, the youngest, the smallest, the rawest member of the Unsleeping Regiment. Indeed, he shouldn't have been in it at all, but his prayers and lamentations had overpersuaded a recruiting officer into passing him as fit for the army.

Had he done his official duty and rejected him, Fazal Ali's little heart must have broken. He was the son of an ex-havildar; he had imbibed tales of the glorious traditions of the Unsleeping Regiment from the cradle. He believed it to be the greatest regiment in the world and to belong to it to be the greatest honor any man could win.

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Even a Worm Can Earn

Illustrated by WEP

To marry an heiress seemed an admirable solution to Bollinger's troubles . . . but in no time his sunny horizon was clouded . . .

THE author of this story feels he would be shirking his duty to the public by not writing down for the first time the real facts about the engagement and marriage of the Hon. Cora Vase (pronounced, of course, Vaugh, or sometimes Vuff) to Charles Anstruther Bollinger, Esq.

My cousin Pullman says that at the time when C. A. Bollinger met the girl of his dreams he was just ripe for the love of any good woman who might come along. Further, Bollinger took the view that this theoretical bride should not only be a good cook, but bring as her dowry something to cook, for he had recently undergone some harrowing experiences in search of a job, and was hungry.

It was when he had finally landed a few days' work as an extra at a film studio near Wormwood Scrubs that he met Miss Hamton. He had lifted this job, says my cousin Pullman, owing to one of those happy misunderstandings that happen only too rarely. The bloke who was casting the picture, on hearing Bollinger's name, had resisted the temptation to throw him out on his ear just long enough to pull a funny one by saying:

"Hello, that's a rich name! My favorite champagne, in fact."

Bollinger had thought it best to keep his mouth shut, look discreet, and be possibly mistaken for a Bollinger of Bollinger's Champagne.

"You just doing this for fun, I suppose?" said the casting director.

"Oh, rather," said Bollinger, and had at once been given the job, for my cousin Pullman says shrewdly that anyone will give a chap a job if a chap is rich enough to be wanting a job for fun, but if a chap really needs a job, Heaven help him.

In the film, which was called "Night Life in Rome," C. A. Bollinger was one of a group of bearded gladiators who, having been hotted up by red agitators in the pay of whatever was the Russia of that time, were in the process of running amok in the very heart of fashionable Rome.

It was an English film, the producer being Mr. Simon Mecklenberg, the director Mr. Ulmann Mandleberg, the camera-man Mr. Wolfe Mendlebaum, the dress-designer Mrs. Nathan Curzon-Mendlessohn, while the author of the story was the well-known Welsh realist, Mr. Gwilym Meisenstein, and the chief parts, those of Nero, Poppaea, and the gladiator Marcus, were played respectively by Mr. Cary Stein, Miss Fay Isaacs, and Mr. John Smith.

My cousin Pullman says that Bollinger's job was to dash about brandishing a double-edged sword, at the same time making deep baying soufds, knocking down Innocent Bystanders, and leering wickedly over his ferocious beard at Timid Girls.

On top of all this he had to climb drunkenly up the pedestal of a large statue and be knocked down from it by a well-aimed brick on the head thrown from a nearby roof.

Well, it was during one of the rehearsals of this last bit of restrained acting that Bollinger first became aware of Miss Hamton. After having been knocked down from the statue he and a bunch of other gladiators had to lie drunk and insensible in the middle of the road and be trampled on by a charging battalion of the Pratorian Guards. Then, in the watches of the night, they were brought food and nourishment by the old hags, beggar-women, and bits of fluff of the Roman slums.

My cousin Pullman says that it was as old Bollinger was trying to get his teeth hungrily into what looked like a Roman sausage roll that the bent old hag who had given it to him and whose part in the film was to say "Hist! Escape quickly!" said instead, "Don't eat it, fathead—it's rubber."

After this C. A. Bollinger struck up a warm friendship with the old hag, who turned out to be a slim pretty little bit of a thing with deceptively innocent blue eyes, a cheeky turned-up nose, and curly hair the color of apricot jam.

Bollinger liked her a lot, and was particularly impressed by her when she told him that for stage and film purposes she used the name of Cora Hamton instead of Cora Vase (Vaugh or Vuff), because she liked ham and tongue, so why not? She said that after the enormous rich meals which were the daily routine at her father's house there was nothing she enjoyed more than a slice of ham or tongue with maybe a nice fresh tomato and a pickled onion or two.

C. A. Bollinger was feeling hungrier every moment, but managed to restrain himself enough to say, "It's fun to do a spot of work now and then, isn't it?"

THEN he asked her nonchalantly, or so he thought, why she didn't like good rich food?

"You get tired of it," said the pretty girl. "You know how it is."

"Oh, quite!" said old Bollinger. "There's nothing I really enjoy more than a lightly boiled egg and a bit of toast, but my doctor has told me I mustn't give way to temptation."

"Why, what's the matter with you, Mr. Bollinger?"

He beamed at her, and she smiled back, not knowing he was thinking that she looked like a quail in aspic with foie gras on the side.

"The truth is," said old Bollinger, "that I have been very run-down lately and my doctor says I've got to be built up. Of course, once I have got myself built up, like the British Empire, I can run along fine on a coupla sardines, but in the meanwhile I've got to shovel in all the rich food I can get hold of just to reinforce the natural juices."

"Reinforce the what?"

Bollinger's mouth watered. "Just juices," he said plaintively.

"Then why," said the pretty girl, "are you having just that mouldy ham sandwich and nix plus?"

They were lunching together at the restaurant attached to the film studio. It was Bollinger's last day's work as a film extra. He wanted to give a hollow laugh, but didn't know how.

"Because," he said with dignity, "I have temporarily quarrelled with my people. They wanted me to marry into the Perrier Jouet family—you know how it is—but I couldn't see eye to eye with them. Not, mind you, that I have anything against little Hermione Perrier, who is a pretty little thing, but a chap must choose for himself, what? Of course, my people will see sense in time, but in the meanwhile old Bollinger has to eat what the mice leave over."

"So you are not," said Cora incredulously, "eating ham because you prefer it?"

C. A. Bollinger said with restraint that far from preferring a slice of cold ham he would cheer like a Rabbi if he heard that every pig in Europe had developed foot-and-mouth disease overnight. "Though I am partial," he added, "to roast pork."

"Why, you poor old thing! Why not come and dine with us to-night?"

"With your father?" gasped Bollinger.

"You'll get a lovely dinner—if you don't mind meeting common people. Or do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Mind meeting common people?"

"I love it," said Bollinger enthusiastically. "Are you giving a charity ball or something?"

"No, we'll just be ourselves, but I'm common, see, and so's daddy. He was a bird of prey before they made him a lord, a vulture——"

"I once knew a bookmaker myself," said Bollinger, "but he said it wasn't what it's cracked up to be."

"My old daddy," said Cora affectionately, "fed on carrion, and loved it. He was a moneylender. Now that he's a lord, of course, he is called a banker. You know how it is."

"How what is?"

"Being a lord. You've got to watch your step. You've got to have tone. You can't let down other lords. You've got to belong to clubs. Of course, daddy couldn't possibly be elected to any good clubs, as most of the members owe him money, so the poor old thing had to buy himself a couple, one in Piccadilly and one in St. James' Street, just so that he could be a member. But he never goes to them, except to blackball people."

"Why did they make him a lord?"

"He bought up a newspaper one day, cheap, on a mortgage. You know how it is. You can't own a newspaper and not be a lord—it would cause dissatisfaction."

"He won't mind me coming to dine?"

"I'll fix it," said Cora firmly. "I can't tell him you are poor, even temporarily, because daddy thinks poverty's infectious and he might catch it. Are you going to try to borrow money from him?"

"Well, I just thought I'd have a nibble, maybe."

"Then don't try to borrow less than a thousand. Daddy is a good business man, and he'd never lend a fiver. You know how it is."

"How what is?" said Bollinger desperately.

"Business. You've got to think big and borrow big. Then, if you go bankrupt—well, that's business. Daddy used to go bankrupt regularly before he became a lord, but now he doesn't because he always likes to play a lone hand."

My cousin Pullman says that Lord Vase could not have been more aristocratic looking if he had been born in the dining-room of the Marlborough Club. He was tall and withered, with sparse white hair, sharp grey eyes and a high, enormous nose that hit you in the eye every time you looked his way. It was one of those fruity noses that seem to glisten with the good things of life, and it made C. A. Bollinger hungry just to glance at it.

"It's very kind of you," said he, "to invite me to dine."

"Not at all," said Lord Vase briskly, old-school to the brim. "It's kind of you to come. Cora tells me you've just got back to England after a long trip abroad, where you have been eating nothing but tinned food."

Bollinger glanced furtively at Cora, with whom he hadn't managed to get a quiet word beforehand. She winked back demurely, and a lot of help that was. What was he supposed to have been doing abroad, apart from wolfing tinned foods?

Old man Vase seemed, over his majestically juicy nose, to be positively beaming at his guest.

"You wealthy young men are lucky, Mr. Bollinger. When I was your age I had to work for my money, and work hard. What wouldn't I have given to have been able to go to the West Indies on a long fishing trip!"

My cousin Pullman says that Bollinger flattered himself on not even batting an eyelid, but instantly came back with, "Of course you have got to have the right people with you. I wasn't very fortunate there, I'm afraid."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mr. Bollinger."

"Sorry? Listen, you would be as sick as mud if you were me. Here I go to the trouble of inviting a few fellows for a deep-sea fishing trip in my yacht, and then what happens? They all borrow from me, and I come back to England to find I have an overdraft, so that I shall probably have to sell my yacht."

"That is unfortunate. What kind of a boat is she?"

"A big one," said old Bollinger firmly, just managing to restrain himself dashing to the door as the butler announced that dinner was served.

The dinner went with a bang from the word go. My cousin Pullman says that C. A. Bollinger started well by taking an open stance, to correct any possible tendency to slice, and hit screamers down the middle at every course. He went out of bounds at the long third, owing to hurrying his swing a bit, and spilled some of the Bercy of the filet de Mignon Bercy on his trousers, but he only lost distance. He kept his head well down at the short fourth, and his follow-through with the asparagus was much admired.

My cousin Pullman says that this was the first of a series of classy meals that Bollinger was permitted to dive into at Lord Vase's house. This made such an impression on him that gradually his whole nature became suffused with love. Even when hungry he had taken an extremely favorable view of Cora, but now that his natural juices were reinforced he directed towards her with unerring aim all the love of a romantic and ardent nature.

It was one fine morning at about this time that my cousin Pullman actually saw Bollinger staring goofily



"You are just doing this for fun, I suppose," said the casting director.

Food for Thought

MOST people brood
At times on food,
Their thoughts are bent
On nourishment.
I, too, enjoy this right.
Some shout hurrah for caviare,
Some give a cheer for ginger beer,
Or long for soup each night.
Some find their fun within a bun
Or sordid joys in saveloys,
Or strawberries and cream.
Some people wish
Most for a fish,
Some lie awake
And think of steak
Some sleep, of pies to dream.

The loveliness
Of water-cress!

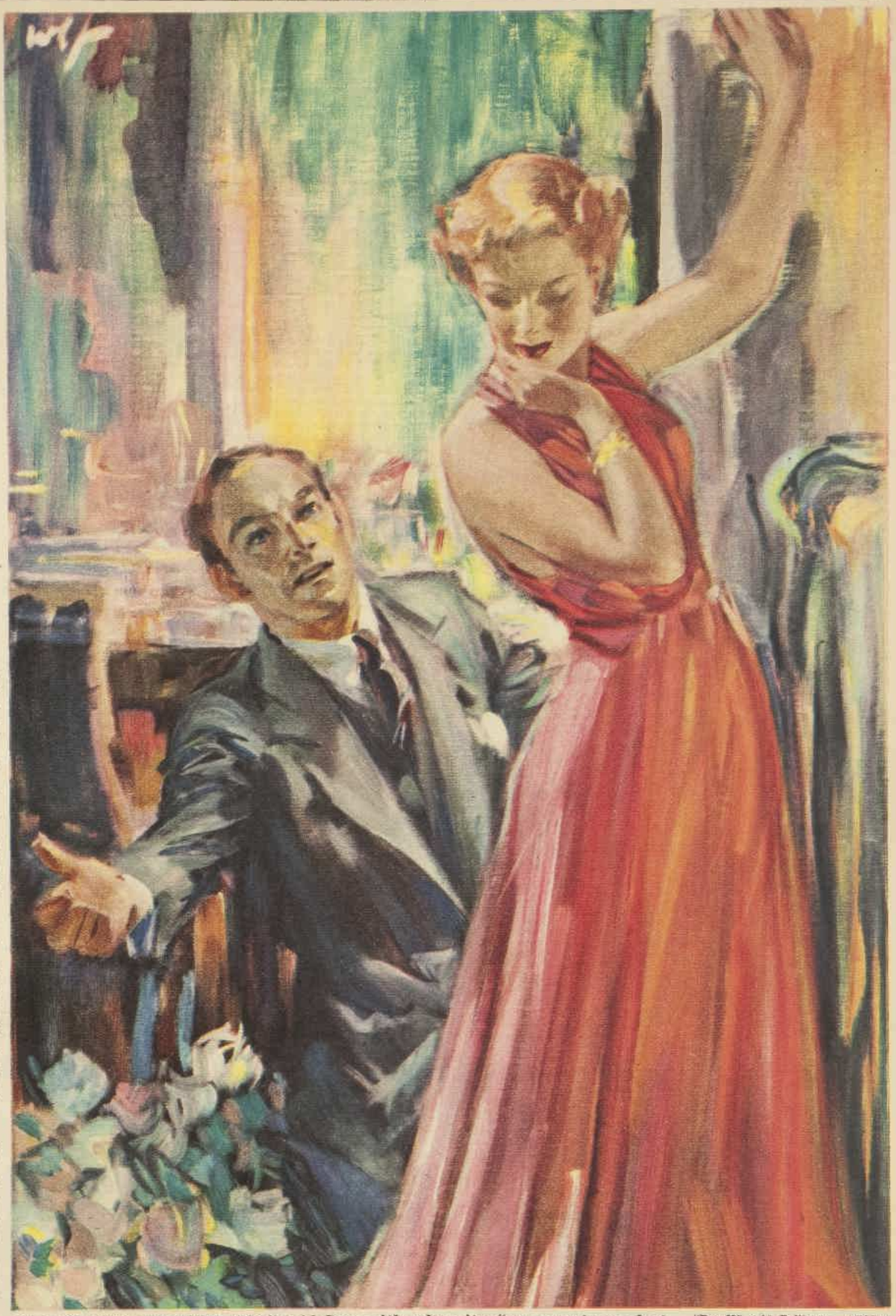
A custard pale
A jelly frail
Inspire one deep within.
And so does cheese, the green of peas,
And buttered beans and small sardines
Fresh taken from their tin.
Each lovely sight gives me delight,
But all the same I feel some shame
To write so greedily,
And base am I
Of food to sigh
If you don't mind
Instead I'll find
What's going to be for tea.

—Noelle Taylor.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4624860

Complete Short Story by

Michael ARLEN



into the gay and colorful windows of Solomon's fruit and flower shop in Piccadilly. My cousin Pullman had every intention of sliding past into poor visibility, for the word had gone round that C. A. Bollinger was so chronically broke that well-known bankrupts treated him with respect as a superior. But Bollinger spotted him as he swerved.

"Oh, hullo!" said Bollinger. "Hullo, old man."

My cousin Pullman winced at this, but returned the greetings with courteous restraint.

"Howya?" said my cousin Pullman.

"Fine," said Bollinger. "Howya, old man? Nice day, what? Spring-like."

My cousin Pullman agreed with this, merely adding with distaste that the season was spring, anyway.

"Exactly, old boy, what?" said Bollinger. "I was just wondering ——"

"Ten bob's my limit," said my cousin Pullman.

"Make it a quid, old boy."

My cousin Pullman gloomily made it a quid and then, to his horror and indignation, saw C. A. Bollinger, his face suffused with idiotic anticipation, make a dive for the door of Solomon's fruit and flower shop.

"Here, what's up?" he cried.

"Just buying some flowers," said Bollinger.

"Flowers?" gasped my cousin Pullman. "Buying flowers?"

"Spring roses, what?" said Bollinger. "She likes spring roses."

"It's sharp practice," said my cousin Pullman indignantly. "Borrowing a quid—my quid—to buy roses with. It's dishonest. I only lent it to you because I thought you were starving."

"So I am," said C. A. Bollinger.

"Who, you? Starving?"

"For love," said Bollinger, dashing into Solomon's.

Thus it became known in London that Charley Bollinger was contemplating union with another, and my cousin Pullman says that the story of the borrowed quid which was spent on flowers had an unhealthy influence on a lot of well-brought-up girls whom chaps knew, for they said in effect, "If C. A. Bollinger, a worm known to all as a piker without berries, can send flowers to his beloved, why can't you?"

GRADUALLY it got round that the girl of Bollinger's dreams was none other than the Hon. Cora Vase, whose father, to the envy of all, was so rich that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue first asked his permission before lighting the cigars which they are, of course, never without.

Naturally, said my cousin Pullman, all London waited with bated breath for the final act of the drama, for everyone was agreed upon the exact nature of Lord Vase's mental and physical reactions when it should dawn on the old boy that C. A. Bollinger was trying to edge in on his war loan by marrying Cora.

On the other hand, all his friends wished Bollinger well, for his marriage with an heiress was their only possible chance of touching the money they had lent him at various times. My cousin Pullman says that his tailor, who was also C. A. Bollinger's, went about with his face wreathed in smiles, while Messrs. Sleep and Sluis, the shirtmakers, gave a cocktail party to celebrate the bare chance of possibly touching some of the money Bollinger had owed them since he was a little boy.

In the meanwhile Bollinger's love-life, which was conducted in the most public-spirited manner imaginable, was proceeding apace. Cora, while making no secret of the fact that she had formed a poor opinion of him as a thinker, liked him.

"An ass he may be," she said with spirit, "but he is also a lamb. I shall marry C. A. Bollinger, for he is my destiny."

These sentiments, said my cousin Pullman, were warmly applauded by all Bollinger's creditors, who now anxiously awaited only Lord Vase's okay to the union.

Bollinger had not, of course, neglected this aspect of the situation. Time and again he had discussed the matter with his beloved. But his beloved was a realist, and she said that after a close study of her father's likes and dislikes she had reluctantly formed the opinion that Bollinger's chances of getting anything but the sulky side of the old boy's okay were extremely slender.

"When daddy," she said dreamily, "tumbles to the fact that the only connection C. A. Bollinger has with champagne is the amount he can drink, if possible at other people's expense, he will be mortified. And daddy," said she, "doesn't like being mortified."

"So," said Cora with solemnity, "we come to our last and only chance. You are positive, Bollinger, that you love me?"

"Then what can we do, sugar?"

"We might," said Cora, "elope."

"Who, me?" said Bollinger. "Elope?"

"Hand-in-hand," said Cora. "Love-birds. You know how it is. Cottage stuff."

Bollinger looked at her aghast.

"Cottages? Listen, sugar, I was hungry for weeks before I met you, and I don't want to start being hungry again."

"That's out, then," said Cora, "and I'm glad of it. Then what?"

"I might get a job."

"You might, certainly. But what for? The amount of money you could earn in a year wouldn't keep a nice girl like me in face-powder for a week."

"So what?" said Bollinger desperately.

"So," said Cora with solemnity, "we come to our last and only chance. You are positive, Bollinger, that you love me?"

"Sure, I love you, sugar."

"Is that merely a comment—or a statement of fact capable of proof?"

"Proof?" said Bollinger. "Didn't I stand on my head for you only yesterday?"

"But you hurt me, Bollinger—I felt neglected. For you didn't wiggle your ears at the same time."

Whereupon, with that nonchalant suavity which, says my cousin Pullman, has for years been admired by connoisseurs as a Bollinger speciality, he stood on his head and wiggled his ears at the same time.

"Lovely!" sighed Cora as, her eyes moist with love, she rewarded him with a kiss. "Now I shall tell you what you must do to win daddy's consent. To begin with, have you considered how many marriages there have been throughout history between poor men and rich brides? And what happens all around us?

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Even a Worm Can Earn

THE newspapers are always full of wealthy heiresses and richest girls in the world and blonde millionairesses marrying stuffed lizards and vacant-eyed boobs for love. Daughter of Lumber King Marries Sir Archibald Yawn de Snooks. Fortune Settled On Mr. Courcy de Musselmonk By Australian Bride.

"Well, have you ever tried to think out how these first-class brains pull it off? How does a chap with nothing but a profile, and a tired-looking one at that, get away with a rich girl and live happily ever after on her income?

"Bollinger, you must apply your mind to this. I am the heiress. You are the stuffed what-not and brainless boob with nothing in the world to recommend you except a kind heart and the goofy sort of face I happen to like—in fact, you are in exactly that low state of primitive human development which arouses the tender mother-love and protectiveness of a nice girl like me.

"Therefore, Bollinger, I say to you—awake, and do your stuff!"

"Yes, but how?"

"Apply the witness mind. How do you think those other worms do it?"

"But I don't know," Bollinger whinnied.

"By cheek, my love—nerve—impudence—audacity. He girds up the loins. He goes to heiress' daddy and says 'Listen, Mr. Mammon, your daughter loves me and I love her. Well and good. But whereas she is simply made of dough, I haven't a nickel. And don't tell me to start working at the bottom and get to the top, because I started at the top

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years ago and by sheer hard work I've now reached the bottom rung. Well and good. Then what do we do for onion soup?

"'Shall we let your money or your daughter's money stand in the way of her happiness? Can we? Dare we? Would that not be selfish and inhuman? It would. Well and good. So, Mr. Mammon, just you park yourself in that nice comfortable chair and settle one quarter of her income on me—irrevocably and for life, mark you, for why be mean? Or make it a half. Well and good. And then, as a man of independent means, I can ensure your daughter's happiness for life.'"

"But he'll kill me," cried Bollinger.

"Not a bit of it. After he has come to, he will think you are a very good business man. He will agree with me that you are in a class by yourself. Believe it or not, Bollinger, it's the same plan that has succeeded time and again when people like you are loved by heiresses like me."

My cousin Pullman says that this girl Cora had undoubtedly got the low-down on the psychology of Father Christmas, for only a few hours later C. A. Bollinger emerged beaming from the dreaded interview with her father.

"You were right, sugar."

"He took it on the chin?"

"Your daddy," said Bollinger fervently, "is the kindest, classiest, most chivalrous and most considerate old bloke I ever met in my life. His manners are charming, his conversation courteous, his personality winning. I put him very high."

"How much," said Cora, "did you shake him down for?"

"Money," said Bollinger with distaste, "was not mentioned between us. We talked in the abstract."

"Well, how much did you abstract?"

"Your daddy," said C. A. Bollinger, "took the view that one-third of your income might with advantage be settled on me. He regretted not being able to make it half, but I pooh-poohed the suggestion."

"My clever Pooh-Pooh! By the way, do you have to do any work for this?"

"I SAID I would cotusider that, sugar, but your father passed the buck to me by pooh-poohing the suggestion. Yes, I put him very high."

"Then, angel," cried Cora, "we can be married soon."

"We can," said C. A. Bollinger, "and shall."

My cousin Pullman says that during the following days Bollinger was not as happy as he had expected to be. It is true that he was congratulated by everyone he met. It is true that shopkeepers, who had hitherto treated him in a manner suitable to his station, now welcomed him graciously.

But Bollinger found himself brooding. Nor did he sing like the lark. He sought solitude, and at parties, far from radiating the Bollinger bonhomie, he contented himself with leering in the offing.

In short, Bollinger grew aware of the fact that chaps generally were looking at him askance, while thinkers had decided to regard him as a champion worm. Of course he had for some time past suspected that his name had been entered as an aspirant for the worm class, but to be promoted to championship status made him feel sensitive. It galled him.

He was in this state of mind, says my cousin Pullman, when one day he went to Walton Heath to play a round of golf. The match was to be a four-ball foursome, the other players being two brothers called Park and a scrubby little chap unknown to Bollinger, whose name sounded like Pumpkin or Bupkin.

These brothers Park, says my cousin Pullman, were pretty highly thought of both in England and America as possessing first-class investment psychology. For the elder, Sir Augustus More Park, had married not only the richest girl in America but, on being divorced by her with a settlement of one-third of her fortune, had remarried the richest girl in Europe. While his younger brother, Clarence Hyde Park, had only the year before married the richest girl in Australia.

These brothers Park, says my cousin Pullman, were quick off the mark all right, for the third and youngest brother, young Green Park, though not yet twenty, was being spoken of as a certainty for the Lincolnshire Handicap, which was the popular nickname for a stout and hearty young woman known as the richest girl in Lincolnshire.

Over luncheon before playing golf they discussed the terms of the match. Both Gussie More Park and Clarence Hyde Park thought lightly in terms of big money, while C. A. Bollinger, shortly to be married to the richest girl in London, naturally did not baulk at a tenner more or less. But this scrubby little chap called Bupkin or Pumpkin appeared to take a more realistic view about finance and said that for his part he would not play for more than ten shillings.

The brothers Park looked rather pained at this, but the chap called Pumpkin or Bupkin eyed Bollinger severely and said:

"You chaps have got the right idea all right, but I'm a bit out of my class. See what I mean?"

"Out of our class?" cried the brothers Park. "Why, you are easily the best golfer here."

"Who's talking of golf?" said this chap called Bupkin or Pumpkin. "I meant I was out of my class in dealing with first-class financial brains like yours. Here am I working my fingers to the bone for a mean five or six hundred a year, while the combined annual income of you chaps' wives and whatnots comes to about £250,000 and super-tax paid at that."

At this point the brothers Park appeared to be doing some swift and life-giving mental calculations, for they beamed one upon the other.

WHEREUPON the elder leant over to Bollinger and said, "That puts your future wife roughly in the seventy-thousand-pounds a year class, like the Lincolnshire Handicap. Congratulations, Bollinger."

My cousin Pullman says that when C. A. Bollinger got back to his flat that day his state of mind can only be described as ruggish to gallish. He had decided that he did not like the brothers Park. Nor did he like himself at all. He much preferred the scrubby little chap called Pumpkin or Bupkin to either the brothers Park or himself.

From this point he went on to thinking with pity of Cora. He loved Cora, and his heart smote him at the thought of profiting by this love. Cora deserved a higher destiny than a Park or a C. A. Bollinger. She deserved the most tip-top destiny obtainable, and he, Bollinger, was the man to see that she got it.

His voice harsh with restraint, he spoke to Cora on the telephone. She knew he had been playing golf with the well-known Park brothers, and asked him how he had played. But Bollinger was not in the mood for light conversation.

"Sugar," he said, "it's all off. I have been thinking. I can't marry you."

He heard her give a little gasp, and tears stung his eyes. But he had his duty to do.

"Sugar," he said, "waste no time in thinking about me. Forget that you were ever loved by C. A. Bollinger. Concentrate on better chaps. There was one I met to-day called Bupkin or Pumpkin or something, who——"

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UNFRIENDLY CALL

Dramatic story of love and false pride... and a long-standing debt that was paid in a strange way

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES



She fell against him, whispering, "Save me, please, save me!" and presently Adams said in a grim voice, "Should I knock him down?"

By FREDERICK NEBEL

SHE found it difficult to run, for during the excitement and in her haste to get away she had lost one of her grey satin slippers. So she stopped and removed the other slipper; then, sobbing, she ran on through the darkness.

At her bungalow, she flew up the steps and, crossing the verandah, slipped into a large living-room where two amber-shaded floor lamps glowed.

The divan was convenient. She threw herself on it. Here she could cry to her heart's content, and she did. She had been hurt and humiliated many times during these past two years, but to-night, she felt, represented the last straw. And feeling this way about it, she cried harder, knowing how alone she was, how far removed from friends, real friends, the people she had grown up with.

Here in Malaya she had never felt at home.

When her sobbing eased off, she lay breathing rapidly. She was afraid, physically afraid. How she dreaded his homecoming!

She rose and crept to the bureau and opened one of the drawers and stared down at the small automatic. She shrank from the thought of ever using it; but still it might give her a sense of security to have it near at hand. Finally she picked it up, her breath catching, and jerked it open; the harsh sound its mechanism made frightened her.

She hated guns. She hated all cruel things.

Turning, she hastened towards the inner corridor, but midway across the living-room she stopped short, almost tripping; for a man was standing in the doorway leading to the verandah. He was a young man, maybe thirty, with course, sandy hair that lay loosely on a broad head. His face was broad, pleasant, the cheeks solid but not fat, the jaw a mild wedge. The coat of his wrinkled tan suit was open, his hands making the pockets sag, and there was the dull gleam of a metal belt buckle.

Fortunately, she thought, her hand containing the gun was hidden from him by her body; but then instantly she reflected that he must have heard her pull it open. Her husband had remarked that soon he was expecting a machinery agent from Singapore.

The man said, with a lazy, rueful smile: "I didn't mean to give you a start. I was dozing on the verandah and didn't hear you come in. There was a houseboy who said I could wait."

He was not apologetic in tone. His head was dipped a bit, the chin down, and the upper half of his face was in shadow, so that she could not see his eyes distinctly; though she imagined an idle curiosity in his manner.

"You want to see Mr. Carewe?" she asked, trying not to be breathless, not succeeding.

He said "Yes" in his quiet, unhurried manner. "My name's Adams . . . Mrs. Carewe?"

"Yes; yes, of course."

His slow smile was engaging. "Glad to know you." He spoke laconically, but good-humoredly. She felt that under other circumstances his presence, his personality might be soothing; he appeared to be one of those comfortable young men, the way he rested indolently, back on his heels.

He was saying: "It was a nice night out and I walked over from the Rest House."

"You—you'll pardon me a moment?" she stammered; and then: "Will you have a drink?"

"Thanks, but the houseboy left a bottle before he turned in." He shrugged. "Don't let me bother you. I'll just hang round till Mr. Carewe shows up, if you don't mind."

"Do, please."

She went quickly to the inner corridor door, turned before entering to say: "It sounds familiar and good, your accent."

"So does yours. I was born in Bridgwater."

Her eyes glowed. "I knew it."

"Small world."

She nodded, biting down on her lower lip, feeling the tears behind her eyes. She turned quickly and entered the corridor, reached her room and turned on the twin lights flanking her dressing-table. Sitting down before it, she leaned forward, raised a forefinger and lightly touched the small discoloration on her jaw. It wasn't the pain so much as the spectacle of it and the thought of it. Her lips quivered. And looking at the gun again, her throat closed, a tinge of horror touched her eyes.

But presently she set her lips firmly and then, with a little muffled sob, placed the gun in the drawer of the small table beside her bed.

.

Adams did not move for a long minute. By nature and inclination he was not the type to go through a lot of waste motion.

He went out to the verandah table, mixed another drink and wandered with it unhurriedly back into the living-room, where he flopped down on the divan. He felt a damp spot on the cloth where she had cried and, remembering she had not had shoes on, he picked up the satin slipper, looked abstractedly at it, and quite as abstractedly retained it while he drank.

HIS eyes after an interval slid sidewise to the bureau from which she had taken the gun.

He'd heard her come up the verandah steps, crying that way, but he had not moved, had not wished to make his presence known, for it might have embarrassed them both. He had heard the gun being opened. Impulsively he had gone to the doorway; and seeing her face, its wan anguish, the touch of strain, he had instantly regretted his act.

Most men naturally shy away from emotional scenes, and Adams was no exception.

There was the sound of a car stopping round at the front; there were voices, blurred by the little distance; and then the sound of gears being remeshed. The purr of the car went away in the darkness as the hard rap of heels grew on the verandah steps.

The screened door banged, the heels beat shortly on the verandah and then Carewe came, tall and straight, into the living-room.

He drew to attention like a soldier on parade, legs and arms straight, heels smartly together. He was a very smart-looking man, having the best tailor in Singapore, getting his hats from Bangkok and his boots from London. He wore his black hair close-cropped and his face was lean, deep brown, with flat temples and a bold Roman nose. His carriage was elegant. He rode better than anyone in the State of Perak, was a better pistol shot, excellent at polo and cricket and a good golfer, a fast, dangerous tennis player. He raised the best dogs and was an ardent sportsman.

He was head of the tin mines here, owning a financial interest as well, and was popular at the Residency.

"Hello, Hugh," Adams said, smiling sleepily over the rim of his glass; he added: "To you, kid," and drank.

Carewe stood like one rooted, the color driven magically from his face. Then he made a sharp quarter turn, strode across the room, plucked a cigarette from a box and with his back to Adams lit it. Pivoting, he said in a low, taut voice:

"When did you get here?"

"A little while ago."

Carewe picked up a chair. He sat down close to Adams, facing him, and folded his arms, clamped fingers down securely on his biceps. His voice was very low, deep:

"Well?"

"Surprised?"

"Moderately."

Adams chuckled to himself and leaned over, placing his glass on the floor. He said quietly, almost confidentially:

"I've come to collect, Hugh."

Carewe was stern. "Collect what?"

"About twenty-five thousand, American money." Adams leaned back languidly, clasped his hands at the back of his neck. "Only don't rush yourself. I can hang around a few days, a week even."

Carewe's bold, brown eyes drove hard into Adams' face, but produced no effect. Adams looked idly from the slipper that lay on the divan to the one whose toe protruded from Carewe's coat pocket.

"My dear Walt, I can't imagine——"

"I'm not your dear Walt, Hugh. I'm bad news to you, sweetheart. You see, I know all about you. I know you're one of the big swells here, in thick with the Resident. You carry on like one to the manner born—and of course you were born to the manner. But there was an interlude, Hugh—seven years ago. I just got the real dope on it about three months ago. It took me a while to find you. Some fellows would probably go after you with a gun. I'm not that kind, Hugh. I like peaceful things. You know it. And I only want what's coming to me, what you chiselled me out of. I can use it now. Come across—or see what happens."

He stood up, hitching at his belt. "I'll hang round till you can get the money up from Singapore or wherever you bank."

He walked leisurely out to the verandah, got his hat.

"Good-night, Hugh," he said from the verandah doorway, and went down the steps.

Carewe remained seated. In these few minutes seven years had been violently telescoped.

He had not thought Walter Adams would ever show up, since he remembered him as an easy-going, pliable man; he had always considered him a weakling. Nor had Carewe ever regretted the affair of seven years ago; his conscience had not troubled him once.

That interlude had really set him up for life. A young engineer working his own claim, he had found a deep vein of gold that, beginning near the edge of his own claim, plunged into Adams'. Adams was away at the time, sounding for oil in western Texas, and he had returned almost at the expiration of the year, to put in the required labor on his gold claim. On the way he had been attacked by several men, beaten horribly, all identification removed. For one month he had lain helplessly on his back in a hospital, and it had taken him another month to recover fully.

On midnight of the day his year expired, while he lay unconscious in the hospital, Carewe had walked on to Adams' claim, restaked; and, realising the danger of remaining, he had found it expedient and profitable to reassign within thirty days to a syndicate. With this money and with what he had of his own he had bought himself into Malaya tin, won thereby the position he now held.

Never in his wildest imaginings had he supposed Walt Adams would turn up.

Suddenly he rose with an exasperated outburst of breath, a dark, malignant scowl. Many people had felt the almost insensate force of his iron will, his mad urge to get on in the world, at any cost. Elinor, his wife, had felt it during the two years of their marriage. He sought to dominate her completely, as he dominated his horses, his dogs, the men who worked with him, even his social acquaintances. And he had one great advantage over her, one he realised and which he used to its extremity; she was alone, a stranger in a strange land.

She had begged him many times during these past few months to let her go, give her just enough to get home again. He had laughed, said: "No woman has ever left me, my dear. I'm sure my wife shan't."

Publicly he was very gallant with her. The women of the town thought him grand, dashing. The men respected him, but in his heart he knew they envied him his position, his wife, the way she would not look at another man. And he knew they waited, watched, hoping against hope for something to happen that would break the living legend he had created in himself.

Publicly he may have been gallant with her, but privately he could twist her wrists till tears came to her eyes.

To-night at the club a great colonial governor had brought with him several reels of film depicting scenes from her home. Familiar sights reeling off on the screen had brought nostalgic tears to her eyes; quietly she had got up and fled and Carewe had caught her in the garden, gripped her.

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The Unsleeping Regiment

Continued from Page 7

THE day he first donned the uniform of the Unsleeping Regiment—a distinctive uniform with blue puttees and silver buttons—he almost wept with pride. That the other sepoys had laughed at him, saying that his Kuttuck turban was larger than himself, had worried him not at all. And another even more splendid moment had been when the armorer-havildar had issued him with the brand-new Brutten rifle that was to be his comrade throughout his service.

"Here you are, hop-o'-my-thumb," said the burly armorer-havildar. "You can crawl down the barrel instead of using a pull-through. And when you want to fire her you can sit on the trigger and push hard."

But Fazal Ali, clinging to the rifle as if he feared it might be snatched from his hands, was too happy to mind what he said.

When the story about Raisul Makmud's boast reached him he laughed much louder and longer than the colonel had done. A Mohmand rob the Unsleeping Regiment! New boys and newly-joined soldiers alike should be seen and not heard, and his mirth earned him the rebuke of an older sepoy called Amir Din, who was a year senior to Fazal Ali.

"Be silent, little fool!" Amir Din snarled. "What do you know about Mohmand rifle-thieves that you should laugh? They say that Raisul Makmud the Fox could take the puppies from a jackal's den without disturbing the dam."

"Then Allah must have protected you in your youth," Fazal Ali said rudely, and then dodged a kick.

He disliked Amir Din, who bullied him more than any other man in the platoon. Amir Din, he considered, was not worthy of the Unsleeping Regiment. He was only a low-caste Kuttuck who had enlisted to escape the consequences of a knife brawl.

Amir Din glared at him.

"You that could protect a rifle no better than a gnat!" he sneered. "You'll sing a different tune if the Mohmand steals it from you!"

Some weeks passed and the story of Raisul Makmud was forgotten. The expected orders for the Fifty-second Kuttuck Rifles F.F. to return from Gilgat to the winter depot at Siram Khot had arrived and everyone was busy. It was a fortnight's trek across rough, shale-strewn country where water was scarce and enemies abounded. They had to march in fighting formation, with pickets on the hill-tops and their advance guard in open order, for it was a land that had witnessed the ambushing and cutting up of many a fine regiment.

But the Fifty-second knew the game. Also their reputation for alertness saved them a lot of trouble. It's no fun ambushing a regiment that strikes back hard and quickly, and the Mohmands watched their passing with sullen eyes and from a safe distance, leaving the Unsleeping Regiment to swing its way proudly across a cowed land.

But vigilance was not relaxed. Epecially at night, when the robbers from the outlaw villages were on the prowl, were their precautions stringent. They had more to lose than their rifles. In their trust was a record unique on the North-West Frontier that had stood for seventy-odd years.

Never in its annals had the Unsleeping regiment had a rifle stolen. Through the long night hours picked men stood guard upon that record. It was a family tradition as much as a regimental one, and the Kuttucks, men who held izzat (honor) dearer than life, needed no orders to uphold what their fathers had won.

In the tents within the perimeter the sepoys slept like the spokes of a wheel, their feet to the centre pole. Some regiments chain their rifles, but the Unsleeping Regiment scorned that clumsy device, which in the event of an alarm is apt to cause delay and confusion. Each man had his rifle by his side ready to his hand. The ultra-cautious and those who were unusually sound sleepers took the precaution of fastening the slings round their wrists as an additional safeguard.

Sepoy Fazal Ali was one who did so. He was excused all guard duties, not on account of his tender years but because of his inexperience, but the long marches were as much as his strength could manage, and at night he slept like the proverbial log.

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Even a Worm Can Earn

Continued from Page 10

"BOLLINGER," said Cora icily, "everything you say confirms my suspicion that you are so high up in the cad class that even a worm would have to lie on its back to get a glimpse of you. It is easy to follow the processes of the rat-infested basement which you call your mind. You have just been playing golf with the brothers Park. You are envious of them. You consider that they have married better than you are going to, and so you want my Daddy to cough up a bit more——"

"No, I don't!" Bollinger yelled her down.

"Yes you do!" Cora yelled back. "Only yesterday Daddy was saying that you are an outstanding symbol of the diseased social psychology of these decadent times——"

"Who, me?" yelled Bollinger, now quite beside himself. "I'll give your father outstanding diseased psychic zoology. Do you know what I think he is? Do you know——"

"Certainly I know," said Cora. "You put him very high."

"High? Listen, woman, I was never any good at working out altitudes, anyway. Let us face the facts. Your Daddy is a corrupter of youth, no less. Listen to what I say, woman. Your Daddy would buy a man's soul with gold——"

"Exactly," said Cora. "So I shall tell him that you think he hasn't paid you enough, shall I? But it's a good job for you that you have released me, for now he won't be able to pay you anything at all, as he has been in the city all the afternoon facing a creditor's meeting for bankruptcy."

"Whose bankruptcy?" said Bollinger.

"His own, fathead," cried Cora, and burst into tears.

Bollinger slammed down the telephone, and went round to see her. He made haste, and arrived perspiring. He was received coldly. Ignoring this, he explained to his beloved that he had broken the engagement because she had far too much money.

He said that a chap called Pumpkin or Bupkin had shown him the light. He said he loved her, Cora, beyond everything. He said he hoped that now she was poor she would consider marrying him. He said he was sure this Bupkin or Pumpkin, who seemed a pretty shrewd chap, could put him up to finding a job. He said that if she wouldn't marry him he didn't know what he would do. He said he loved her. He said he wasn't by miles and miles good enough for her.

Whereupon Cora pooh-poohed the very idea, and they fell into each other's arms.

When Lord Vase came in, a very sad and tired old gentleman, he found them thus. My cousin Pullman says it would be pleasant to relate that Lord Vase really was not going bankrupt, but that the story of his having lost his fortune was merely a frame-up on Cora's part to prod C. A. Bollinger right out of the worm class in one leap.

The truth is more in accord with the real facts of life, of which my cousin Pullman is an earnest student. Cora's father, having lost all his money and more in the recent stock market crashes both in London and Wall Street, now lives in a small flat with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bollinger, who make a living as best they can by running a restaurant on the Chelsea Embankment, frequented mainly by gossip-writers and other socially prominent people, called The Worm's Revenge. The food is plain and bad, but served with charm.

My cousin Pullman says that there is a moral in the story of C. A. Bollinger, and what of it?

(Copyright)

30 to 40 are difficult years

Many a man or woman who has enjoyed a vigorous, healthy youth seems to go "all to pieces" in the thirties. There may be a variety of reasons for it . . . responsibilities . . . unusual worries . . . anaemia . . . but there is ONE sure remedy, WINCARNIS . . . the no-waiting tonic. Unlike pain killing drugs which lower the whole system, Wincarnis is rich in natural, nourishing foods . . . which are more beneficial for being blended in a full bodied wine. Yet Wincarnis is quick! You actually feel better after the first glass . . . and before a bottle is used up you are well on the path back to vigorous health. That's the great advantage of Wincarnis . . . a long course is unnecessary. It's the no-waiting tonic!

Read this:—"My nerves were all to pieces. I was worried, couldn't sleep. Nothing did me any good until I tried Wincarnis. After the first glass I knew I was going to get well again. My confidence and spirits came back like magic, and in a short time I got healthy and cheerful again." These words are typical of thousands of letters received by Wincarnis.

Thirty or forty . . . there's no need to feel old because one's actual youth has passed. WINCARNIS will make you fit and happy again. From all Chemists.

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For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

So they Say

Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

PROCRASTINATION

SURELY one of our worst Australian faults is procrastination.

We see it in the schoolboy who puts off doing his homework until the next morning; in the young girl who postpones mending that hole until a ladder ruins her stockings; in the business man who frantically fills in income-tax papers at the last minute, or who constantly postpones some important decision; in the politician who thinks of rearmament when war has nearly come.

There would be far more progress in Australia and life would run far more smoothly if we always made a point of doing immediately any job that needs to be done.

£1 for this letter to E. Fisher, Haywood St., Paddington, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

SELF-HELP

HAS civilisation improved our independence? I think not. When ill-fortune in any form visits us our attitude is one of expectation towards the other fellow. We should be given help.

This attitude may well be the basis of most of our present problems. When an Arab becomes ill he goes to hospital armed with rugs, a charcoal stove, food, and a friend to cook and care for him. This is not a suggestion for the maintenance of hospitals. But what an example of self-help!

M. A. Rankin, 17 Woolley St., Essendon, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

ENCOURAGE ART

WHY is it that so many men who love beautiful things such as poetry and music are dubbed by their fellows effeminate?

Is a man any less a man because he writes poetry or plays the piano? Rather it indicates a noble mind struggling to express noble thoughts that may bring to some of us a little of the beauty we are too busy or too lazy to hunt for ourselves.

If the world lacked such people, what a drab, colorless existence we would lead.

Miss J. Watson, 118 Shirley Rd., Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

COMMUNITY SINGING

AS I listened the other night to a community singing concert I thought what a healthy diversion it is in this worry-worn world. Yet there are some who despise it, who think it is only for the "lowbrow" section of the populace.

I think it is a necessity for all of us, for it is natural to want to sing.

The majority of us, however, don't sing every time we feel like it. We are too shy.

Community singing gives us the opportunity of losing our self-consciousness as we sing along "with the crowd."

Miss M. Prowse, 45 McMahon St., North Willoughby, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

ORIGIN OF "POMMY"

I HAVE recently arrived in Australia from England and am charmed with the beautiful scenery of the country and the imposing buildings of the cities. The people seem to possess friendly, happy natures, probably due to the glorious sunshine of which you have such an abundance.

I am, however, perplexed by frequently being called a "Pommy." It appears to be a name given to an English person in Australia, but not even the folk who use it seem to know the origin.

Perhaps someone will enlighten me.

Miss Evelyn Lampard, 1081 Heidelberg Rd., Darebin N21, Melbourne.

Should letters to friends be handwritten?

IT is the wording of a letter that conveys warmth of feeling and sentiment, E. A. Paterson (12/8/'39), not the form in which it is presented. One has just as much freedom in choosing one's words when typing as when using pen and ink.

A typewritten letter, whether personal or otherwise, is much quicker, clearer, and easier to read than a handwritten one.

Miss N. Lee, Macaulay Rd., Stanmore, N.S.W.

Mark of disrespect

TO my mind the sending of typed private letters to friends and relatives is a mark of disrespect.

Men in offices often ask girl employees to type personal letters for them, but if they knew the opinion of the staff on this matter they would write their letters by hand.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

News first

WHAT does it matter whether a letter is typed or written as long as it contains a wealth of news?

Naturally, a girl who is an expert at her work will not take the "longest way round," and an incident loses none of its flavor just because it is typed.

Mrs. H. Goodsir, Debonair, 34 Cornwall St., West Moreland N12, Vic.

Too much trouble

YES, E. A. Paterson, this modern age of high-speed shorthand and typewriting has cultivated in our young people a dislike for what now seems to be an arduous task—a hand-written letter.

Perhaps we are too modern for the scented notepaper and beautifully-written letters of half a century ago, but at least let us spare our friends the paradox of a personal letter typewritten.

M. Merton, Eltham Guest House, Bowral, N.S.W.

No difference

WHAT difference is there between a typewritten and script letter? Only this. You can read the typescript, whereas it is almost impossible to read some people's handwriting.

As for saying that great letters of the past would never have been typed, this is like saying that Shakespeare did not travel by aeroplane.

H. Watson, No. 5, Home Flats, River Rd., Brisbane W2.

Natural medium

OF course a girl can have sentiment who uses a typewriter for her personal letters, E. A. Paterson.

To the business girl the typewriter is a means of expressing herself, just as the pen is to others. Furthermore, she can think more clearly, and express herself more lucidly by medium of the typewriter.



"Can think more clearly."

Mrs. M. Wallis, 17 Ronald St., Dandenong, Vic.

"Not done"

IT surprises me that so many people do type their personal letters.

Handwriting, no matter how bad, expresses the personality of the writer, which cannot be said of a typewritten letter.

No matter what any other correspondent says, typing a personal note—for instance, an answer to an invitation—is definitely "not done."

J. Malone, King's Rd., Subiaco, W.A.

Do women really like those "cave-men"?

LIKE Mrs. J. R. Crees (12/8/'39), I am convinced that few women really appreciate "cave-men."

Women may assume a tolerance of such for the sake of keeping the peace, but I feel sure that gentle consideration is appreciated far more.

It is quite time that men had their attention drawn to this fact.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 17 Ronald St., Dandenong, Vic.

Not appreciated

SOMETIMES I think that there are some women who really do like "cave-men."

You will find men who treat their wives with every consideration, but who receive neither respect nor consideration in return.

On the other hand, you see men who are rough in manner both in the home and out of it who seem to receive far more love and care.

Mrs. J. M. Lyall, Germanston, West Coast, Tas.

Head of house

NO, Mrs. Crees, I don't think women like "cave-men," but it is easy to understand why men think they do. The bigger and stronger a man is, the more popular he is with the ladies.

Every woman likes a man who can take his place as head of the house, and I think any type of man is preferable to the henpecked one.

"Gentleness and tenderness," in my opinion, have always been somewhat overdone. Helping a girl up a six-inch step, for instance, is surely unnecessary.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Passing phase

MANY young girls like men who are possessive and show thoughtlessness in regard to the little courtesies due to a woman.

This phase passes, however, as girls grow up in mind and outlook, and they see the "cave-man" as he really is—egotistical, ignorant, and uncultured.

Most women appreciate the gentle, understanding, pleasant-mannered type. They're the ones we marry.

Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vic.

Often imposed on

OFTEN you will find a considerate and gentle man, married, as so many of them are, to a selfish and demanding woman, who is driven reluctantly to the conclusion that women do prefer to be "bossed."

Men who display tenderness may be appreciated by the many, but how often are they imposed on by the one who matters most!

Miss J. Stevenson, Walsh St., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

Not liked

"CAVE-MEN" might be popular on the screen, but no woman really likes them.

A kindly, considerate, if slightly humdrum husband will bring a woman more real happiness and fewer grey hairs than one who backs up his selfishness by acting "tough."

E. Dorelle, Rockdale P.O., N.S.W.

Why that annual spring cleaning?

SOON spring cleaning will be the order of the day. I think it's quite unnecessary.

Housewives "mess-up" not only their homes, but also the lives of the entire household.

Why undergo the ordeal of spring cleaning? Homes should be kept clean all the year round, and should not call for any special annual cleaning.

Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

Why discussions of illness and operations?

WOMEN discuss operations and illnesses, Mrs. Moehead (12/8/'39), because they are events of deep personal interest.

After all, the most important interest anyone in this world has—despite anything he or she may say to the contrary—is SELF.

There is also an air of drama about illness or an operation—linked, no doubt, with our common fear of death. The success of plays and books by or about doctors shows how great is our interest in these matters.



"Genuine interest."

Mrs. J. Henson, Gregory Tce., Brisbane.

Genuine interest

WOMEN do talk a lot about ailments, but I think it is a genuine interest, not a hankering for sympathy.

So much of a woman's time is taken up with the family's sundry illnesses that the health or otherwise of the home circle is of real importance to her.

I've noticed that men do not consider the subject taboo when they get together.

Y. Ford, P.O., Botany, N.S.W.

Life's "highlights"

WHY shouldn't women discuss their illnesses and operations?

Don't you see, these are the "highlights" in their lives? They represent events in which the spotlight has been focused fully upon them.

Life is often so monotonous that even a minor operation stands out as a landmark.

C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne C1.

TRUE EDUCATION

WHAT are the main characteristics of a well-educated person? I have met people who openly brag of their good education, yet they are dogmatic and rude to any who differ from them.

True education, to my mind, at least, should not teach one to be arrogant and obstinate.

Mrs. A. C. Bennett, 9 Alma St., Glenelg, S.A.

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NO FRESH AIR

WHY are men so loath to allow fresh air in smoking compartments of crowded train carriages?

I travel in a smoking compartment because my friend is a smoker, and each morning and evening the window beside us is the only one open in the whole carriage.

I wonder why these men don't realise that they are shutting hundreds of germs in with them. It is this that makes influenza so common an occurrence.

Miss D. Wainwright, Hay St., Croydon, N.S.W.

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READ OUR AUTHORS

WHAT a pity it is that so many people do not read, with interest and appreciation, the works of our Australian authors and poets.

Very few Australians realise how extensive our literature has become, and still fewer have seen, much less read, the array of Australian poetry and fiction on the shelves of the public libraries.

M. H. Robertson, Chiltern Valley, Vic.

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CARE OF MONEY

HOW often do we hear people remark, "I really don't know where my money has gone—it just seems to disappear"?

If these people were to get a small book and rule it into detailed receipt and expenditure columns, and keep an account of every penny, they would soon know where their money had gone.

Also, they would know how much they could afford to spend for each article and would not be likely to get into debt through incurring avoidable expenses.

Miss D. J. Wells, Queen St., Korumburra, Vic.



"I was afraid to eat"

Here is proof that chronic indigestion can be overcome. Read this report, just one more of the remarkable tributes to De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Another user, Mr. V. E. Willis, says:

"I suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. I was afraid to eat anything and was just about a wreck when I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder. Within a week I was looking forward to my meals. Now I really thank De Witt's Antacid Powder for having made me feel better than I have done for years."

The first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder gives instant relief because it immediately neutralises stomach acidity, the cause of heartburn, flatulence or pain after meals. One ingredient soothes and protects the stomach lining and another helps to digest your food.

In fact, De Witt's Antacid Powder is really the modern triple-action treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

From to-day—eat what you like! Enjoy *every* meal! Be sure you get the genuine—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.

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The Unsleeping Regiment

ON the tenth night of the march, when even the old hands were beginning to feel stiff and the neophytes to limp, they arrived thankfully at the Gilgat camping ground. It was a spot that had both advantages and disadvantages.

On the one hand it was sandy and level, with a well, but on the other it was close to the mouth of the Gilgat Ravine and ringed about by rough nullahs where camel bush and scattered boulders afforded excellent cover for a rifle-thief—for, say, Raisul Makmud, were the Fox rash enough to attempt to fulfil his threat.

Betting in the Unsleeping Regiment was that he would not be rash enough. In case, however, that he might be lurking in the vicinity, a patrol went out at dusk with orders to make a search. They came back at the end of the prescribed two hours empty-handed and in a bad temper. They had neither caught nor seen the Mohmand, but they had heard him.

He'd mocked them like a safely-hidden fox barking at the hounds. From the darkness of the ravine he had shouted queries about their ancestry and the virtue of their mothers. And he'd advised them to go back and have a rifle inspection, for at dawn there would be one missing.

For a long time after the return of that patrol with its tale of insult, the camp seethed like a nest of angry bees. Kuttuck Pathans have their own brand of humor, but they don't like jibes from a Mohmand rifle-thief. A deputation to the colonel sahib requested that another patrol—this time composed of the best trackers in the regiment—might go out and avenge their izzat.

Continued from Page 12

That patrol had no better fortune than its predecessor. Raisul Makmud told them they were spindle-legged sons of basely born camels. He shouted to them to take his salaams to the colonel sahib and tell him he'd be visiting the camp that night.

To catch or shoot him in the rocky fastness of the Gilgat Ravine was beyond the powers of even the Kuttucks. The havildar in command of the patrol called a halt.

"Useless to pursue the cur further," he said. "Anyway, he's only yelping out of spite. He will not dare to come within a koss of our camp this night."

The patrol returned with its report. Most of the regiment agreed with the havildar—that the Mohmand had realised the impossibility of taking a rifle and was only venting his baffled spite. But the colonel sahib was an old hand and wiser in the ways of Mohmands than the Kuttucks themselves. By the advice, or rather orders, of the Englishman, the sentries were doubled, the barbed wire perimeter intensified and the roaming patrols warned to be extra vigilant.

But the rank and file were quite decided that the Mohmand was only bluffing. To add to their feeling of security, a brilliant moon arose, making the maidan and the heights above the ravine appear as if coated with snow. It was an intensely quiet night, a night on which the clink of the smallest pebble could be heard.

The patrols, picked men every one, scattered soundlessly across the moonlit maidan. The sentries stood with every sense strained to the uttermost. In the eighty-pounders the excited Kuttucks boasted of what they would do if they caught Raisul Makmud, and in the big E.P. that was the British officers' mess subalterns laid odds of fifty to one against the Mohmand.

The hours passed. The "lights out" sounded, and silence fell upon the camp of the Unsleeping Regiment.

Early to bed and early to rise is the rule when marching on the N.W.F. Half an hour before dawn the shrill crowing of the bugles aroused the camp. Some men were already astir. Cooking-fires had been lighted and in the transport lines cold, hungry sepoys fought with protesting mules and camels in the grey half-light.

All was orderly and as usual. No sign of Raisul the Fox had been seen; no shot had been fired at a suspicious shadow. Suddenly peace was shattered. A half-dressed havildar, his face a picture of consternation, rushed howling from one of the "B" Coy. tents.

He was shouting in his excitement as he raced for the guard-tent.

"Look to your rifles! One has been taken from our tent. That of Fazal Ali is gone! The sling was cut while he slept and the rifle taken!"

And then there was an uproar that might have heralded a mutiny.

The Unsleeping Regiment left the camping-ground three hours later than they should have done. All the gear, and in particular the ammunition, had had to be checked; also there had been the rifle inspection Raisul Makmud had kindly recommended. But all that could be established was that Fazal Ali's rifle only had been taken, and that that had disappeared as mysteriously as if it had evaporated into thin air.

No one could cast any light on the mystery, least of all Fazal Ali himself. He wept when giving evidence to his company commander. He had gone to sleep as usual with the rifle at his side. The sling had been fastened securely round his wrist. Then all he knew was that in the morning the sling had been cut by a knife and the rifle was nowhere to be seen.

His company commander was excusably angry. He promised Fazal Ali a court-martial directly they had reached the depot. For the remainder of the march he was to walk rifleless among the camp-followers, a keen disgrace for a Kuttuck of a fighting clan. His words cut Fazal Ali to the heart.

"THERE was some carelessness or else the rifle could not have been taken. When we reach the depot the matter will be probed thoroughly and your lies exposed. You have blackened the izzat of your regiment and shown yourself unfit to be a soldier of the Raj."

To himself he thought, "Poor little beggar! He looks heart-broken," and he was sorry, for he had considered the boy had the makings of a good soldier.

To recover the rifle was impossible. At last the angry, disgruntled regiment left the scene of its disgrace. There were no songs, no cheerful tootlings on the native pipes.

The colonel, his face like thunder, gave the word for the main body to form fours. As he did so a low mutter that could not be repressed ran down the sullen ranks. He turned and saw what they had seen. From a hill-top, clearly silhouetted against the sky, a figure in Mohmand dress was waving farewell with a rifle.

IT was too far for his words to be heard, but his impolite gestures needed no explanation.

When the regiment had gone, and to wave longer would have been pointless, Raisul Makmud dropped the old Martini-Henry he had been waving, rolled on the ground and laughed till his sides were sore. What tickled his Mohmand sense of humor was that the rifle had not yet been stolen. It was still in the camping-ground, hidden beneath a few inches of sand.

For there was a traitor in the ranks of the Unsleeping Regiment. Sepoy Amir Din, that low-caste Kuttuck, was a friend of Raisul Makmud. For a bribe he had consented to help him get a rifle.

He had selected Fazal Ali, as the youngest and rawest, to be his victim. They were in the same section; that night Amir Din had lain on his left-hand side. While all slept he had cut the sling, pulled the rifle off Fazal Ali's ground sheet and buried it a foot deep in the soft sand. He had done it all without sound and without even moving his body.

Eager as he was to handle the rifle, Raisul the Fox waited until evening before descending to the open ground. When the Indian night rolled across the hills and plains as if the setting sun were pulling a blanket over the world, the rifle-thief arose and swung himself down the rocks. He knew he could find the rifle without difficulty. Amir Din had promised to leave, as if by accident, an empty tin that would mark the spot where it lay.

But Raisul Makmud was not the only person in the vicinity of the camping-ground that night. In a cave close by the mouth of the ravine there was a deserter. Fazal Ali had not gone with the camp-followers. In the bustle of departure he had slipped away and hidden in a cave.

When evening came he would make expiation. A Kuttuck is a proud man, and he belonged to the proudest clan of all. Now that he had lost his izzat there was only one honorable path to go.

All day he had been praying in the cave. He watched the sun set for the last time. Then he rose and went out. He had his knife. When men found him in the open with his throat hallal'd men would know that a Kuttuck had kept the Law.

Just as he reached the edge of the camping-ground a cloud passed from the face of the moon and the sand became like silver. Fazal Ali stopped and gasped. For a moment he thought the tall figure in Mohmand dress must be some evil djinn.

It was moving about, peering at the sand. Then he saw it stop, go down on its knees and began to burrow in the sand with its hands. Now it was lifting something out. A rifle! And at the same instant a very human laugh of triumph came to the watcher's ears.

And then Fazal Ali understood all. The rifle-thief had taken the rifle from the spot where he had slept; he remembered Amir Din, whom he distrusted, had been beside him. And he no longer thought about the expiation of disgrace.

His knife would hallal a throat other than his own! There was a path by which the Mohmand must return to the ravine. He had time to cut him off and lie in wait. In a flash he became a black serpent creeping among the moonlit rocks.

Perhaps it was the coldness of the night that had rendered Raisul Makmud less alert than usual; perhaps it was his joy at the possession of the rifle. He hurried up the path like a fox with a chicken in its jaws. And when he reached the appointed spot the Kuttuck sprang and struck with all his strength, and his knife sped true.

Hours later a sentry of the Unsleeping Regiment heard approaching footsteps. They were tired feet that stumbled. He whipped up his rifle; his stentorian challenge startled the night:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Sepoy Fazal Ali answered in a voice choked by emotion and weariness:

"It is Fazal Ali, who has brought back the izzat of the regiment."

Then he staggered forward holding the rifle proudly like a flag.

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Cadyl, Rexona's compound of medications, reaches the source of Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches.

Even if yours is a lovely skin beware of blemishes, because minute dust particles in the air constantly endanger skin health. That is why Rexona is such a *necessary* skin care. For Rexona is the only soap medicated with Cadyl, a highly protective compound of medications that gets to the very source of blemishes. Germ-laden dust is gently drawn away, the pores cleared and closed and the tissues toned up again. Let Rexona keep *your* skin radiant with health and beauty!

The complete Rexona Treatment . . . Soap and Ointment together.

If skin faults do not clear up quickly with Rexona Soap care, then your skin needs Rexona Soap and Rexona Ointment together. This wonderful combination heals blemishes, leaving the skin healthy, clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT — *Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.*

These revitalising medications make Rexona the perfect beauty Care.

Emollients — *to soothe, soften and heal.*
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It's easy to make your hair a shining halo if you shampoo it regularly with Rexona Soap! Rexona's medications remove dandruff and stimulate the scalp. Your hair is left healthy, silken-soft, glinting with glorious highlights.



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COPPINS: Emerald jewel in rural setting

Simplicity and charm of Marina's country home

This intimate description of the country home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent was written by gracious permission of their Royal Highnesses. They made Coppins available for inspection and permitted the taking of the magnificent photographs which appear in our Homemaker Section.

It is exclusive in Australia to The Australian Women's Weekly.

By ESTHER MURRAY

A PERFECT example of an English country house is Coppins. Long, low, cream painted, with shutters and woodwork in light green—walls covered with lovely climbing shrubs, roses, japonica, wistaria.

When the Duke and Duchess of Kent inherited Coppins from the Duke's aunt, Princess Victoria, several important alterations were made in the garden.

Big trees and shrubberies that prevented light from reaching the windows were removed and in place of them lawns have been made. The front door itself was rebuilt, too.

It formerly stood at an angle to the front of the house with the sweep of a carriage drive before it. Its present position preserves unbroken the line of the front of the house.

Even the front door has a welcoming homely look and on the summer day on which I saw it it was made more festive by clusters of pink geraniums along the edge of the little balcony formed by its jutting out from the main building.

* * *

INSIDE the quite small hall, walls, ceiling and woodwork are cream.

The patterned rug on the polished wood floor is in tones of dark blue and fawn. The plain stair carpet is in pile in a soft shade of fawn, and, chief and glorious color note in this part of the house, the velvet curtains at the long window on the landing are in a magnificent shade of flame.

Over the fireplace with its fine, carved mantelpiece is a mirror set in a beautifully carved frame, and in the corner by the stairs a bust of King Edward VII reminds us that we are in one of the country homes of the first family in the land.

A door on the right of the hall leads into the dining-room. Here walls, ceiling, and woodwork are white and the carpet is patterned in darkish blue, browns and fawn.

The curtains are of a roughly woven fabric with a design of dark brown leaves on a white ground.

A beautiful Chippendale dining-table and chairs with seats covered in white velvet carry on the scheme.

At the end of a passage on the right of the hall is the Duchess' own sitting-room, which is a very charming room. My first impression on this summer day was one of light and the intoxicating scent of tuberoses standing in a huge vase on a book-strewn table.

In this lovely drawing-room with its windows filled with the pleasant quiet of green lawns and the brilliant colors of massed flowers, walls, ceiling and woodwork are white.

The carpet is of light fawn pile and the curtains are in glazed chintz with a background of white and a design of flowers in pink, mauve, blue and green.

* * *

THE curtains and the plain pleated pelmets are edged with little frills in plain pink glazed chintz, which give a particularly dainty feeling to the room as a whole.

White has been used to great advantage throughout and the comfortable-looking divan in the corner and one armchair are covered in white glazed chintz—the latter quilted and piped in rose-pink.

The settee in front of the fireplace is covered in the same flowered chintz as that used for the curtains, and it is quilted and piped in rose-pink.

Two other armchairs are in pale pink glazed chintz, quilted and piped in blue.

The rug carries on the scheme, being in white with a design in rose-pink.

In this room, as in all the other rooms in the house, are to be seen exquisite pieces of furniture representing the very best products of British craftsmanship through the ages.

And now let us go into the Duke's study, a lovely room with big windows, walls in a clear duck-egg blue and a white ceiling.

The carpet is in light fawn pile and for the curtains glazed chintz in a duck-egg blue that exactly matches the walls has been chosen.

* * *

BROAD stripes of delicate embroidery in sunshine-yellow on the glazed chintz give a most unusual and very attractive effect.

The two armchairs are covered in yellow glazed chintz, quilted and piped in duck-egg blue, and the very comfortable settee before the big fireplace is in chocolate-brown quilted and piped in yellow.

In this room again beautiful carving in mantelpiece and mirror frame, lovely antiques in furniture and china give further proof of the excellence of taste which characterises the house throughout.

It is its simplicity and quiet charm that make Coppins one of the loveliest backgrounds of British home life.



A CHARMING STUDY of the Duke and Duchess of Kent in the garden at Coppins.



AT LEFT: Marina and her lovely children enjoying the sunshine on the lawns at Coppins.

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

THE magic of Springtime gives to us all that marvellous sensation of well-being . . . of additional attributes to both our physical and mental complexes.

Springtime is also the planning time for so many naive Brides, and gayness and gladness and Wedding Bells create a joyful triumvirate.

Our watchword for Spring should be . . . "Let it be done well" . . . and what engaged young girl wouldn't want her wedding to be the best that she could possibly make it.

But though she has a pleasant task, it is by no means an easy one. There are hundreds of small points of etiquette that must be observed, true to ritual.



FREE to Engaged Girls

To help the Bride-to-Be over the more difficult parts of the Ceremony, I have prepared the Bride's Book, which takes into consideration every detail that should be remembered. It also has authoritative chapters on the trousseau, the honeymoon, and home planning.

Perhaps the biggest attraction of the Bride's Book, however, is that it is FREE, and all you have to do to obtain your free copy is to call and see me, or else fill in the coupon provided below and post it.

Miss Mary Sheraton,
Homeplanning Bureau, 3rd Floor,
Sobarlaldi's Ltd.,
George Street, SYDNEY.

Please send me the literature I have marked with a cross, without charge or obligation.

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AUSTRALIAN GIRL weds famous Russian exile

Romance has link with great events of history

By her marriage to Alexander Feodrovich Kerensky, famous figure of the Russian Revolution, a pretty Australian girl, Nelle Tritton, has made the headlines of newspapers all over the world.

An attractive brunette with brown eyes and a trim figure, she has become the wife of a man whose name will have a prominent place in history books for all time.



ALEXANDER KERENSKY, historic figure of the Russian Revolution, now an exile in Paris.

TO-DAY Kerensky is an exile, with no say in the vital decisions which have brought his country into the position of deciding, perhaps, the fate of civilisation.

Twenty-two years ago he was Prime Minister of Russia, as well as Commander-in-Chief and War Minister, during three historic months following the Revolution.

A strong, fascinating character linked with rare intelligence and good looks have played a big part in shaping Nelle Tritton's life since she left Australia twelve years ago.

When she arrived in Europe her charm and talents found her a wide circle of friends and she soon came to know some of the most famous people of England and the Continent.

Many people in Brisbane, her home town, and in Sydney, where she worked as a journalist, remember Nelle Tritton as a glamorous, smartly - dressed personality with a rare wit and an amazing knowledge of world affairs.

It would not have occurred to any one of them, however, that this bright young Australian would one day be a leading light in the cosmopolitan life of London, Paris and New York, or that her marriage would make big news even in the midst of a great world crisis.

It is amazing to think that, at the time when her husband, Kerensky, was helping to make history in the dark days of the Revolution in Russia, Nelle Tritton was just a pretty 16-year-old schoolgirl in Brisbane.



NELLE TRITTON, attractive Australian girl, who has become famous by her marriage to Kerensky, who for a time was Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of Russia.

Sought career

KERENSKY, to her, then was merely a figure to be studied in the complicated Russian scene, which was at that time overshadowed by the closing stages of the War.

Her schoolmistress praised her for the interest she took in foreign affairs.

Later, as a smiling, happy debutante, Nelle Tritton danced with the Duke of Windsor when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Queensland.

But the excitements of debutante days were not enough for her.

Although the daughter of a prosperous Brisbane furniture store owner, she wanted a career.

She decided to be a journalist and while in her twenties she published a book of poems.

After working as a journalist in Sydney, she left for Europe.

Fate and the artistic circles in which she moved led to romance when she met a Russian singer and violinist named Nadejine. Attracted by their mutual love of music, they became firm friends, and friendship led to marriage.

With Nadejine Nelle Tritton revisited Australia some years ago, but in 1936 she divorced him.

It was then that she became secretary to Kerensky, who was living in exile in Paris.

At an early age she had shown a remarkable gift for learning languages. The fact that she could speak several languages, including Russian, quite fluently, was of very great value to her in her secretarial work.

Early this year Nelle Tritton again visited her homeland.

Visit to family

"WHEN Nelle arrived in Brisbane to visit us last February," said her mother, "she wore two magnificent rings given her by Kerensky.

"She had met him in France some years ago. Having retained her interest in international politics she enjoyed long discussions with him.

"She told us that she liked him because he was a highly intelligent man of the world. We knew that their mutual interests might develop into romance."

"I always looked on Nelle as one of the most interesting pupils I ever had," said Miss Harker, former principal of Somerville House.

"I recall how she used to mount a stump in the playground every lunch hour, and ask the girls to give her a subject for a three-minute speech.

"She always found something interesting to say, too.

"She never forgets her old friends, and on her visits to Brisbane since she went abroad she has made her old school one of her first calls."

Nelle Tritton and Kerensky met again in America last week, Nelle having arrived from Australia, and Kerensky from France, where he had secured his divorce from his first wife.

They were married quietly in a tiny village in Pennsylvania, by a local estate agent who was also a Justice of the Peace.

"I was amazed when I realised who Kerensky was," he said. "I would not believe it until I saw his passport and divorce papers.

"Both of them seemed very happy. They exchanged rings and mostly talked in Russian."

They left soon after on a motoring honeymoon, bound for New York to stay with a Republican leader, Mr. Kenneth Simpson. At the end of September they intend to sail for France.

They will make their home in Paris, where Kerensky has lived throughout his years of exile.

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The Australian Women's Weekly
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Extract of Report from G. M. SHAW, B.Sc., of the Lux Washability Bureau — Lever Bros. Pty. Limited.

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TWENTY YEARS as a WOMEN'S DOCTOR

Specialist's moving story of life as seen in the consulting-room

"The polished top of the desk in my consulting-room is still smooth.

"The tears that have fallen on it have left no mark; the hands that have gripped it have left no trace; yet for twenty years there have flowed across that desk tales of happiness and passion and frustration and fear from the bared hearts of the women who have sat there."

THAT is how Dr. Frederic Loomis introduces a book he has written about his experiences and the opinions he has formed during 20 years as a doctor attending women.

No one could have a deeper insight into the innermost life and thoughts of a woman. He has seen women in every phase of their existence and confronted by all their problems.

Happiness, humor, tragedy—each has its place in his moving story.

Dr. Loomis is to-day one of the leading gynaecologists and obstetricians in the U.S.A.

His experiences during his years of practice have convinced him, he says, that medical attention is not merely a matter of medical skill to cure illness or pain.

"There is something in medicine beyond the facts alone," he declares. "Some measure of that vague intangible 'you' you must for your own sake render to your doctor if you would bring out the best that is in him.

"In even larger measure he must bring to you more than the range of his knowledge and more than the skill of his hands.

"For there is always the third component, the relationship between us. If we leave something of a mark on the lives of you who come to us, you in turn leave your mark on us.

Personality tells

"AS a parade is brightened at irregular intervals by its bands, so are our days brightened by the few who, at the end of the day, stand out in memory.

"These are not necessarily the beautiful ones, or the freshly-waved ones, or the clever ones, though these attributes may help.

"I don't know, even after many years, just why one woman fills the place with light and another pulls down the shades. Nor why the woman to whom Nature has been outwardly less kind is the one in whose room in the hospital I can so often find all the nurses who ought to be somewhere else."

Nurses under his supervision, he says, are always instructed to encourage in patients the normal desire to make themselves look as well as they can, if possible before the visit of the doctor in the morning.

"This is a good thing for both the patients and the doctors.

"The doctor does not live (or should not) who is not inclined to prolong what is intended to be a hurried call, in his hospital rounds, upon the patient who has had time, because she planned it, to put on her prettiest nightdress.

"He is only human if his calls are briefer, other things being equal, on the patient who cares so little for herself and those around her that she looks as if she had just finished preparing a hurried or ill-natured breakfast on a steaming summer day.

"This type of woman does not like the hospital, hates her nurse, and sometimes does not even like her baby.

"The shortest calls of all, if he can manage it, are his visits to the one who doubts and questions everything he does in trying to take care of her and who quotes her other doctors to him as a challenge . . .

"'For professional services' on a doctor's account means to the obstetrician that he has been a part of the most wonderful adventure of a woman's life.

"He has advised and taught and warned and cheered her from the day she first came to him, excited, mystified and frightened as she found herself taking her first steps on the path that is so old to the world but so new to every woman.

"He has seen her develop, sometimes, from a thoughtless little flapper into the sweetness of maturity in a few short months. He has been with her when motherhood came to her at last, and has looked upon her with understanding eyes as her bobbed hair became a halo around her pretty head.

"This is truly his greatest reward—the feeling that he has been a major factor in her happiness and her recovery, or that something of skill his brains and hands possessed has sometimes turned the tide against misfortune."

"Consulting Room," by Frederic Loomis, M.D. (J. M. Dent and Sons). Our copy from Dymock's.

Gift from a patient

HERE'S a little story told by Dr. Loomis:

A little old lady came to consult him. She needed surgery, but had no money, but arrangements were made for her treatment.

"I spent hours by her bedside," the doctor writes, "because as I sat down beside her there came a glow to her careworn face that made it beautiful; and almost at once I felt my own load lightened."

Six months later, in the winter, the doctor received a package from her—a pair of fine hand-made gloves, the work of her own hands, with a message, "To warm the hands that made me well."

A BOOK TO READ



"THE BIRTH of her baby is the greatest adventure in a woman's life," says Dr. Loomis. The doctor must "give her the comfortable feeling that she is the only person in the world at that moment who deeply concerns him."



WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Astrologically Leo the Lion has given way to Virgo, the sign of the zodiac which is symbolised as a virgin holding a sheaf of wheat.

OF itself, the symbology indicates the extreme difference in the characteristics of the two types.

While Leonians are apt to be ardent, extravagant, and over-confident, and to live on the "highlights" of existence, Virgoans (those born between August 24 and September 23) are more inclined to be conservative, reserved, and hesitant, and to worry over the possibilities of trouble.

As a result, Leonians manage to get far more enjoyment out of life than do Virgoans. On the other hand, although some of the world's greatest accomplishments and most artistic productions come from Leonians, many of the more solidly worth-while successes and stabilised comforts enjoyed by the human race owe their origin to Virgoans.

The average Leonian takes; the average Virgoan gives. The Leonian enjoys a gamble on life and all its contingencies; the Virgoan is constructively gathering, economising, and conserving, generally in the hope of benefiting the whole human race rather than himself.

But while the Virgoan's rules and regulations and tendency to worry and fuss sometimes cause impatience, it usually has to be admitted that he is right and that his methodical and dominant rulership is unselfish.

Most Virgoans will decry the suggestion that they are fussy and dominant. But they cannot get away from the facts. Their fussiness is usually more apparent than their dominance of manner; but if the Virgoan is convinced of his own correctness he will in ninety cases out of a hundred win the battle.

It may be a bloodless victory, hidden by a cloak of kindly consideration, but the persistence of that consideration and the inability by the opposition to show cause for any resentment are the strong points in the game which give victory to the Virgoan.

However, they are thinkers ——and conservative and constructive ones at that. Consequently their judgment is usually sound, and in times of acute indecision they can be consulted with a very fair degree of confidence.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Sept. 1 and 2 just fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Plan ahead, so that you will be prepared for opportunities. If they don't come your way, go after them. Ask favors, seek advancement, make changes, be confident. August 30 and 31 are good. Work hard.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Let routine jobs suffice at this time. Over-venturesomeness and needless changes can produce many difficulties and regrets. Be particularly cautious on August 30 and 31; avoid arguments (if you can) and upsets of any kind.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Most Cancerians can turn August 30 and 31 to very fair account, if they combine diligence with wisdom in their endeavors.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Just a week of days for most Leonians, though September 1 and 2 will be slightly helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Many Virgoans will find that their stars are helping them if they work hard and wisely. They should seek opportunities and begin new ventures, but must exercise mild caution on August 30 and 31.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Week only fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Keen and diligent Scorpions can turn August 30 and 31 to fair account.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Face up to troubles, especially on August 30 and 31. Unwary Sagittarians may be caught napping then. Changes, delays, annoyances should be avoided.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Capricornians should throw away their inherent tendency to moods and doubts, and bring out their attributes of humor, shrewdness and forethought. Wisdom and hard work can pay good dividends.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Unspectacular.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): "Hide your light beneath a bushel" at this time. Routine tasks will prove wisest. Try to avoid disappointments, losses and upsets; also arguments, opposition and partings. With care, danger is avoidable.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor. A.W.W.]

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"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
"When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



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BEING particularly proud of his golf, Jones had brought his mother-in-law to the course to see him play.

"I'm terribly keen on making a good drive," he told his partner. "My wife's mother is over there and——"

"But you'll never hit her," his partner admonished. "Why, she's 200 yards away."

POLICEMAN (to diner in cafe): Your car awaits without, sir!

Smart Diner: Without what?

Policeman: Without lights. Your name and address, please!

"I HEAR you are marrying the woman who owns the house at the corner. A good choice if I may say so."

"Ah, you know the house!"

"I WISH you boys wouldn't call me Big Bill."

"Why?"

"These college names stick. And I'm studying to be a doctor."

WAITER (fishing for tip): How did you find the steak, sir?

Diner (not taking the bait): Oh, by strategy, you know. It was hiding behind one of the potatoes.

NEWLYWED: Last night my wife had the chair drawn up by the fire for me, my slippers ready for me to put on, my pipe filled, my——

Old friend (interrupting): And did you like her new hat?



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An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 2, 1939

WE ARE NOT BACK IN 1914



TO-DAY the whole world is talking about war. All hearts are burdened, all lives are saddened by thoughts of this greatest of all crimes against humanity.

Everywhere you will hear people say we are back in the days of 1914.

But that is not true. It may, indeed, hold for one section of thought in Europe. But the great masses of people of all nations who experienced the misery of the last war will never again be war-minded in the 1914 way.

Nobody is under any illusions about the "glory" of war to-day. Jingoism is dead. China and Spain point the moral to the utter barbarity of war.

The mental protest of the peoples of all nations against the madness of it all is an awareness not possessed in 1914.

To-day ordinary persons are not only instantly informed by the newspapers and the radio of every diplomatic move, but they know that present-day war is different from all previous wars.

War is now not a remote affair waged on foreign soil . . . suffering muted by its distance from everyday life.

The front line is at everybody's back door when the bombs fall.

That is one reason why a great war resistance has been built up in the minds and the hearts of the people.

Against the will of the masses for peace professional militarists force war upon them. Then democracy is at stake and men of peace and goodwill are compelled to take up arms to defend it—not for any lust of conquest, but as a crusade to preserve the very spirit of civilisation itself.

—THE EDITOR.

STALIN—mystery man of Europe



STALIN SMILES. Russia's dictator smiles but rarely. Here the man of steel unbends to enjoy a joke with Russian girls at a collective farm display and procession.

No one has plumbed true personality of Russia's man of steel

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

STALIN — man of steel — dictator of 135,000,000 Russians, occupies the centre of the world stage.

The limelight has swung to the Russian leader, shadowing even that arch-stealer of world scenes, Adolf Hitler.

What is he really like, this Stalin, son of a Russian peasant, who is playing such a big part in the international drama?

For years he has been the mystery man of Europe. Innumerable conflicting tales have been current concerning his true personality, his private life.

He has been described as the most feared and hated man in Russia, also as a genial, kindly personality.

Probably nearest to the truth is John Gunther's comparison of him with Hitler: "His associates worship Hitler—they respect Stalin."

Certainly he is not of Hitler's neurotic type. Nor has he the bluster of Mussolini.

He is ruthless. Those who hate him call his ruthlessness cruelty — his admirers call it justice.

He rivals Hitler for the distinction of being the most closely-guarded man in the world.

Hundreds of police guard every inch of the specially-built motor road which leads to his country home fifteen miles from Moscow.

A special police officer notes the number of every car which leaves Moscow on that road.

When Stalin leaves for his country house, night or day, he travels in a procession of three cars, specially built, and all exactly alike, with bulletproof glass windows.

The number-plates of these cars are altered frequently, and Stalin's position in the procession is constantly changed.

His summer seaside house, on the Caucasian shores of the Black Sea, is situated on a hill which, when Stalin is in residence, is entirely floodlit at night.

He wears no elaborate uniforms. In dress he is hardly distinguishable from hundreds of Soviet officials—his jacket of a drab olive-green color is buttoned to the neck.

He wears riding breeches, and when he goes out puts on a cap with a visor.

His tastes are simple

IN the Kremlin, where once centred the glories and extravagances of the Czarist Court, he occupies only a small four-roomed flat.

This is modestly furnished. He drinks moderately, and smokes a pipe.

Joseph Dzugashvili is the real name of this man of obscure peasant stock who became the leader of a nation. His father was a bootmaker.

Now 59 years old, he was only fourteen when he was the leader of a secret revolutionary organisation in Tiflis, the province of his birth.

By the time he was thirty he had been imprisoned twice as a revolutionary. His associates admired and trusted him . . . but neither he nor they guessed that he would succeed Lenin in guiding the Soviet.

His old mother, simple peasant, hardly realised until the day she died—a couple of years ago—that her son had become a world personage.

Once she visited him at the Kremlin. She returned home puzzled, unhappy, because she could not understand what her son "did for a living."

Stalin has been married at least twice. It is said that he is married for a third time to an unknown woman of his own district who is hardly ever seen in public and has no official status in higher Soviet circles.

Little is known of his first wife, who died in 1917 and by whom he had one son.

His second marriage, to Allelueva, a lovely young Moscow student, was kept a secret for many years. Not until her death did any but a few highly-placed Soviet officials know Allelueva was the Dictator's second wife.

Stalin is said to have loved Allelueva very deeply. They had two children. When she died she was given a State funeral in contrast with Soviet custom.

Many stories circulated about her sudden death. One well-informed writer asserts that she shot herself after a drunken quarrel with Stalin. The same writer says that occasionally and secretly Stalin places flowers on her grave, where he has had erected a very beautiful statue of a young girl.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY *By WEP*



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LET'S all be happy and sing . . . IT'S SPRING!



"Spring is emerging and I want to sing," says L. W. Lower.

And when the cleaning is over live at an hotel and enjoy peace

Spring is emerging and I want to sing. I WILL sing.

Oh, sweet memories of tooralooraloo,
Oh, the something or other that lumpty tumpty-too.

It's no use. I've forgotten the thing. But spring is definitely on.

By

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

"I'LL have to get some new curtains for the kitchen," says the wife. "That reminds me, go and see if you can borrow a ladder from next door."

"I don't want a ladder! What would I do with a ladder?"

"To clean the outside of the windows, of course."

"But you don't clean windows with a ladder. You just wash them over and then rub them with a dry rag."

"Do what you're told!"

"Oh, all right."

That's how it starts. Anyhow, I went to the place next door and said, "Ha there, Mrs. Jones. I wonder if you would lend me your ladder for a little while?"

"I'm sorry, but I've just lent it to Mr. Johnson."

"Oh, I see. I'll pop around and see if he's finished with it."

I went around to Johnson's place and Mrs. Johnson said he was out. "I don't know where he's gone, but he said he wouldn't be long and he didn't say anything to me about a ladder."

"He's probably gone for a hair-cut. I'll look in at the barber's."

Then I went up to the hotel and sure enough there was Johnson with a glass in one hand and a form guide in the other.

"Johnno!" I said. "Have you finished with that ladder of Jonesy's?"

"Shh!" he said. "Do you know that that's the only ladder in our street? I got the publican to hide it in his cellar."

"Does Jones know?"

"It was his idea."

"Good old Jonesy. Where is he?"

"Over in the corner of the bar, painting his kitchen chairs. He brings them up from home one at a time. He's been two hours on that one and he's just finished painting one leg. I don't do any painting myself."

"How do you get out of it?"

"I told the wife that paint contained highly inflammable ingredients like turpentine, and so forth, and that there was a possibility of someone flicking a match or a cigarette butt against the fence and burning the house down."

"That's a good idea. I must remember that one."

"By the way, Lower, can you lend me a spade?"

"No."

"Thanks very, very much. It's nice to have mates who stick to you."

"What are you doing up here, anyhow?"

"I'm trimming our hedge."

"Good man! I must get back and tell my wife about not being able to get a ladder."

Timely diversion

SPRING was in the air. It was good to be about in the fresh air with no ladder.

When I got home I dead-heated with Mrs. Jones on the front doorstep.

The wife opened the door and said: "Oh, come in, Mrs. Jones. The place is in an awful mess, I'm afraid. I was just making a cup of tea."

"I hope I'm not intruding, but I was wondering if you'd lend me your oil-can. My sewing-machine seems to be running very badly. I'm making a frock. It's pale green organdie, with rucking down each side, and I was thinking that a lemon-yellow collar——"

"It sounds lovely. I'd love to see it."

Forgotten was the ladder. Hooray! So I excused myself ostentatiously and escaped.

The birds were yelling in the trees; the sky was blue; the sun shone. It was a Saturday afternoon, I had ten shillings, and no collar on.

Whistling "D'ye Ken John Peel," which I am very good at, I went along to the chemist and had two shillings straight out on a horse called Defaulter. Or some name like that.

When I came out of the dispensary I asked the chemist, who knows everything: "Bill, what's organdie?"

"It's a sort of a loin-cloth worn by Hindus," he said.

I was wondering how Mrs. Jones would look in a pale green loin-cloth for quite a while. I had an idea she'd look better in a tent, but you can't tell women things like that. They're too narrow-minded.

When this spring-cleaning is over in our place, I will have to go and stay at an hotel because I am not allowed to walk on the polished floors or put ash in the ash-trays.

I've got a lay-by on a tie to go with my blue suit. The one I got married in.

Hang it all, if a man can't lash out and have a mad fling once a year, especially in the spring, what is life? Just a dull, dreary, doleful drudgery.

I am in favor of spring. It should be extended.



How can you get a Lovely Complexion

YOU can have that clear, unblemished skin—that outer beauty which comes from inner health—if you remember to take Bile Beans regularly each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system and daily eliminate impurities from the blood-stream. This purified and enriched blood feeds the skin tissues, removes all blemishes and unevenness, and gives what every woman desires—a matchless complexion.

So if you want to be admired for your lovely clear complexion start taking Bile Beans to-night.

"I am a hundred per cent. better in health since I started taking Bile Beans, and my skin is again fresh and clear. I would not miss my nightly Bile Beans for anything."—Mrs. E. Hinds.

* * *

"Taking Bile Beans nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is now a healthy colour, my complexion is blemish-free, my eyes are bright and I get up on a morning feeling rejuvenated."—Mrs. F. S. Britton.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE



LUX saves costly ladders

here's why . .

When stockings are new, they're *elastic* — stretch under strain. But harsh cake soap rubbing and perspiration acids rob them of this elasticity. The weakened threads, instead of *giving*, snap at the slightest strain. Result — ladders!

So after every wearing . . . be sure to give your stockings Lux care — because *Lux preserves elasticity* — cuts down ladders, keeps stockings sleek-fitting! There's no soda in Lux.



Safe LUX care for all delicate washing

A LEVER PRODUCT

5.444.25

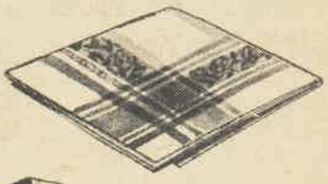
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Look at the wonderful VITA-BRITS FREE GIFTS that are waiting for you









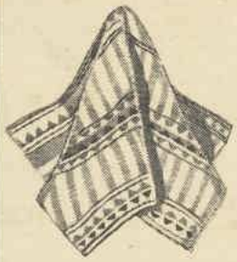
COLANDER
Strong quality aluminium Colander, 9 ins. diameter. Save 30 large seals or 90 small; postage and packing 1/6.

DAMASK TABLECLOTH
Cotton damask cloth, 63 in. x 63 in. Attractive coloured border and patterned. Save 60 large seals or 180 small; postage and packing 9d.

KETTLE
3 pint aluminium Kettle with heat-proof grip handle. Save 48 large seals or 144 small; postage and packing 1/6.



BREAD KNIFE
Stainless steel serrated edge and strong handle. Save 18 large seals or 54 small; postage and packing 2d.







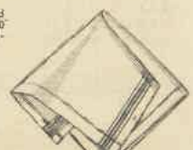
PILLOWSLIP
Plain hand worked first quality pillow-slip. Save 14 large seals or 42 small; postage and packing 6d.

SAUCEPAN
2½ pint strong quality aluminium Saucepan. Save 30 large seals or 90 small; postage and packing 1/3.

BATH TOWEL
First grade quality in new range of coloured patterns. Save 12 large seals or 36 small; postage and packing 6d.



LARGE SCISSORS
6½ ins. long, keen-edged high-grade steel. Save 20 large seals or 60 small; postage and packing 4d.



TEA TOWEL
All Irish Linen Tea Towel, 22½ in. x 34 in. Long wearing. Save 10 large seals or 30 small; postage and packing 3d.

Come in and choose from the 300 GIFTS at

SYDNEY:	Vita-Brits Gift Showrooms, 262 Castlereagh Street (Opposite Mark Foys), Sydney.
NEWCASTLE:	The Coupon Gift Centre, Hunter Street (Opposite Civic Station), Newcastle.
CESSNOCK:	The Coupon Gift Centre, Vincent Street, Cessnock.
MELBOURNE:	Cereal Gift Showrooms, 123 Swanston Street, Melbourne (In Basement of Robur Tearooms).
PERTH:	Cereal Gift Showrooms, 161 Murray Street, Perth.
HOBART:	Cereal Gift Showrooms, 61 Murray Street, Hobart.
LAUNCESTON:	Cereal Gift Showrooms, 58 George Street, Launceston.

In appreciation of the wonderful popularity of Vita-Brits, large Showrooms have been opened in every State, where every one of the 300 Free Gifts is clearly marked with its Gift Seal exchange value. At these modern Showrooms you can exchange your gift seals and collect immediately the gift or gifts you desire.

SAVE THE SEALS FROM THE PACKET FLAPS

Printed on the end flap of each packet of Vita-Brits is a Gift Seal. Large packets (24 oz.) carry a large Seal. Small packets (12 oz.) carry a small Seal. In exchange value for gifts, three small Seals equal one large Seal.

IF YOU LIVE OUT OF TOWN and are unable to call personally, post the necessary number of Gift Seals, together with the postage and package charge, to the address of your nearest Showrooms (above). Your gift will then be forwarded to you immediately.

More and more women are using Vita-Brits—those delicious, golden toasted "biscuits" of whole wheat . . . for quick, healthy breakfasts, and for any of the "morning, noon and night" recipes which are advertised regularly in this paper.



SAVE THIS HEALTH SEAL
VITA-BRITS
Large (24-oz.) Gift Coupon

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

Extremelined



• MOUNTAINEER toque of chartreuse balibuntal trimmed with japonica velvet and Swiss wildflowers.



• SHOULDER-SPAN glace straw in new pancake shade. Pink blossoms and green leaves add a cool note.



• THE NOSE-DIVE HAT is news. Here it is in white parabali straw. Pale green and yellow trumpet-lilies perch precariously on the crown.



• LAME takes an upward turn in this honey-gold skyscraper, designed to give added height to its wearer. In a season of turbans its future's assured.



• TO MATCH an innocent expression. This tiny boater of bud-green picot straw is almost hidden beneath its heavy harvest of lily-of-the-valley.



• POPCORN STRAW—as light as it sounds—woven in a crochet design of white and stop-red. Crisp pique flowers bloom on this "suit" hat.



• AMUSING AND BECOMING—fly-away brim caught by a crown of matching midnight-blue lace crinoline. The "corn cob" ribbon trim is something new.



• RIOT OF RED, yellow, and mauve flowers slipping over one eye. Stiffened tulle in pine-green makes the foundation of this floral fantasy.



• ROCKER BRIM of coarse black basket weave. Hyacinth-pink sheer swathes the merest suggestion of crown, or floats in gossamer ends, according to the mood.

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Accent on your tiny waist

These new brassiere top Vests and tailored Panties by Bond's are so wickedly smooth-fitting they're a conspiracy to give you that new tiny waisted silhouette. Designed to the sentimental mood of this Spring's fashions, they're of fancy loom weave with motifs of net-lined French Satin and fine lacey edgings. Peachglow, sky, lettuce, white. SW, W, OS. Vest (No. V. 142) and Scanties (No. S.C. 142) each garment 4/11. And look for Bond's label.



Tailored Bloomers in fancy loom weave to match Vest. SW, W, OS. (No. B 142). Price 4/11.

Bond's

LOVELIER THAN EVER

Underlovelies

AT ALL SMART STORES: LOOK FOR THE BOND'S LABEL ON EVERY GARMENT

by Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

Sketched by . . . PETROV



1 **MINIATURE LACE** fans in the hair instead of bows are the latest variation of the passion for lace that is sweeping across Europe.

Other fantasies of this type are necklaces of tiny lace bows, lace instead of feather boas, lace shoes, and lace flowers for shoulder sprays.

2 **LATEST SHORTS** seen at Deauville where the smart set spends summer holidays are a la cowboy with fringes, but they are in cool linen.

A shirt blouse and negligent neckerchief complete the outfit, together with a cowboy hat.

Peasants' shirts in bright checks are another idea. They are generally worn outside the shorts.

3 **SHOES** with wedge heels grow more and more popular, and now there is a court shoe with this type of heel which the chausseurs tell me is a best seller.

From the sides of the foot the suede or kid is bunched under a large centre buckle so that it forms creases and looks as though it were swathed round the foot. A slit for ventilation appears on either side of the long toe-cap.

4 **THE NEWEST** stockings look like snakes wound round the legs. From foot to knee, half-inch-wide spirals of openwork or embroidery encircle the leg, each spiral about two inches from the one below it. The pattern ends in a triangle on the front of the foot.

5 **DOUBLE-DECKER** earrings are the latest Parisian novelty. A charming example noticed at a dinner recently comprised two palm leaves set with baguette and drop diamonds. One "earring" lay across the top of the ear; the other fitted the lobe in the usual way.



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NAOMI WATERS writes about—YOU

HER FEATURE —and her subject— EVERY WEEK

Do your friends say about you: "She has a way with her..."?



"I DEFY ANYONE to put on any of these new hats without feeling that the world has just been presented to them on a platter."

With her friends . . . She knows that to have a friend you must be a friend.

She manages to get things done for her, not because she wheedles people into doing it, but because she has a charm of manner that is hard to resist.

She has a way with her tradesmen. Although she gives her orders firmly, and will not tolerate inferior goods, she pays her bills promptly and is quick to praise when praise is due.

Her hairdresser just adores her. She arrives punctually for her appointment and, once having said how she wants her hair done, doesn't change her mind halfway through and then raise a fuss when she is late leaving.

WHEN such a woman gets people to do things for her it is because she knows the rule . . . "It's not what you ask . . . it is how you ask that matters."

She also knows that charm can bend the highest bough to within her reach.

With children . . . She meets them on their own ground. She doesn't talk down to them. She doesn't coo and gurgle. She knows that children, like dogs, feel instinctively who is fond of them.

Children trust her because they know she will treat them fairly, and will try to see their point of view.

When she tells them not to do something she gives a reason. And when she is asked a question she replies as carefully as she does to anyone her own age.

She is wise enough to know the difference between childish imagination and deliberate lying. One she treats with tolerance, and the other she will not tolerate under any circumstances.

She does not like children to grow up before their time.

She encourages their belief in all the lovely fancies that are theirs for such brief years.

With old people . . . She is sweet and kind to those in the twilight of their lives. She doesn't force her opinions, young and raw as they may well be, upon them . . . Instead she absorbs the knowledge time has given them.

She always stands up when an older person enters the room. She gives up her seat in a bus or tram with a smile . . . She remembers that the day will come when she will be grateful for the same consideration shown to her.

At parties . . . She does not stand about waiting to be entertained, for she knows that a guest has to pull her weight too.

She tries to be just as charming and gay with a dull young man who has a pimply face as the tall, good-looking boy who dances divinely.

She is nice to other women present and doesn't make eyes at another woman's man, however much she may like him.

She is considerate of her hostess' home, and is careful not to put her glass down on a polished surface.

She doesn't wipe her lipstick off on the guest towels in the bathroom.

When leaving she thanks her hostess simply but sincerely.

She doesn't gush, and leaves behind her the memory of a charming guest.

In fact she is a girl you would do well to copy . . . for she smooths her way through life with tact . . . charm . . . and tolerance. Three assets which will carry you a long way without much effort.

By NAOMI WATERS

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly. Air Mailed from London.

IT is a pity that Paris is not a little more tolerant when declaiming the season's new fashions . . . if jackets that fit well over the hips are in . . . well, that means those cute little waist-length coats are out.

It seems to me that a girl short of inches will have to think very carefully before stepping out in a coat that is wrist-length or longer and shoots out at the back. For her it will have to be a full-length coat, for a coat flapping round her thighs will cut her to pieces.

Yet the new sheath-like evening dresses, slashed to show inches of leg, will certainly suit her better than her tall sister, who will be inclined to look like a decorative lamp-post . . . but lamp-post all the same.

At least this year there is one new fashion that will be greeted with cheers . . . hats are covering the back of the head.

No longer will bits of feathered fluff perch precariously over your eye . . . for the new hats are large, sensible, terrifically smart.

You will welcome the new hats, for they are such a complete change from anything you have worn for years.

They are important-looking with their sweeping lines, heavy plumage, and rich colors . . . they will make the mousiest little wallflower perk up and take notice . . .

They have the flavor of the buccaneer, the softness of Gainsborough.

They have dash and daring . . . they make the little bits of nonsense we have been wearing look like a field daisy beside a dahlia . . .

I defy anybody to put on one of these new hats without feeling that the world has just been presented to them on a platter.

They are inspiraion on a big canvas . . . and the men will love them.

Two outstanding successes of the season are . . .

A chrome-yellow felt swept from off the face, fitting well down at the base of the head in a point . . . The edge bound with a narrow black braid, worn with a dead black suit bound with braid, a huge muff of cross fox carried.

A black velvet tricorne . . . not the tiny things you're thinking of . . . but a hat twelve inches across . . . edged with a fringe of feathers.

AREN'T WE ALL?

Well, some of us are—you continue to suffer the torture and agonies of rheumatism, backache, or lumbago year after year—doubled up with pain you eventually reach a despondent state mentally and physically, despite the fact that you have tried nearly everything—the pleasures and joys of living are gone. But wait, are they? Let Warner's Safe Cure attack the trouble at its source—rheumatism, backache, lumbago, and such complaints can usually be traced to the inefficient functioning of the kidneys and liver. These organs have become tired, or sick if you wish; they no longer throw off the poisons from the system, and these poisons filter back to the blood stream. With this condition, follow these painful complaints which can only be permanently cured by restoring the kidneys and liver to healthy activity. Warner's Safe Cure, which contains very valuable herbs, has been doing this to really sick people for over 60 years. You'll feel a whole lot better after a three weeks' course.

Mr. Monahan Bundarra, N.S.W., says:—

"I am quite clear of rheumatism thanks to your Safe Cure. I was very bad with it in my shoulders, back; in fact, pretty well every bone in my body and my hands and fingers were greatly swollen . . . and as I am well on in my eighty-fifth year, I look on my recovery as wonderful."

This and thousands of other letters from grateful patients prove that this remedy does do a job for humanity; it does make sick people well, and you, too, have this same opportunity of being classed A1 in health.

Large bottles, 5/- and 2/9 in Concentrated Form. These small bottles are really economical, the required dose being so much less. Write for a free booklet to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

Take Warner's Safe Pills for Constipation—1/- per bottle.***



Skintex

lengthens as you bend—gives marvellous control without bones . . .

Discover the figure-magic of

"boneless boning"

That's the wonderful thing about Skintex. It gives s-t-r-e-t-c-h where you want it, restraint where you need it. The back panel stretches down, but *not across*. That means no riding up, no strain on shoulder straps or suspenders. Inch-wide strips of "boneless boning" discipline your curves without cramping your freedom. Try on a Berlei Skintex and you'll feel—and look—a new woman. Free as air, yet slimmer, trimmer, smoother, more *glamorous* in line. Berlei has Skintex Controlettes, Step-ins and Wrap-ons for all but the heaviest figures. Your favourite corset department will fit you with the correct Berlei Skintex for you.



TAKE YEARS OFF YOUR FIGURE WITH

Berlei

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

CONTROLETTES ◆ STEP-INS ◆ WRAP-ONS ◆ BRASSIERES
ALL HIGH FASHION ◆ ALL TRUE TO TYPE

TRUE-TO-TYPE
Berlei Foundations, scientifically designed, fit all types of figures—your type. Don't just ask for a Berlei, ask for a Berlei fitting.

2.279.

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The Modern Mother



takes Beecham's Pills



Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

"Worth a Guinea a Box"

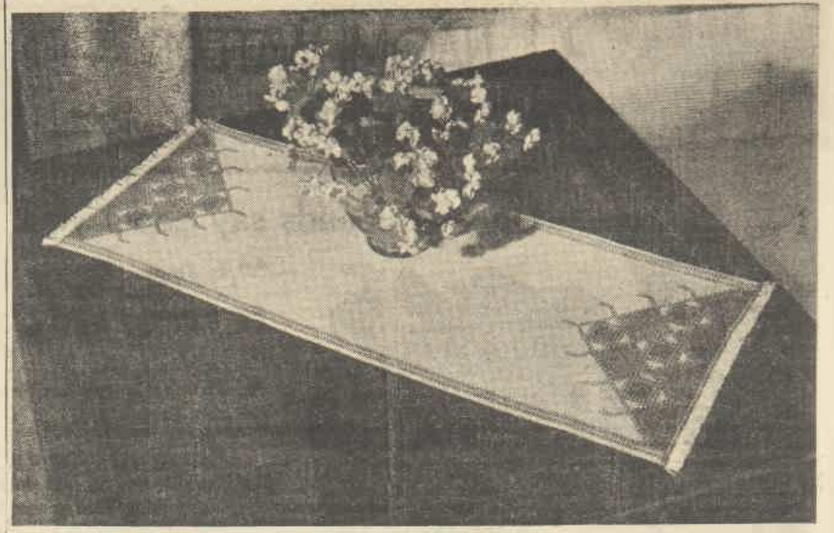
GOING ABROAD?

Let us help you—particularly if you live at a distance from the city. We can arrange your passage, advise you regarding official formalities, passports, income tax clearance, etc., etc., and take out your tickets and, if necessary, insure your baggage and arrange for you to be met everywhere in Europe. Our services are free and your passage is booked at ordinary advertised rates.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



PRACTICAL HOME-MAKERS will welcome the revival of the table-runner. You may obtain this easy-to-work example traced ready for working on white or colored linen from our Needlework Department. The original was done in green and brown.

FRINGED RUNNER *in cross-stitch*

IT is traced for working in two greens and brown on white or colored linen.

PRETTILY-WORKED runners for the centre of dining tables are the vogue again.

In addition to making a graceful foundation to bowls of flowers or foliage they give added protection to the polished table surface.

This simple design, the original of which was worked in brown and two shades of green, takes very little time to make, and will provide a pretty color-note to your room.

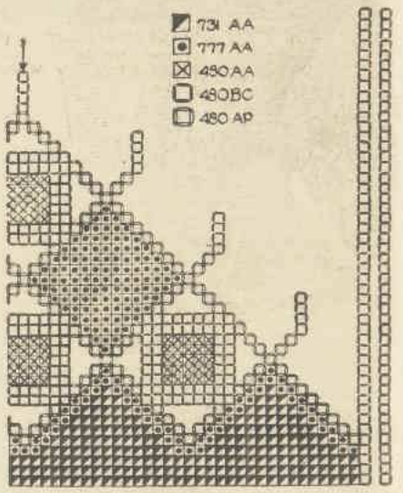
The runners are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

The size of the runner is 12 inches by 36 inches, and the edge may be obtained plain or spoke-stitched along each side, ready for a crochet finish.

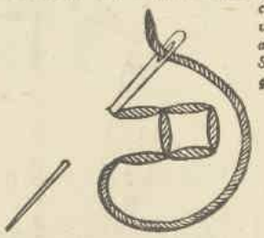
If a plain edge is desired, turn down a half-inch hem on each side, and slip-stitch it along.

The price is 2/6, which includes the fringe.

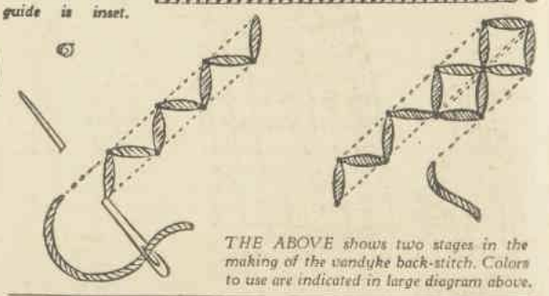
The following Anchor stranded cottons necessary for working are: Five skeins, F480 (very dark brown), 3 skeins, F731 (deep emerald), 2 skeins, F777 (mid-shamrock).



THE diagram at right, showing the design, indicates where the various stitches are to be placed. Stitch and color-guide is inset.



STUDY these diagrams before beginning. Here is the four-sided stitch.



THE ABOVE shows two stages in the making of the vandyke back-stitch. Colors to use are indicated in large diagram above.

Cushion-cover, too

CUSHION-COVER in matching cross-stitch design may also be obtained from our Needlework Department, size 18 inches by 18 inches, traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen. Price, 3/6 each.

To work the runner and cushion-cover study the diagrams given on this page. AA means cross-stitch, BC four-sided stitch, and AP vandyke back-stitch. The numbers indicate the colors to use.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4299YY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

New d'oyleys in daisy design



IN PRETTY DAISY DESIGN, two d'oyleys which can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for working for 1/- each. Round d'oyley measures 8 inches across; sandwich d'oyley, 5 by 11 inches.

THESE dainty d'oyleys, one for a cake plate and the other for a sandwich tray, are quite easy to embroider.

You can obtain them stamped ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen from our Needlework Department.

Prices and sizes are:

Round d'oyley, 8 inches across, 1/-.

Sandwich d'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/-.

Cottons for working, also obtainable from our Needlework Department, are 3½d. a skein for broder cottons and 1½d. a skein for stranded.

The stitches used for working the daisy design are buttonhole, stem-stitch, and french knots or eyelets.

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OUR PATTERN SERVICE





WW3039.—For fun in the sun. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3¾yds. for slacks and hat, 1¾yds. for bolero, 36ins. wide, 1yd. for suntop. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3040.—Two hats for spring. 21in. to 22½in. head. Requires: ¾yd. for small brim, 36ins. wide, and ⅞yd. for larger brim, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1 complete (2 styles).

WW3041.—Summer resort wear. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 8 to 9yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3042.—For new prints. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide, ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3043.—For smart occasions. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3044.—Turban, bolero and scarf set. 32 to 38 bust. Turban sizes: 21in. to 22½in. head. Requires: 1½yds. for bolero, 1¼yds. for turban and scarf. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3045.—Tennis frock, back buttoning skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

Please Note

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



Special Concession Pattern

THREE STYLES FOR MISS JUNIOR.

Sizes 2-4, 4-6, and 6-8 years.

No. 1: Requires 1⅞ to 2¼yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2: Requires 1⅞ to 1⅝yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3: Requires 1⅞ to 2¼yds., 36ins. wide.

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

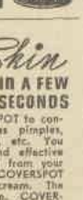
SIZE.....Pattern Coupon, 2/9/'39

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Furniture Store
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Between Liverpool and Bathurst Sts.
Opposite New Water Board
DIXONS
WORLD FAMOUS "BUGLE" BRAND CUTLERY
COMPLETE CANTEEN
42 PIECES
A REAL GIFT!


CASH OR LAY-BY
Mays offer this magnificent canteen of finest Sheffield cutlery as a complimentary gesture and as an introduction to our beautiful Furniture Store.
Valued at £5/10/-.
Mays Special Price for the canteen including beautiful case lined with Red or Blue velvet
52/6
MAYS FURNITURE PTY. LTD.,
306-308 PITT STREET. Desk 3.

SHINING WINDOWS 3 TIMES QUICKER


Goodbye to water splashing—goodbye to hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy. It's economical, too—a tin of Windolene actually cleans over 200 square feet of glass!
Try it on your windows, mirrors and picture glass. Send today for a sample tin of Windolene to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Dept. A., Bourke Street, Redfern, N.S.W.


Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

CONCEAL Skin BLEMISHES IN A FEW SECONDS
Thousands now rely upon COVERSPOT to conceal all such skin blemishes as pimples, spots, scars, freckles, birthmarks, etc. You will be surprised how simple and effective it is. Get a jar of COVERSPOT from your Chemist and simply rub the COVERSPOT over the blemish like a face cream. The result is an unmarred complexion. COVERSPOT cannot be felt after application nor can it be detected in the strongest light. It remains pliant all day long and does not fade or easily rub off.
COVERSPOT is also ideal as an all-over make-up. Hides uneven tanburn on face, neck, shoulders and arms. It prevents windburn too.
Get some COVERSPOT from your Chemist to-day. Purse size costs only 1/6. Economy Jar 4/6, or write to British Harold F. Ritchie Co., Ltd., 55 York St., Sydney.
Coverspot
CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

What Women are Doing

She makes clothes for dogs

DESIGNING and making clothes for dogs is the unusual pastime of Mrs. Eaton J. Owen, of Adelaide. She began the work about 18 months ago, and since then has made coverings for more than 160 dogs.

Most are made for terriers for use after they have had their coats "stripped out."

More than two-thirds of the garments have been given to owners unable to afford them for their sick animals and the money paid for the others has been devoted to the purchase of materials for more gift "clothes."

Mrs. Owen has several Scotties of her own. Two of them, Dougal and Kiltie, have their own tartan models.

"I make some of the coats with chest pieces," said Mrs. Owen, "to protect weak chests and lungs during or after illness, waterproof coats for dogs that might suffer if drenched by rain, and silk ones with colored bindings for the summer."

Sometimes she adds a gay touch with the dog's initial, and sometimes she makes bright designs in Romany stripes. For a dog that insists on looking out of a car window when out driving, she has a hand-knitted polo - necked sweater!



MRS. OWEN with one of her Scotch terriers.

❖ ❖ ❖

Considers women make good dentists

DENTISTRY is an ideal occupation for women, according to Miss Olive Irwin, of Brisbane, who recently graduated with honors in dental science from the University of Queensland.



Miss Irwin

"It is a fairly difficult course, particularly the last two years," she said, "but I found it full of interest. Women should make good dentists. They are naturally capable with their fingers, and a background of fine arts, piano playing and needlework should give them the necessary delicate touch."

Miss Irwin chose as an essay subject for her honors examination one dealing with the relation of diet to dental caries. As a means of ensuring better teeth in Australians of future generations, special attention, she believes, must be paid to prenatal and pre-school diet.

❖ ❖ ❖

Making our artists' work known in America

TWO well-known Melbourne women, Miss Doris Madden, pianist, and Miss Mary Cecil Allen, painter, are co-operating in a scheme to make Australian artists' work better known in America.

This is to be done by means of an exhibition to be held in New York in October under the auspices of the National Council of Women of America.

Miss Allen will arrange a comprehensive show of Australian art, and Miss Madden at least two musical programmes comprising works by representative Australian composers.

Now paying a short visit to Melbourne relations, Miss Madden has made a niche for herself in the U.S.A.

Twelve years ago she set out to try her fortune in New York, and quickly made a name for herself in the musical world. Although she knew only one person when she arrived she soon obtained the position of head of the piano-teaching section of a large girls' school.

Now she has a large studio in one of the smartest sections of New York, has between 30 and 40 pupils, and is on the staff of one of the leading conservatoriums. In addition, she gives recitals every season in New York, Chicago, Boston, and other cities.

To lecture on English to American students

MISS ELIZABETH BANNAN, lecturer in English at Sydney Teachers' College, has been invited by the University of Oregon, U.S.A., to exchange jobs with Dr. Moll, assistant professor of English at the University.

This is the first time such an exchange has been arranged, and with the permission of the Teachers' College and Public Service authorities Miss Bannan is now on her way to America and her new post.

Dr. Moll will arrive in Sydney this week to take over his duties at the college.

Miss Bannan was chosen for the exchange because of her high credentials. She graduated in Arts at Sydney University, taking honors in all subjects, and winning the Albert prize for anthropology, and the Peter Board prize for education. She then took a graduate course at the Teachers' College, and won prizes and medals for general proficiency.

For a time she was a teacher of English in secondary schools, and later was appointed lecturer in English at the Teachers' College.

Specially interested in the use of radio in school tuition, Miss Bannan has done a good deal of broadcasting over national stations in connection with school programmes. She was a prominent member of the Sydney University women's debating society, and is enthusiastic about modern drama.

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W.C.T.U. world organiser back in Australia

AN interesting visitor to Australia is Mrs. Harrison Lee Cowie, world organiser for the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

A Victorian, Mrs. Cowie now lives in Honolulu, and is on her way to attend the world W.C.T.U. conference to be held in London in July, 1940.

The name of Mrs. Harrison Lee Cowie is well known in Australia.

She organised the first branch of the W.C.T.U. in Victoria in 1887, and many of the earlier suburban branches came into existence through her efforts. She also travelled extensively in the country, speaking at meetings and establishing branches of the Union.

Now in her eightieth year, this charming personality was given a great welcome back to Melbourne, her former home city. Despite her age, she has an alert mind and an amazing memory, and remembered all the people she worked with in Melbourne in the early days.

She was particularly pleased to meet Mrs. Harrison, of Richmond, with whom she worked more than 20 years ago. Mrs. Harrison is now 93.

When Mrs. Cowie left Victoria the Union was in its infancy, and had a membership of only a few hundred. Now there are over 8000 members.

Will tour Spanish refugee colonies in France

AILEEN PALMER, who has been living in London for the last 10 months, after having been engaged in front-line work in Spain for two years, has come into the news again.

Word has just been received by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vance Palmer, that she is going for a tour round the Spanish refugee colonies in France. Miss Palmer has taken over this work from Miss Helen Baillie, hon. secretary of the Spanish Relief Committee in Melbourne.



Miss A. Palmer

After conferring with the General Spanish Relief Committee in Paris, Miss Palmer will go to the children's colony in the French Pyrenees.

Many of the children there were saved by Australia's Esme Odgers. They are living in very happy surroundings, many of them supported by Australian foster parents with whom they correspond.

Miss Palmer will then go to other refugee camps in different parts of France that are in urgent need of help.

While in London Miss Palmer has been very busy working for the relief of Spanish war sufferers. For instance, just a few months ago she led a group with a motor lorry all over the North of England, organising contributions of woollens for refugee children to keep them warm in the coming winter.

At the end of her tour of France she will probably catch an Australian-bound steamer in the South of France, and when she reaches home may begin a lecture tour of Australia.

During the war in Spain, Miss Palmer frequently experienced bombing raids by Franco's planes. With other Australians she did valuable work for distressed families.

IT'S SLEEK.. IT'S CHARMING..

IT'S Polished Loveliness
What a delight to see your hair gleaming with the new fashionable sheen, neat, smooth as silk. You can always get rid of the dull, dry after-effects of a 'perm' with Amami Brilliantine. Remember, too, that Amami Brilliantine restores natural colour. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Amami Products, please write to: Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.
AMAMI Brilliantine

The Case of MISS BETTY W——


BANISH CONSTIPATION
NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin. 1/3
NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

PREVENT DRYNESS . . . KEEP YOUR SKIN SUPPLE


. . . with the new soda-free soap, Ph6 Joderma, discovered by the makers of Castile No. 4. It is a scientific skin treatment . . . cleansing and emollient . . . delicately aromatic. If unobtainable at your chemist's, send 1/- for trial cake of Ph6 Joderma or Ph6 Bergamot to B. Callose & Sons, Pty., Ltd., Sydney . . . and see what a difference Ph6 makes.
Ph6 JODERMA
FOR BABY—use Castile No. 4, all-olive oil soap, approved by the British Pharmacopoeia.

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FARMER'S

Mail orders to P.O. Box 497AA. 'Phone M2405.

brings you the smartest style under the sun—

Dirndls for Summer

Beloved this season as never before . . . the dirndl finds favour for its pert little waistline and the clever gatherings that whittle your hips down to mere nothings. We've a whole galaxy of disarmingly pretty styles most satisfyingly priced. And of course, we've only chosen them in colours and designs that are as gay and cheery as this season demands. They're washable, so *live* in them!

Department, Fourth Floor.



Dirndl Girdle for wasp-waists.

BERLEI'S newest achievement! A special girdle designed to give you the slender waist essential when you wear the dirndl. Complete freedom of hip movement is allowed. 23 to 28, in rose silk brocade. Obtainable only at Farmer's. **9/11**

Ground Floor.



10/10
Printed cambric dirndl in a range of bright colours. S.W., W., O.S.



16/11
Of Canadian woven cotton slub in multi-colours. S.W., W., O.S.



12/11
Colour-fast printed percale. In sizes S.W., W. and O.S.

Walkstraights in Elk



"Junior"



"Pagan"

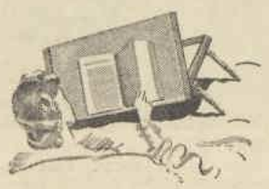
Scientifically designed shoes for children. The "Pagan Coolie" in fawn, white, brown or blue. "Junior Coolie" in white, brown, blue elk, black patent. 4-6½, **7/11**; 7-10½, **9/11**; 11-1½, **10/9**; 2-5½, **14/9**.

Shoes. Third Floor. Mail, 'phone orders.

Two exhibitions in Blaxland Galleries

First annual exhibition of the Cactus and Succulent Society of Sydney, next Tuesday, 5th, to Saturday, 9th Sept.

Her Majesty Queen Mary's Gardens Scheme—a photographic exhibition of private gardens of Great Britain, Monday, 4th, to 9th Sept.



For breakfast-in-bed

Use it as a bed or tea tray . . . breakfast in bed can be loads more fun with this attractive tray of light wood. Collapsible legs, rigid when unfolded. Washable, floral designs in six different colours. **12/6**

Novelties, Ground Floor. Freight extra.



Cooking poultry?

27 entree recipes go with each set of these "No-Sew" aluminium pins . . . specially made to simplify poultry stuffing. Simply insert pins, lace up as directed. Bird is ready for table, soon as roasted. **10d.**

Kitchenware, Lower Ground Floor.



By Helena Rubinstein

Just introduced to Sydney . . . Helena Rubinstein's new nail polishes to match her lipsticks. Glowing finger-tips to match the shades your lips have loved . . geranium, red velvet, coral, natural and strawberry. At **6/6**

Ground Floor.



Table grace in silver

Charming accompaniments to graceful dining in your home. First the scissors-action salad servers in A.1. quality silver, **10/6**. Then 6-inch, silver-plated ice-tongs, essential in the kitchen and at table, only **6/6**

Cutlery, Ground Floor. Freight extra.



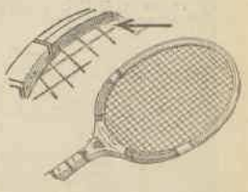
Summer's Brightest colours and gayest designs are in

ROMANY COTTONS

Ablaze with vibrant colours . . . gypsy prints in stripes, chevrons, and checks. Also the season's most amusing novelty designs. They're most practical, too, because they all wash superbly, and are completely fadeless—they stay bright as new.

ILLUSTRATED LEFT: A riotously gay design in Gypsy Print cotton. Sun and tub-fast. 36 ins. Price, **2/11**

Cottons, Great First Floor



75/- Slazenger at 47/6

Introducing Slazenger's "White City" model . . . with the amazing new "Fibow" inlay that prevents splitting, gives longer life, and improves the playing qualities that mean so much to your game. Non-slip grip, championship gut. They're exclusive to Farmer's. And are priced at only **47/6**

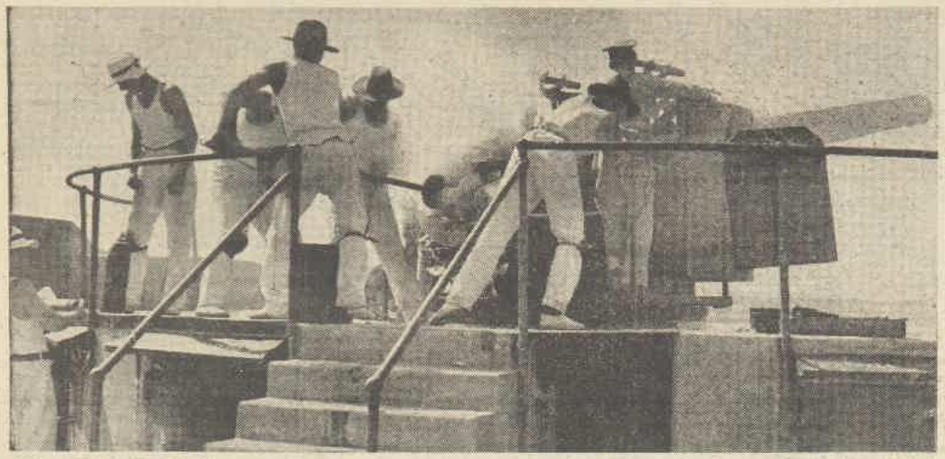
Sports Goods, Lower Ground Floor.

LIBBY'S BABY FOODS are "homogenized" for perfect safety . . . so pure that not a single shred of vegetable matter can you feel between your fingers. Five modern, healthful combinations in vegetables, cereals, fruits, soups. Lower Ground Floor, per tin, 10½d.

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AUSTRALIA PREPARES TO DEFEND HERSELF

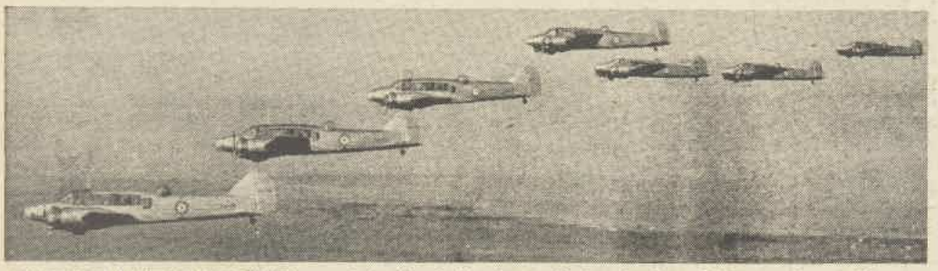
• A few years ago Australia's defence forces were small. She was at peace, had no immediate enemy. THEN CAME MUNICH. Swiftly Australia began to reorganise her forces . . . new ships, new planes . . . more troops, more guns. To-day Australia stands ready to defend herself.



COASTAL BATTERIES, augmented by the newest heavy artillery, are manned by permanent soldiers at the chief cities and ports . . . One drive raised the trained and organised militia forces to 70,000 men. Rapid changes placed the highest commands in the hands of younger men able to plan for changed conditions.



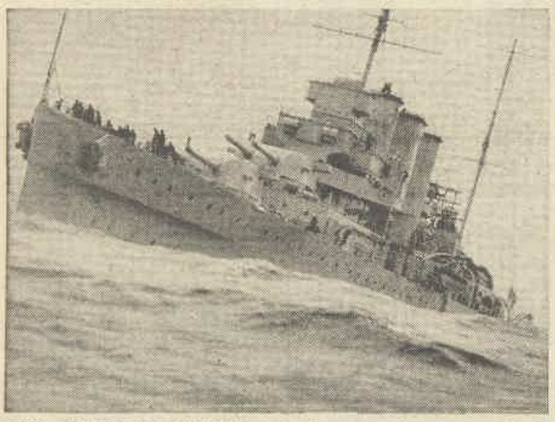
ON BEACHES round the coast volunteers trained to repel invaders. Whole cities staged "black-outs" in large-scale defence games.



THROUGH AUSTRALIAN SKIES roar Australian-built planes. Modern bombers, fighters replaced old types. At strategic points were set up aeroplane factories pouring out each week more Australian planes for Australian defence. The once weak R.A.A.F. became a powerful fighting force strong enough to repel invaders.



ANTI-AIRCRAFT guns were made in Australia, militia trained to use them. Civilian air wardens were prepared for work in air raids.



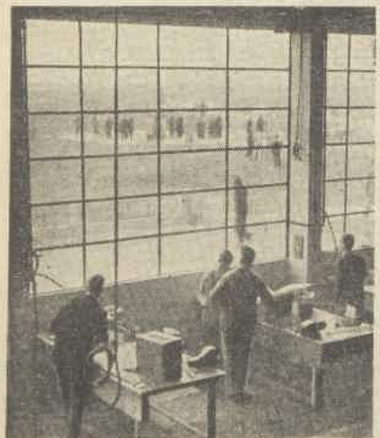
THE AUSTRALIAN NAVY received new cruisers, new sloops. Plans were prepared for a battleship dock at Sydney. Orders were placed for fast Australian-built motor torpedo-boats.



MUNITION works were increased, commercial factories were re-designed and equipped to manufacture munitions in war.



WOMEN and men equally prepared for service. Girls were organised in A.R.P. emergency units . . . *Australia is prepared against any attack.*



FISHERMAN'S BEND, in Victoria, began turning out the first mass-produced Australian planes. New factories were planned.



TO DARWIN, strategic point of the lonely north coastline, Australia sent a highly-trained mobile force of picked men. Port Moresby, in Papua, was made a forward fortified post.

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POLAND IS KEY STATE OF CRISIS

THE CONCLUSION of a non-aggression pact between Germany and Russia again places the 20-year-old Polish Republic in the spotlight.



MARSHAL SMIGLY-RYDZ is President of the Republic and supreme head of Poland's armies. The Polish President is elected for seven years.



FRONTIER STATION between Poland and Russia. Since 1921, when Poland was constituted an independent State by the Treaty of Versailles, her aim has been to keep Germany and Russia apart, and to obtain outside aid if either should attack her. Each has been a potential enemy to a Republic determined to remain independent and to allow neither Communism nor Fascism. Before 1921 Poland was divided between Russia, Austria, and Prussia.



COLONEL BECK, Polish Foreign Minister, was Poland's envoy at the time of the Anglo-French guarantee. Britain has reaffirmed her guarantee.



AN ARTILLERY CORPS is attached to every battalion of Polish infantry. Poland has a peace-time army of 400,000 highly-trained soldiers. Every man over 21 is conscripted for two years in the army. Poles are noted as hard soldiers.



HEAVY GUNS are manufactured in Poland's own industrial towns. More than most armies, Poland has retained cavalry as an important weapon. Poland produces millions of horses; country suits cavalry manoeuvres well.



POLAND IS DETERMINED to resist aggression, has Czech lesson in mind. Germany's annexation of Danzig would cut off Poland's only access to the sea, make her inevitable prey to Germany. She has no navy except 12 small gunboats . . . Danzig is a free State in the middle of Poland's Corridor. Its people are German.



MECHANISED section of Poland's army, though small, is modern. More than half of her population are hardy peasant farmers. The population of 35,000,000 includes 3,000,000 Jews, big Ukrainian and other minorities. Germany claims territory taken from her at Versailles to create Poland.

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Dreaming Cup Winners

AT the races on Saturday I met a gentleman friend who told of a vivid dream for the Epsom—Geebung—and the Melbourne Cup—Gilltown.

He says he didn't eat lobster and isn't used to dreaming or backing horses, but he's going to back these. Their form is good.

By the way the biggest winner on Wotan's 1926 Melbourne Cup, Mr. Geo Dickensen, Melbourne Tivoli managing director and big city business magnate, won £20,000 from a dream about Wotan.

Mr. Dickenson has gone for a real plunge this spring—on Lochiee and Ruckman for the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups —£100,000.

Betty's "racey" narratives

Melbourne Cup Carnival will be the greatest in history

By BETTY GEE

AREN'T we going to have fun at the Cup Carnival in Victoria this year! Because State and civic authorities have just awakened to the fact that the greatest race of the southern hemisphere is run annually in Melbourne just about this time.

Yes, my grandfather tells me that there have been 80 years of Melbourne Cups, but only this year has Melbourne formed a civic Cup Carnival Committee to capitalise Australia's greatest race.

The Melbourne Cup IS a magnet which draws 30,000 people to the capital for a few days. The Carnival folk are planning to get people there for a month and make them stay.

The carnival extends from October 21 to November 18. October 21 is Caulfield Cup day, but you'll have to leg-rope me to keep me in Sydney till then. I'm off down to Melbourne about October 10, as soon as our Randwick carnival ends, and I'll be at Caulfield for Guineas Day, October 14, and I'll stay right through and see their carnival to the uttermost end.

I want to issue this warning to the Carnival Committee that they'll have to see that we get a few Sydney favorites home in their races to provide the money.

The more those bookies are forced to disgorge, the more successful the carnival will be.

The carnival opens with a £10,000 performance of "Hiawatha" at the Exhibition, a huge show place built 60 years ago for a Royal visit. There is a 500 chorus, and a ballet of 100, with an orchestra of 75.

The committee hopes to emulate the carnivals at Nice and Cannes in Europe with the floral pageant on November 11. A carnival Queen will be elected to travel later to California to represent Melbourne at the Pasadena carnival.

The already beautiful Treasury Gardens (right opposite my hotel window), will be transformed into a fairyland paved with a floral carpet into which 100,000 blooms and 10,000 living plants will be woven. Melbourne will show off the flowers which have ever been its pride and joy with horticultural shows.

Big band contest

WE **shall have music wherever we go, too, because there is to be a £1000 band contest. This starts on October 28 at Garden City. That's Moonee Valley Cup day, so I won't be there to hear the bands until the evening.**

There are to be car rallies and plane rallies, and an aerial Derby. On November 18 is Melbourne's Henley on the River Yarra, and there are also a military tattoo and a Chinese Pageant featuring Melbourne's far-famed Chinese Dragon imported for the Centenary celebrations.

The Williamstown Cup is also on November 18, but whether I shall have enough money left I cannot now tell. Most likely by then the telegraph wires will have run hot with requests for purse refills.

A big event, not listen-in carnival titbits, but which will prove the greatest of them all in the eyes of many people, will be the matching of Ajax, Australian champion, against Defaulter, champion of New Zealand.

It is almost assured that they won't meet in Sydney, and that the first clash between them will be in Melbourne this spring.

I can see Melbourne's three clubs eagerly struggling to put on this match, the V.A.T.C. at Caulfield, Moonee Valley, and last, but not least, the V.R.C. at Flemington.

Caulfield may bring it off either on Saturday, October 14, or Wednesday, October 18.



Betty's off to Melbourne soon for the Cup Carnival.

Then there is Moonee Valley on October 28. Both Ajax and Defaulter will be entered for the Cox Plate, the weight-for-age event over 9½ furlongs on that day.

After Sydney exertions Defaulter might miss the earlier races to await Flemington.

They could meet in the Mackinnon Stakes, 1½ miles, on Derby Day, November 4.

If they do my money goes on Defaulter.

By the way, I was taken with a party of sports to see Defaulter at Mick Polson's stables at Randwick last week.

What a monumental creature he has grown into. I'm sure he's the biggest horse in Australia to-day. I asked Mr. F. A. Roberts, his trainer, what weight he considered him. He hadn't been weighed. But a veteran horse authority in the party said Defaulter wouldn't go an ounce under 11 cwt.

He's a naughty big playboy, is Defaulter.

When one of the party went too close he grabbed his tie in his teeth and gave the poor fellow the scare of his life.

But I suppose if we went into his box he'd trample us underfoot with his 11 cwt. and all.

Canterbury Park

WE sojourn to Canterbury next Saturday, September 2, for Guineas Day, and a great day it's going to be with crack performers in the Guineas and the weight-for-age Canterbury Stakes, over 6 furlongs.

Dashing Cavalier's owner, Mr. Fred Hughes, has his mind set upon winning the Guineas races at Canterbury and also at Rosehill a fortnight after.

I believe Early Bird will catch the worm in the £500 Canterbury Stakes.

Vergure is bottled up an extra special brew for the Progressive Stakes.

Paddy the Rip is a tip for the Ashbury Handicap.

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Unbreakable glass: Science's latest boon to the housewife

By Air Mail from New York.

Shirts which are shrunk at the factory and therefore hold their own in the laundry are deemed by many a grateful tenderneck to be marvels of modern science.

NOW the Corning Glass Works of Corning, N.Y., announce a newer marvel which some day soon will make housewives grateful: pre-shrunk glass.

A goblet made of this glass is so dense and tough (i.e., so resistant to expansion and contraction) that it can be heated cherry-red, then dipped in ice water without breaking. Researchers at Corning put a dish of pre-shrunk glass on a cake of ice, then poured molten iron into the dish. It did not crack.

Shrunk glass is made by mixing two borosilicate formulas, one of which is soluble in acid, the other not.

The mixture is melted and the glass is moulded or blown to the desired shape. Then it is soaked in dilute nitric acid, which eats away the soluble ingredients, leaving the glass honeycombed with air spaces.

Again heat is applied and the glass becomes solid, shrinking 35 per cent. in volume.

Corning officials figured that it would take two more years to manufacture and market the new glass in quantity.

Then, they predict, it will be used in industry and in households wherever heat-resistant glass is needed. Expansion of the new glass under heat is imperceptible — three times less than the expansion of the great 200-inch telescope mirror which Corning cast for Caltech. When the next big piece of astronomical glass is made, pre-shrunk glass will probably be used.

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• STELLA DALTON and Noel Elbra enjoy themselves at "Joey's" (St. Joseph's) Football Club dance.



• BARBARA BRAINEY and Helen Manton brought with them table decorations, complete with vases, for "Joey's" dance.



• MARCIA LENEHAN takes a pink tulle fan adorned with real flowers to match her frock when she goes dancing . . . At Romano's with Kevin Morgan.



• EULA ROSS steps out with Bill Watson. Spring blossoms make an effective background for her spring frock.

Miss Midnight's JOTTINGS



Vice-Regal sidelights . . .

BLEW along, ably assisted by a westerly gale, to one of the Gowries' four farewell "do's" at Admiralty House.

Keep weather eye open concerning additions for the Kents, but except for an odd bathroom or two . . . nil. So I guess they'll spend most of their time at Yarralumla.

Five till sevenish—the party.

Soft lighting. Very nice for showing off spring floral decorations and guests' diamonds . . . Mrs. Alan Foott's diamond and gold lapel brooch (crown surmounting boomerangs) . . . Noreen Dangar's oblong brooch . . . Mrs. Pat Rothe's stud earrings . . . Mrs. Cecil Hordern's chandelier earrings.

Lady Gowrie takes round her cousin, Peter Bingham, and makes sure he knows everyone.

Snappy line in hats shown by Mrs. Howard Giblin (black with three red roses perched in front), and Margaret (Fairfax) Moore, who has pink and blue flowers as a crest for a strip of blue snood. Mrs. Gordon Brady's black model had a sky-high spray of pink roses, rather debutanteish.

Very stable and sober . . .

JOCKO, the "Wildflower" donkey, keeps better hours than I do. After the gala premiere I go backstage to see how Jocko likes the audience, but he's gone home.

"What's a first night to an old trouper like me!" said Jocko, sweeping out the stage door. "I was in 'Desert Song,' and look what a run that had."

Bea Meeks and Jerry Bannister top off the show by going behind the scenes with Dorothy Wrigley to meet Marie Burke. Jerry congratulates her, bowing low in the best Continental manner.

'Tween acts I get a good coiffure view by taking a peek over the dress-circle gallery. Mrs. Ian Hawker's sculptured curls simply perfect. There's a green sequin butterfly parked in Barbara Lotherington's hair.

A. W. (Royal Show) Skidmore ruminates with a homely pipe . . . Belinda Street cigarettes with Don Mackay . . . Barbara Dare smiles ever so sweetly as she says: "It really doesn't matter," when someone steps on her lush-green velvet and rips the hem.

Not so harmonic . . .

MORNING tea with the Harmonists' wives—Mary, Gerte, and Erna.

It's not much fun, so they tell me, being married to Comedy Harmonists.

Mary says, "We never see our 'usband." Gerte says, "Zey rehearse all ze time, and we are only allowed to peep through ze keyhole then." Erna says, "We do not even know where zey are going next."

So the three charming wives have taken a waterside flat for the summer while their husbands tour.

They each have pet tunes. Being a believer in music as a character-indicator, I ask about them.

Mary (Mrs. Roman Cycowski) likes "Nights in Paraguay," Gerte (Mrs. Fritz Kramer) is all for sentimental folk-songs, and Erna (Mrs. Harry Frommerman) says, "Give me swing." She used to be on the stage.

But they all say "What's the use of favorite tunes? Husbands only sing what the public likes."

In hospital chapel . . .

WHEN I arrive at War Memorial Hospital chapel for the Lovell-Vickery wedding, I see the bridegroom pacing up and down in the general hospital.

His best man and groomsmen are with him, also pacing up and down, in full view of those waiting outside the chapel for the bride's arrival.

I ask usher Kelvin Vickery why for, and he says that the tiny chapel (former Vickery home) has no place for bridegrooms to wait, so there's nothing for it but the hospital.

Kelvin admits that he, himself, feels more nervous than he did at his own wedding. Doesn't know why.

Chapel so small that only family invited. Young friends of the bride and groom join them at Elizabeth Bay House for dancing at 9.30 p.m.

Taxicab philosophy . . .

HERE'S my taxi-driver's wedding philosophy revealed to me last week.

"Weddings is all right at first. But just you wait till the gilt wears off the gingerbread.

"You pay the gas bill, electric light bill. Then before you've caught up there's the rent again. Rent, rent, rent.

"Next they remind you it's their birthday. Do they ever remember mine? No.

"And the children. Start off by wanting a trey. Then as they grow up it's a zac.

"Weddings! You take it from me —man's best pal is a dog."

Look up who's who . . .

DAWN. Drag myself out of bed to meet the Australian-born Ducies, Earl and Countess of . . .

Feel like an alien, waiting for Otranto to berth. Wharf crammed with foreigners who all seem to know one another and everyone on the boat, too. Me, I didn't see anyone I knew except the Moretons, also meeting the Ducies.

In case you haven't yet looked up Who's Who, Moreton is the family name. Brisbane's Moreton Bay is one of them, and Mrs. B. Moreton and Mr. Douglas Moreton (Sydney) are others.

Heir to the title, Hon. Algernon Moreton, lives in Queensland. But he's married.

The Countess (Maria Emma Bryant, of Maryborough, as was), tells me you're on the right road to be a good cook if you've got a light hand with dough. She started making bread when she was a bride and went to live on a Queensland property. Then, in good old story-book style, her husband inherits the title, and now they have 16 servants in an English mansion.

Heard about town . . .

MARGARET TAIT and Gordon Welch have just decided to marry at the end of September—a fortnight before Margaret's brother Griff's wedding to Daisie Osborne.

Leo Cook (due back from India in eight weeks' time) is more like Clark Gable than is solicitor Jack Thom. Apropos current controversy.

Mrs. Leonard Avery, of Elizabeth Bay, featuring in a current "short" as one of those who helped to make moving-picture history . . . in the days when she was Alma Taylor.



• PAT McGIRR listens-in while her sister Beatrice puts a telephone call through from Romano's.



• DOM CUMMINGS and Pat Murray, lovely in blue chiffon and Arctic fox, at the party Dom gave at Romano's to celebrate his coming of age.



• VERENA BATES demonstrates that not even a snake will melt her ice-cream birthday cake. She celebrated her coming-of-age with Alan Johnson at Cerise and Blue Ball.



• STUDY in black and white . . . Marie Kouvelis dancing with Stan Hayes at Dom Cummings' birthday party.

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Mother, does baby wake and cry at night?



Chafing and irritation are usually to blame. After his evening bath, give baby a dainty all-over dusting with Cuticura Talcum, then you will have no more midnight tantrums. You can tuck him up as snug as can be and rest assured that he will sleep, absolutely free from chafing and irritation.
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"LET me go, Hugh; just let me stay out here!"

"Fool! It's an insult to the governor! Come back! Form means something here!"

She had begged, tussled. The ring on his right hand had struck her jaw . . .

Lacquer-eyed with thought now, Carewe moved down the inner corridor. He did not even pause before his wife's door, he was so steeped in thought. Hence he did not know she sat on the edge of her bed, breathless, panicky, her hand on the drawer of the bedside table, her whole body gripped in a numb chill.

She was thankful for the morning. When she rose, Carewe had gone and she told Ibrahim to bring her breakfast to the verandah. She always felt better in the daylight.

She had never become used to the Malayan nights and Carewe had not made them easier for her. The days were better because then he was away, either at the mines or at the club, where he had lunch.

Hearing the sound of a horse's hoofs, she looked up and saw Adams in the act of dismounting. He came ambling up the walk and she rose and went over to the screened door.

"Morning," he said urbanely. "I remembered I had some magazines in my bags, so I brought them over. Thought maybe you'd——"

"I'd love to. Thanks so much, so much."

He grinned as though extremely pleased with himself for having had the thought. Then he nodded towards the horse and said: "Look at Cannonball. I think he's geared to a walk, no more. Well, that's my speed anyhow, so . . ." He broke off, jerked his chin towards the eastern hills. "Thought I'd take a ride up there."

"Do you know where the trail is?"

"Uh-uh," he said, shaking his head. "Maybe if you're not doing anything—you ride?"

"Yes, a little."

"Sometime perhaps you can show me the way, though I hate to be a pest."

She felt a warm tingling at the back of her neck. "I—I could go this morning. In—in twenty minutes I could be——"

"That would be great."

She went to her room, dressed, and then made her way out to the stables, where the groom saddled the roan. Mounting, she rode out and found Adams waiting.

They took the road that cut round the base of the hill on which the Residency stood, and then went past the racecourse, the rifle range. Beyond, the ascent began, the jungle closed in, a green, matted roof above them.

"Like it?" she asked.

"Kind of. It's sort of wild and woolly but—well, I suppose I like the country I was brought up in. You?"

She shuddered. "At times it's too beautiful—and when it is, it's most deceptive."

He looked sidewise at her, but made no further comment, and they rode in silence for five minutes.

The she said: "You will be returning to Singapore soon, I suppose?"

"All depends."

"Of course, on the business."

"Yes. I hate to rush."

There was another silence and she began to think again that certainly he must have heard her open the gun. But he made not the slightest reference to it or to her emotional state of last night. He did not hurry his horse and she was glad, for on the few times when she had ridden with her husband he had forced a dangerous pace, chosen dangerous paths, jumps, and she had failed miserably to keep up with him. This had angered him, brought down caustic criticism on her.

This was a relief now: just to wander along, to talk of places she knew with a man she felt she readily understood.

They stopped and dismounted on a ledge. After a while he lay flat on his back, dipped his hat over his face and went on talking casually from beneath the brim.

"Soon as I finish this piece of business, I'm going back."

"Have you been long in the East?"

"Long enough."

"I DO hope your business with my husband will be successful."

"I think it will."

"He's worked so hard. He's increased production twenty per cent. or over."

"He's pretty smart."

On the way down they stopped for lunch at the Tea Gardens. It was all very peaceful, more so than she had ever found it before; and she felt a sense of serenity such as she had not known in a long time. It exhilarated her to such a degree that she felt things would be less difficult, and when they arrived in the town again there was a strange little song in her heart, a happy glow in her eyes. They rode round to the stables and dismounted and Adams said:

"Thanks, loads. It was certainly lucky for me to find—well"—he shrugged—"someone from home out here."

She laughed, held out her hand. "Think how I must feel!"

He swung back into the saddle, making the leather creak. Touching his hat, he grinned, said: "Adios," and rode away.

Carewe came home rather later than usual that evening. He had been unable to concentrate on the work at the mines, and there had been much of it this day.

Of course, Adams was on his mind. The bland way Adams had come here, so tranquilly sure of himself, so dispassionate, irritated Carewe. He could hold his own with hot-heads, but he had always felt out of sorts with Adams; the fellow's placidity had always irked him.

Carewe's social reputation here was capital; he was one of the upper six, and he was firmly rooted with the company, destined to go far. He had spent a lot on horses, his house and grounds, and had lost considerably in the Calcutta Sweepstakes. The company, though solvent, was in such a way that a withdrawal of stock on his part would be met with stern disapproval. Yet Adams' being here was dangerous; the man knew too much, represented too black a page out of Carewe's album. Besides, Mrs. Fortmason-Barnes—her husband was in a bad way at the Central Mental Hospital at Tanjong Rambutan—had seen Elinor riding that morning with Adams.

Coming into the bungalow, Carewe found Elinor idling over the piano keys.

Unfriendly Call

Continued from Page 11

He said: "So you have been riding with Adams."

She had been playing songs they had sung together during the early months of their marriage, and she said, without turning: "Hugh, do you remember this one?" And her eyes, her lips smiled. "We used to sing it often, Hugh, dear. Remember? And remember how we played at Romeo and Juliet?"

He rasped: "Don't be a child all your life!"

She rose and took hold of his coat lapels, smiling up into his face. "Hugh, darling, don't be cross. We want to be happy, you and I. We can be. Try a little, Hugh. I will; I'll try lots—oh, lots and lots, Hugh!"

HIS face was cold, severe. "You've been riding with Adams," he repeated, gripping her wrists.

Her puzzled eyes searched his face anxiously. "But, Hugh, he didn't know the trails and I——"

"What did he say?" he demanded.

"But—about what, Hugh?"

"Business! Business, darn it!"

"Nothing. Nothing about business. Just——"

"Precisely what did he say?"

She grimaced. "Oh, Hugh, you make me feel so silly. How can I remember? It was all small talk, none of it important. We just——"

His hands tightened on her wrists. "You're lying, my dear."

She could not utter a sound, her throat was suddenly so full. As his hands tightened, her knees bent and finally she fell at his feet and cried: "Please, Hugh! You're hurting me horribly!"

He flung her hands from him and she stumbled to her feet and fled to her room, a thick sob in her throat and a wild, harried look in her eyes. Slamming the door, she flew to the bedside table, whipped open the little drawer. She groaned. Her gun was not there.

For minutes she waited, expecting him to come in, but he did not come. She dropped to the bed, her cheeks laced with tear stains. The gun was gone—but she knew that it might just as well have been there, for she never would have used it. It had given her only a false sense of security, anyhow. She could never have pointed it at Hugh, fired. Instead, she would rather have killed herself.

She sobbed quietly now. If only she had someone to turn to . . .

.

The irritating thing, Carewe reflected, was that Adams did not come to him again. Evening turned to deeper night, the monkeys in the jungle chattered, a raucous-voiced night bird wheeled low over the house. Carewe sat on the verandah till very late, waiting, but Adams did not appear.

And in the morning Carewe, after a sleepless night, walked the quarter-mile to the Rest House. He hated doing this, but he was a violent, an impatient man, and the suspense angered and infuriated him because he recognised it as suspense. He could not have this man hanging about; for if Adams hadn't yet told Elinor anything, he might later.

Adams was complacently eating breakfast; he said: "Morning, Hugh."

There was no one near at hand and Carewe sat down at the table; there was a hard pallor on his cheeks and his brown eyes looked very sternly at Adams as he said: "Well, what have you decided?"

"Me?" Adams shrugged. "I might ask you that, Hugh. Matter of fact, the lines are mixed. . . . Have some tea?"

"Confound your tea!"

"All right, all right; don't get sore."

Carewe laid a fist noiselessly on the table.

"You must of course realise how ridiculous this is. You must realise you can't do a thing about it."

Bluff it out; that was it.

He added: "I'm a very big man in this country."

Adams leaned easily forward on his elbows, hunching his shoulders. "This is what I can do: knock the props from under you. What you bought in Malaya tin you bought with money you robbed me of. Bought your job with it too. You're somebody here: fancy friends, big executives, a fine wife. You've got a sterling reputation here and——"

"You can't prove a thing."

ADAMS smiled tranquilly. "I've got affidavits, Hugh, from the three men who beat me up, and you paid them a hundred apiece to do it.

"I need the money now. I'm knocking down about five thousand a year, but I need a lump sum to buy into Callahan's engineering outfit. I want just what you owe me—no more, not a cent less. And I don't care how you get it. Pay it or I'll propagandise against you till you won't be able to look anyone in the face. Get it. Don't come here and put on a turn, Hugh. Get the money."

Carewe left, tall, stalwart, a striking figure of a man. He went through his work at the mines in a grey, stony silence. He played tennis before luncheon with Malcolm Hawes, member of the State Council Chamber — played wildly, savagely, poorly. After showering, he ate—rather early, before the others came, and by himself.

Adams was walking by the lake in the public gardens when he met Elinor, and though she was afraid to be with him, afraid of Carewe, she none the less walked with him. This man was like the peace that follows a storm; he could sit and jog his foot up and down or remain quiet.

Next day it was warm and she went to the Swimming Club, and while she was bathing there Adams came down the chute, hit the water with a splash.

"Thought I'd cool off," he said.

She was both disturbed and happy, and after a while they sat on the ledge, smoked cigarettes, and then plunged in again.

"Ever swim at home?" he asked, floating on his back.

She was floating beside him. "Yes—yes."

And while Carew was at the club that night, she went walking by herself and ran into Adams in the gardens again. He was seated, smoking a cigarette.

"I like it here in the dark," he said. "You can kind of think, figure out your past mistakes and make the future look very rosy. Kid yourself. But what the devil—it's fun."

They strolled and talked for an hour. . . .

She put on her finest dress next evening. She felt so buoyant, so strangely happy, that she wanted to please Carewe, to make him love her a little.

She looked very beautiful, very slight in her floral evening frock. She put a record on the gramophone and was lightly humming and pirouetting to the music when Carewe, booted, spurred, strode into the living-room. He had hurried and was a bit breathless and there was high color on his cheekbones, a throttled brown fury in his eyes.

"Hello, Hugh—hello."

HE stopped, stood spread-legged, towering, his arms akimbo, his riding crop hanging from his wrist. "You've been seeing this chap Adams too much," he said, his nostrils quivering.

"But, Hugh, there's no harm in it. We know the same places—familiar names——"

"Quiet! You have a position to maintain here and you cannot afford to be seen constantly with an itinerant stranger. I won't have it!"

His riding crop whistled downward, smacked his boot, and he said: "Riding one day, walking the next, swimming the next, then at night in the gardens. Chaps talk!"

Elinor's eyes flashed now. "The beasts — the horrid old gossips! There's nothing——"

"No matter," Carewe cut in; and then: "I don't believe there is. I know my women." He inhaled slowly, his eyes shiny. His voice dropped: "But I'll not have one hint, no matter how slight, going about that I am being made out a fool by my wife."

She cried. "But truly, Hugh——"

"Even," he said maliciously, "if I should find it to be true, I should never admit it to anyone."

Her throat tightened and she put her hand to it, staring at his cold, angry face. And she knew—suddenly, in this instant—she knew why he would never admit it. His vanity, his superb conceit, the crowning ego of him: the humiliation of admitting that your wife found better pasture elsewhere.

She blurted: "Even to suggest such a thing——"

"Merely to show you, my dear, what I think of my household."

Her legs shook. "Your household! Yourself, you mean—you—yourself!" She felt as though her brain were cracking. "Not me! Not me at all! Nor your household! But you—you—you——"

Please turn to Page 37

BACKACHE

Agony at night . . .



. . . Ease by morning

IF YOU WILL BEAR THIS FACT CLEARLY in mind that Backache is directly due to kidney trouble you will realise that only a specially prepared kidney remedy can stop your pain and weakness. De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills provide the correct medicine for Backache because they are, as their name asserts, kidney pills.

If you will take two De Witt's Pills to-night you will have definite proof in the morning that the cleansing, healing and strengthening action on the kidneys has commenced. As you sleep they are removing the cause of your pain—the poisons and impurities that clog your kidneys.

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Unfriendly Call

Continued from Page 36

SHE said "Oh," weakly, dazedly, as the crop struck her shoulder. She said "Oh" again in the same bitter, dazed tone as the crop lashed her thigh. Then suddenly terror seized her and she dashed to the verandah. Carewe snapped: "Come back here!" and took a long stride after her.

She ran into Adams. He was on his way through the screen door, unhurried. She fell against him and her hands rose and gripped the lapels of his coat and she held on desperately, her head buried against his chest.

"Save me!" she whispered. "Save me, please, save me!"

He said nothing. He did not even raise his hands, but let them lie heavily in his coat pockets.

"Elinor," Carewe said sternly, "you are making a silly scene. Please go to your room."

She couldn't say anything now. She could only hold on desperately to Adams' lapels and shake her head, rubbing her forehead against his tie, while her body shook violently. And presently Adams said in a grim voice:

"Should I knock him down?"

"No—no! Just let me—let me stay here a little. Just—just save me."

Adams seemed to be finding difficulty in speaking. There was a deep shadow on his face. He said at last: "I'm going home. I can take you, and no strings attached."

"I'm so afraid, so afraid!"

"D'you want to go?"

She choked: "I—I've got to—got to! Or I'll go mad—out of my mind!" And then bitterly: "Oh, what must you think of me, what must you think of me?"

"Pack. Hurry. We can catch a train in an hour and a half."

He turned her about, walked her to the door of her room and then came back into the living-room. A patch of sandy hair lay across his forehead and he looked peculiarly reckless, though when he spoke again his voice was unhurried:

"I'm not a home-buster, Hugh. I've been round here at night. I saw the bruise on her jaw the first night I met her. She came in with one slipper, you with the other. The other night I saw you twist her wrist. To-night I saw this. Never mind why I snooped—but in a way I was aiming on saving your life. You don't know about that. Why did I want to save it? Because you were worth money to me . . . Now I'm taking her. If you want to fight for her, let's start now."

He paused, taking long, slow breaths; and then he said: "You understand, don't you? I'm taking your wife away from you.

Carewe remained rooted, his body drawn up, his face ghastly.

Adams relaxed. "Fine," he said. "And that washes out the debt, too. It's worth it, double and double over again."

Carewe was thinking of nothing but what people would say. They could never know the facts and would put it down that his wife had fallen in love with a stranger and run off. He remembered how these men envied him for the power he held over his wife, and secretly disliked him because he was so attractive in their wives' eyes.

Now the men would laugh at him, their wives would take him down from the pedestal and place him among the other men.

Mockery . . . humiliation . . . his pride knifed wide open. But he could do nothing—nothing. He was cornered for the first time in his life. He would rather have been made out a thief than a man whose wife had been stolen by another; but now it was too late, too late.

Red color overspread his face, his eyes wavered and he strode hard-heeled from the room.

After a moment Adams took the small Webley automatic from his pocket and replaced it in the bureau drawer from which Elinor had taken it. When she had gone to the stables that day, he had slipped into her room, removed it.

"I didn't for a minute think," he told her later as the train carried them away, "that you intended taking a shot at Hugh. Not at all. But I knew Hugh—and his rage. If he'd found you with the gun, or if you'd tried to scare him with it—he'd have gone amuck and maybe he'd have brained you . . . Don't cry, Elinor. Don't cry now. Think of those woods . . . the beach . . . those cool nights and the folks you know."

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Exclusive to GRACE·BROS

"Fresh as Paint" Prints applied with glamorous colorings on guaranteed fabrics that always tub with light hearted crispness!! Our buyer says these are the best values she has ever offered and your little "Princess" will look adorable in any of these frocks.

"Joanna"
Flower Striped "Gypsy" Frock, full gathered Skirt in guaranteed Cotton and Linen, plain bodice, collar and cuffs flowered trimmings, bright buttons, corselette laced belt. Shades: Alice Blue, Almond Green, Orange. Lengths: 33, 36, 39, 42 inches.
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"Jocelyn"
Under a removable American Jacket, smartly shaped, is a gay striped dirndl in guaranteed cloth with its own head wrap. Square neck at back; open revers buttoned to waist, finely gathered Skirt. In Saxe, Primrose Lemon, Almond Green. Lengths: 36, 39, 42 inches.
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Striking design in Guaranteed Cotton Frock. White Slub linen top, corselette belt to tone, full dirndl Skirt. Predominating shades: Green, Blue, Wine. Lengths, 36, 39, 42 inches.
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DIANA
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9/6
2/6
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"Pamela"
Flower Striped "BONNIE PRINCE" HAIRCORD, guaranteed; in colourful design, plain contrasting front to bodice, finely Pintucked. Novelty Buttons. 5-inch Box Pleat front and back. In Alice Blue, Green Ash Pink. Lengths: 33 inch, 36 inch, 39 inch.
SPECIAL AT 7/6

"Diana"
GAY COTTON CAPER in crisp print. Suspender Dirndl; fast colour. Square neck with Organdi baby yoking. Colours: Alice Blue, Rose, Green. Lengths: 33 inch, 36 inch, 39 inch.
SPECIAL AT 7/6

"Rosalie"
Gay American Check Cotton Smart set "Gypsy" Frock, guaranteed material. Fully flared Skirt, attractive Organdi Toc, fine val lace and pearl buttons. In Alice Blue, Almond Green. Lengths: 33 inch, 36 inch, 39 inch.
SPECIAL AT .. 9/6

KEEP THAT FROCK SPOTLESS

"Susan"
THE NEW OVER-SEAS RAGE, "Gypsy" Striped Pinafores, in fast Colour. Double Organdi. Baby Ruchings, ties at back. Predominating shades: Red, Saxe, Green. To fit Frock Lengths: 22 inch, 24 inch, 27 inch, 30 inch, 33 inch.
SPECIAL AT 2/6

MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS SPECIALLY CATERED FOR. PLEASE STATE SECOND COLOUR CHOICE.

"Annette"
CHECK GINGHAM in our Dirndl Style; finely gathered elastic waist; piped white. In Saxe, Green, Red. Lengths, 24, 27, 30 inches.
SPECIAL AT 4/11

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Inherits £8000...but will live in shack

Albury woman is content with life in two-room home

Although related to Irish nobility and heiress to a fortune of £8000, Mrs. Anna Pauline Egan will continue to live in a two-room shack which she shares with her husband just outside Albury, N.S.W.

The money has been left to her by her uncle, Sir Lionel Harty, of County Dublin, who died recently.



MRS. EGAN, of Albury, who has inherited £8000, says that she and her husband will continue to live in their two-room shack.

MRS. EGAN is the last descendant of the Harty family. Her uncle was the last male of the line.

"No. I would not exchange this for anything," Mrs. Egan said when interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly at her tiny home. "I have no wish to go into town to live.

"When we get the money," she continued, "we hope to make the place more comfortable. The hessian walls will be replaced with something more substantial, the interior will be lined, and we will get some more comfortable furniture.

"I have no desire to travel. We are quite content, and intend to stay right here.

"I hadn't the foggiest notion that I would inherit my uncle's estate. I had not seen him for over twenty years. That was before I left for Australia.

"It was a complete surprise when a letter arrived from a firm of solicitors in Dublin saying that I was likely to benefit."

Mrs. Egan handed the letter to an Albury solicitor, and inquiries by air mail revealed that she would receive the £8000 within a few months.

Many hardships

MRS. EGAN is content with her home because, after years of hardship, she and her husband have found happiness there.

Born in Dublin fifty-two years ago, she has known what it is to be both rich and poor.

She was educated at Dublin's largest girls' school, and in her early days toured extensively on the Continent.

During the war she was in charge of canteens and did other work as a member of the women's volunteer reserve and later was a canteen worker in Germany with the army of occupation.

Twenty years ago she came to Australia with her first husband, but fortune did not favor them and hardship followed upon hardship.

The couple settled in Albury ten years ago, and when she could find employment Mrs. Egan worked on properties in the district.

Her husband died in Albury, and four years ago she married Mr. Egan, an invalid pensioner, who was a blacksmith by trade, but who was unable to follow his occupation because of ill-health.

Lived in shack

MR. and MRS. EGAN lived in a tin shack on Western Hill for a time, subsisting on Mr. Egan's small income and the dole, for which Mrs. Egan was eligible.

Land became available for settlement on Albury Common, so the tin shack was transferred piecemeal to a block which they had obtained.

A year ago the couple were able to replace their tin abode. Mr. Egan, with the help of a neighbor, built a wooden framework, surmounted by an iron roof, with hessian serving as walls. A hessian partition divided the place into living and sleeping quarters.



THE EGANS' two-room shack.

Although it is barely furnished, the home is neat and well cared for.

And despite the fact that they have suddenly acquired riches that would enable them to live in the town, where every modern convenience is available, the Egans are content to stay where they are.

Mrs. Egan believes that 13 is her lucky number. Her lucky color, she says, is green.

About a month before she received word of the inheritance she bought a green stone brooch at a store in Albury. She was not aware when she bought it of the number of stones in it, but when this was pointed out to her she exclaimed, "Oh, 13 is my lucky number!"

"And so it turned out to be!" she said.

Mrs. Egan is an excellent cook. "I often try out the recipes in The Australian Women's Weekly, and find them particularly good," she said.

Keenly interested in Church work, Mrs. Egan helped to establish a Sunday school in a tent on land adjoining her home. Because she feels that her experience in the war may prove of value, she has become an active member of the women's volunteer services.

She has already received several letters from people who have heard of her good fortune, and who want her to share it with them.

"One letter is from a woman who wants me to buy her a motor car," Mrs. Egan said. "She says her eyesight is bad and that if she has a car and is able to get to the country occasionally, the greenery may improve them!"

But Mrs. Egan isn't even certain that she will buy a motor car for herself. "We might get one to make it easier to do our shopping in Albury," she said, "but we are by no means set on the idea."

She has already bought a wireless set.

"Other people seem to be more excited about the £8000 than we are ourselves," she added with a smile.

High school diploma at 70

From Our New York Office.

MRS. JANE GRUBBS, 70-year-old white-haired wife of a wheat rancher, has just received her high school diploma.

Although she received a high school education and gained two normal school diplomas as a young woman in Quebec, Mrs. Grubbs decided she wanted an American high school diploma.

So for the last four years she has walked seven miles from her home to school for her special assignments.

"I never wanted to stop learning," she explained. "You know I've never been able to learn enough."

Schools don't teach enough practical subjects, Mrs. Grubbs believes. "The greatest trouble with colleges is that they teach so much one doesn't need," she says. "School should train people to work for themselves."

CONSTIPATION

is an ailment that requires far more than simply taking any laxative. For real relief, you must get at the cause, restore the natural activity of the intestines. Califig (California Syrup of Figs) is ideal for this purpose. It is a harmless, pure fruit laxative that tones up the entire intestinal tract, is non-griping, non-habit-forming.



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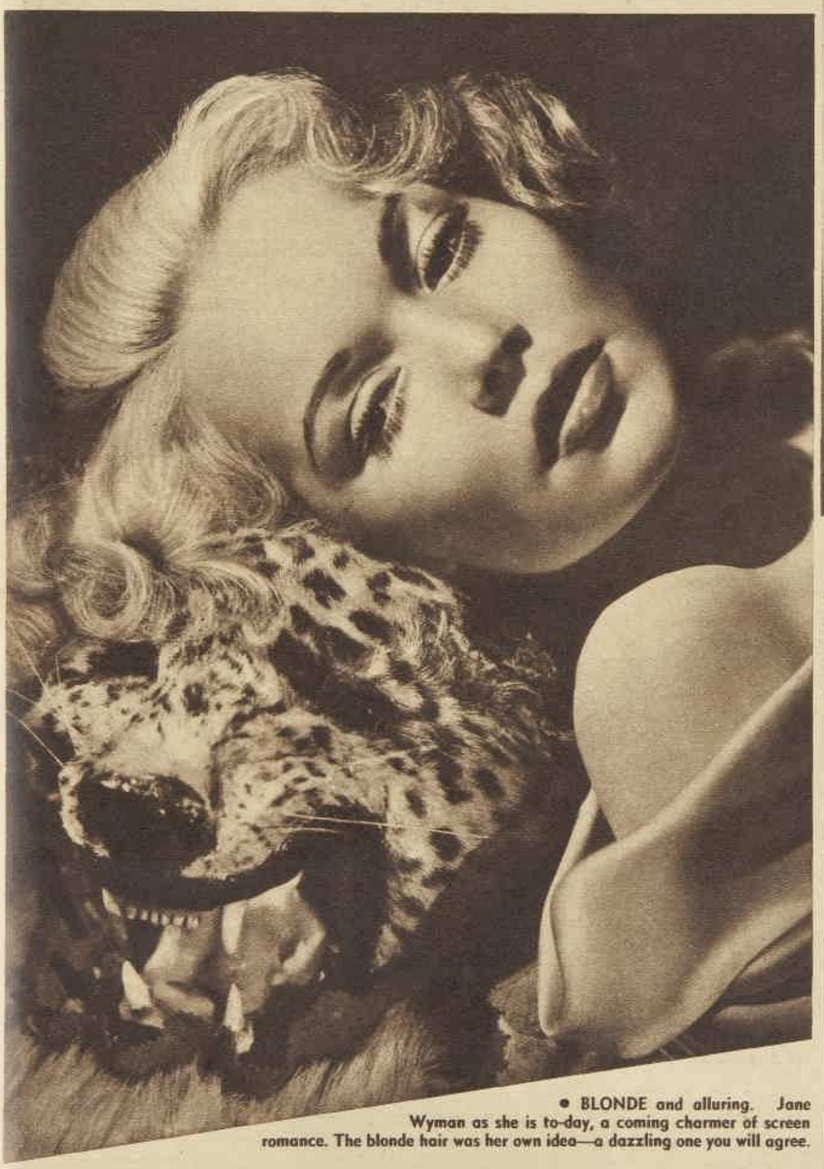
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The Movie World

September 2, 1939 — *The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement* — First Page

BLONDE HAIR . . . brought Jane Wyman to life!

OVERLOOKED BY HER STUDIO, BRUNETTE ACTRESS PROVED OVERNIGHT THAT SHE POSSESSED ALLURE



• BLONDE and alluring. Jane Wyman as she is to-day, a coming charmer of screen romance. The blonde hair was her own idea—a dazzling one you will agree.



• BLACK-HAIRED and commonplace. Jane Wyman as she was in Errol Flynn's "Perfect Specimen."

CUTE Jane Wyman pulled her present movie success out of a dye-bottle; and Jane loves to talk about it.

She was just another black-haired girl on the Warners' lot, known as "Cookie" and "Small Fry" to the studio: and making one programme picture after another.

To-day, she is known as "Cute," and "Gorgeous"—and she has the blondest of blonde hair.

Jane did the transformation all by herself.

She's a girl with plenty of initiative.

She won her first movie role through her unguided endeavor and sheer persistence.

She talked a producer into giving her a big role in the Carole Lombard-William Powell comedy, "My Man Godfrey."

She had talent, too, and a Warner Brothers scout grabbed her off the Universal lot—and, hey presto, she was a screen player with a contract.

Smart work for a girl without influence or acting experience.

She appeared in "Smart Blonde"—as brunette contrast for Glenda Farrell—"The Singing Marine," "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air," "The Perfect Specimen," and other films.

"Then my climb up the ladder of success started to get tough: I was standing still in pictures: so I decided to show them," said Jane.

Another studio, MGM to be precise, wanted a real brunette for a picture—Warners' lent them Jane.

But the morning the film began, Jane turned up at MGM—with white-gold hair.

The director stormed: Jane's studio scolded: but the film had to be commenced: and as soon as the first day's work was shown the director ate his words.

"So 'fair,' so good!" chuckled Jane: and has been a blonde ever since.

"Blonde hair makes me feel fresher, more zippy, more alive!

"Maybe it's a crazy reason for going light-headed: but it's true as far as I am concerned."

Jane is now the new Torchy Blane of that series, at Glenda Farrell's expense: and the studio has big things in store for her. She is a glamor girl now.

"You can quote me as saying it: I literally 'dyed' to become a screen star," says Jane—the new Jane, being rushed by all the smartest young men-about-town.



"Damp-Set" your hair with Velmol

IT works on hair of any texture . . . On any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes! It's the marvellous new way to *"damp-set"* your hair in deep, firm, sparkling waves or curls — and save many shillings, and many hours of time.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and an ounce of VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- at any chemist, store, or hairdresser.)

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Holds finger-wave for days. Makes 'perm.' last a lot longer.

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DEANNA *falls in* LOVE...

HER SWEETHEART, VAUGHN PAUL, IS AT SAME STUDIO

By JOHN B. DAVIES
from Hollywood

A MAIDEN fair has fallen in love. Do the birds sing and the heavens rejoice? Does all nature proclaim her happiness? Alas, no, for the young girl happens to be a famous movie star, Deanna Durbin by name, and she has not received permission to fall in love.

To you and me and the rest of the movie public Deanna is still a child, wise beyond her years, but untouched by the realities of life and love. She is permitted an occasional "crush," but sex must never rear its ugly head.

Childhood charm

WE love Deanna because she is so truly wholesome and sweet and childlike and unsullied. She looks on while others fall in love, and at times will even further their romances—but only as a bright child might in the same circumstances. Deanna's charms clutch at our heartstrings very much in the same way as little Shirley Temple's.

And now what does our wide-eyed innocent darling do but step completely out of her role by falling in love with a real, honest-to-goodness young man, Vaughn Paul, 23 years old!

You can't do that to us, Deanna!

Or can she? People close to her think that she not only can but will, and that as soon as she is 18 years old she will take off with the young man of her choice and marry him.

If it is any comfort to you, the said young man is an entirely likeable chap, earnest, hard-working, and yet with a fine sense of humor. He is employed at Universal, Deanna's studio. His dad is Val Paul, general manager at Universal.

You can imagine how enthusiastic the elder Mr. Paul is about the prospective marriage that threatens to endanger the career of his company's most valuable property, songstress Deanna Durbin—and the cause of all this mess his own son!

Deanna's father, James Durbin, is her manager as well as her parent, and that puts him on the spot, too. Not only does he think that Deanna is too young a child to entertain serious thoughts of marriage, but as her manager he is convinced it would be disastrous. He feels strongly, too, his obligation to the studio that did so much for his daughter, so that there is every reason in the world to discourage the budding romance.

But it can hardly be called "budding," at this stage. The two young people have been seeing lots of each other ever since last summer. And Deanna has extracted permission from her mother to go out to dinner with him alone.

Mrs. Durbin knows how fully she may rely on her daughter's good sense and judgment. Deanna proved her worth right through her hard-working, purposeful childhood.

It will be up to Deanna, after all, to decide whether or not she will wed the object of her first love. If, when she is old enough to marry, she is convinced that this young man, who was the first to capture her affections, is her true heart's desire, you may be sure that she will accompany Vaughn to the altar.

Temperamentally, Deanna and Vaughn seem beautifully suited to each other. Deanna is definitely of the conservative type, as shown by the sane sort of life she leads in the midst of dizzy Hollywood. Vaughn was a serious student at college, and by dint of real effort has worked himself up to assistant director.

Although Deanna's mother now permits her to go places with the proper escort, she seldom chooses the popular night spots. She does most of her entertaining at home, throwing ultra-elegant swimming and tennis parties for her good friends. Unquestionably Deanna is the leader of the younger conservative set. Her usual guests are ex-school mates, except for her movie pals, Nan Gray and Helen Parrish.

Puts career first

THE parties at Deanna's beautiful home are gay and luxurious, but always in keeping with the youthfulness of the guests.

This is something of a contrast to that other younger Hollywood set led by Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Their antics, while equally harmless, are of the madder jitterbug variety.

Vaughn Paul has only one great rival—the only rival that might seriously threaten his chances with the young movie queen; and that is Deanna's ambition.

If Deanna should become convinced that getting married would menace her career, the likelihood is that Vaughn would be the loser. For there is one golden objective that Deanna has kept steadfastly in view these many years. And that is the Metropolitan Opera House.

One day to stand on the platform of the Metropolitan and to fill that vast auditorium with her voice is the dream that has kept her going, that has enabled her to sacrifice the normal diversions of a carefree childhood in order to become an artist. And if anything should stand in the way of the fulfilment of her dream it is not hard to guess which road Deanna will choose.



● DEANNA DURBIN, whose new loveliness sparkles from the top of the page, dances at a restaurant with Vaughn Paul—who actually objects to their being photographed for the papers!

To Sing in London

DEANNA DURBIN has been invited by the Marchioness of Cambridge to sing at the Royal Albert Hall for a hospital charity. The Durbin family sail for London this month, and will arrange the concert date on arrival.

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How Brenda Joyce won success

PRODUCER SIGNED THIS GIRL AFTER SEEING HER IN THE MAGAZINES

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

THERE are many strange paths to movie fame . . . Toothpaste—and a hawk-eyed movie producer who always reads his advertisements — brought Brenda Joyce to the screen.

As a photographer's model, 18-year-old Betty Leabo posed for shoe, motor-car, silk, and face powder advertisements—for any manufacturer who wanted a typical American girl to help sell his products.

She had a smile which sent sales up by thousands.

Glancing through a magazine a few months ago, Producer Darryl Zanuck saw Betty's face, and grabbed for the telephone.

The call he put through brought the 18-year-old model to Hollywood. She immediately took one of the choicest roles of the season from under the noses of a dozen or so well-known movie lasses.



• Introducing a new blonde for the screen: This graceful archer is Brenda Joyce, eighteen-year-old ex-model, who makes her first movie appearance in "The Rains Came," Fox version of Bromfield's famous novel.

Coveted role

THIS girl, who had never before been on a movie set, and had only acted in amateur college theatricals, is soon to make her initial actress bow as Fern Simon in the screen version of Bromfield's strange Indian romance, "The Rains Came."

Zanuck has done nothing to either "glamorise" or change Betty's appeal. The only alteration he made was to give her the screen name of Brenda Joyce.

Deciding on people for the leading roles in "The Rains Came" gave this producer one big headache.

First person to be cast was George Brent as Ransome, the real hero of the story.

Choosing a suitable actress for the role of the beautiful, disillusioned, unmoral English Lady Heston took considerably longer. Marlene Dietrich was at first suggested.

Then someone remembered that Myrna Loy was due to make a film for Fox—on an exchange deal with MGM studio, whose star she is—and Myrna was given the role.

After heavy thought, Tyrone Power was selected to play the Indian doctor.

But finding someone to play Fern, the frustrated, emotional young girl of Bromfield's story, was the real problem.

Zanuck tested in all fifty-eight actresses for the role. £10,000 went in wasted celluloid and lost hopes.

"I want someone not too professional in her appearance on the screen, not too glamorous in a synthetic way, and not too clever in the phases of drama," said Zanuck, imaginatively.

"Anything that might hint at artificiality would destroy the very real Fern of Bromfield's imagination."

Zanuck found his ideal in the picture of the blonde damsel illustrating an advertisement in his favorite magazine.

Of course, getting the role wasn't as easy as that.

Brenda had to prove she could act as well as look the part. She made fifteen tests in all before Zanuck decided he had made his year's big discovery.

And she very nearly didn't make any of those screen tests.

On the morning the studio first telephoned her, she had an appointment with a commercial photographer.

"I needed the work," she said, "and I thought that a bird in the hand is worth quite a few day dreams.

"So I told the studio I was busy, and kept my appointment with the photographer."

But fate was kind—and a producer was anxious.

Zanuck had the studio call her up the next day.

This time Brenda was free, and made her first screen test.

Fourteen more followed. They wanted to make quite sure.

Tom Moore, star of many movies, before he gave up the screen to become one of Fox's dramatic coaches, helped her.

Clarence Brown, the man who is directing "The Rains Came," supervised the filming.

And Brenda came out of it all a little weary, a little surprised, but triumphant, with a brand new movie career hers without even asking for it.

She has been given a seven-year contract with Fox Studio, with automatic salary rises every six months.

Zanuck has issued orders that Brenda must not be changed in any way.

She will continue to study under Tom Moore, but she will not be intensively trained in dramatics.

College romance

ZANUCK fears that the usual course for developing an actress might destroy her refreshing qualities.

Brenda hails from Kansas City, Texas, and only last year left the University of California in Los Angeles to model for commercial photographers.

And there'll be no handsome romantic leading man in her life, Brenda vows. Since junior high school days she's been going out with an old school pal, Owen Ward, and the glamor of the movie lots isn't going to cause her to change her boy friend.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE . . . Just a slave to duty!

WORKED AS CRANE-DRIVER AND IN MINES FOR "ATMOSPHERE"

ENGLISH star Michael Redgrave is one of those actors who take film work very seriously.

He believes in knowing all he can about the roles he has to play—and spends a good deal of time before the picture getting "atmosphere."

In the Gaumont-British film, "A Window on London," which he has just finished, he is a crane-driver.

To learn this technique he spent several hours at the controls of one of the huge cranes on a building lot in London.

The picture on which he is now working required even more conscientious preliminaries. This is the Gaumont-British version of Cronin's novel, "The Stars Look Down," in which he plays a miner.

To get a thorough knowledge of his part, Redgrave went down to the West Cumberland mining district of England.

He spent several days wandering about the pitheads, getting to know the miners, and visiting their homes.

Then, at the invitation of the colliers, he went below the surface to the coal face and worked shoulder to shoulder with the miners.

Just before production began on this film, Redgrave learnt that his next role would be as a redhead in Stacpoole's "The Blue Lagoon."

So he promptly went down to a Bond Street hairdresser and had his honey-colored hair dyed red.

It happens that in "The Stars Look Down" Redgrave is cast as a redhead. But of course this film is photographed in black and white, and the color of his hair doesn't matter.

He was, in his customary style, just getting in some early practice.

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1 **GUY KIBBEE,** racketeering politician, introduces new senator, Jimmy Stewart.



2 **JIMMY** does not realise he is a dupe for dishonest leaders till secretary Jean Arthur tells him.



3 **WHEN** accused of corrupt practices, Jimmy stages a fight at the Press Club.





4 **ALARMED,** Guy Kibbee consults with fellow-conspirators Senator Claude Rains, Edward Arnold, and Eugene Pallette.



5 **JEAN ARTHUR,** with newspaper man Thomas Mitchell, urges Jimmy to fight.



6 **JIMMY** is inspired to become a fiery orator.

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
Fair ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE	Normal ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD	Dry ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
	Dark ☐	If hair is Grey, check type above and here ☐	

Jimmy as Champion of Youth

• *COLUMBIA'S "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" is comedy drama for James Stewart and Jean Arthur. Jimmy is an innocent who "falls among thieves"—a callow young man, head of a Washington youth movement, who is appointed senator by corrupt politicians who aim to use him to push a nefarious bill through the Senate. He is ignorant of their purpose until enlightened by a more worldly Jean Arthur. The political group ranged against him is formidable and contains some of Hollywood's top-flight character actors and comedians—Edward Arnold, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, Eugene Pallette. Brilliant Frank Capra, responsible for "Mr. Deeds Comes to Town," directed the film.*

HOLLYWOOD finds love again...

FILM STORIES TREAT ROMANCE SERIOUSLY

ROMANCE is coming back to the screen—with real, honest - to - goodness love stories and sizzling love-making of the kind that Garbo and Gilbert brought into vogue.

"Love Affair," with its tender straightforward romance for Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne, was first of the new order.

In the same mood is "Lady of the Tropics," a sultry romance for Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr.

And more are to follow. Producers are finding out that love not only makes the world go round, but works wonders at the box-office.

Hollywood in the past few years has been curiously shy about depicting the tenderer passages of human emotion.

Forgetting the amazing popularity of such torrid screen lovers as Garbo and Gilbert, Banky and Colman, Valentino and Alice Terry, producers have handled romance flippantly, in a sophisticated manner—or just not at all.

They have substituted adventure yarns, air thrillers, tales of gangsters, "dead-end" kids and other talented youngsters for genuine romance.

They have spent fortunes on colossal epics and large-scale adventure tales that keep romance well in the background.

But still they have found that the simple romance pays best, that the public respond to love, treated tenderly, without any trimmings.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ THE LITTLE PRINCESS

(Week's Best Release.)

Shirley Temple, Richard Greene, Anita Louise. (Fox.)

THIS is Shirley Temple's first film in technicolor, which should please the little star's devotees.

But, more important than that, it is Shirley's very best picture. Sentimental, certainly, even saccharine. But it has an undeniably appealing theme, and is remarkably well acted.

It's not quite exact, but still a fairly reliable version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's children's book, "Sara Crewe."

It tells of a little girl who is left penniless after her father has been reported killed in the Boer War. She is made a drudge in the snobbish school where he had left her, and where by her regal attitude she had formerly been known as "The Little Princess."

Shirley will not believe her father is dead, and on each debarkation of wounded from the war, rushes to the hospital to look for him.

The small star is splendid—especially as this forlorn, but courageous, little girl. She has less song and dance than usual, but there is a dream sequence, which is delightful.

Amazingly good is Sybil Jason as the self-assured little slavey.

Anita Louise and Richard Greene are attractive in romance, and you will thoroughly enjoy Cesar Romero's characterisation of the kindly Indian servant. He provides some happy moments during Shirley's experiences as a slavey.—Regent; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ CAPTAIN FURY

Brian Aherne, Victor McLaglen, June Lang. (United Artists.)

HERE is Hollywood's conception of Australia and Australian country life in the 1840's.

Actually "Captain Fury" is just one of those Robin Hood fairytale adventures, with a curiously Western flavor.

Its hero, Brian Aherne, is a political convict, who speaks with an Irish brogue, wears a sheepskin jacket, and escapes from a station ruled over by "a greedy land-baron."

Mr. Aherne then proceeds to help the settlers in the valley below, who are terrorised by the aforesaid land-baron. After getting some other convicts released, Mr. Aherne sets out to protect the settlers, harry the "land-baron's" men, and fall in love with a local beauty.

All has a happy ending when the Governor drives up with coach and soldiers into the back-country, and conducts a drawing-room inquiry.

Youngsters will adore "Captain Fury." They yelled their heads off with excitement at the screening I saw. And there is plenty of broad comedy for them—led by Victor McLaglen as Aherne's offsider.

Hollywood puts Australian flavor into the film with one shot of kangaroos, another of kookaburras, and yet another of a Sydney street.

As to its pictures of Australian pioneer life—you can have an interesting time making your own criticisms!—Plaza; showing.

★ NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT

Preston Foster, Lynn Bari. (Fox.)

HERE they are again—the newspaper man and his beautiful aide, engaged on rounding up the gang of racketeers. (What happens to the newspaper in the meantime?)

Yes, it's the same routine plot, unfolded in the usual style, with the thrills of the chase tempered by comedy on the sidelines, the frantic, last-minute rescue.

The plot concerns the unmasking of a master criminal and ex-convict, and the saving of a condemned man's life.

Just to make it a bit different, the young woman concerned—Lynn Bari—is a country reporter, who storms the gates of metropolitan journalism—represented by Preston Foster, city editor. He doesn't want her on the paper, so the pursuit of the racketeer is decorated — rather tiresomely—with their quarrelling and efforts to outwit each other.

Preston Foster is quite a dashing and likeable hero, but Lynn Bari is just a nuisance.—Plaza; showing.

★ BOY FRIEND

Jane Withers, Arleen Whelan. (Fox.)

THAT jovial and extraordinarily likeable young person, Jane Withers, acquires a boy friend in this bright little comedy thriller. Hence the title.

She is cunningly and most amusingly alluring, coy, and practises all the feminine wiles on her first young man, and, happily, she gets results.

But that isn't all Jane does, by any means. As usual, this harum-scarum young person gets herself involved in hair-raising adventures, this time with a vicious gang of racketeers. With the help of her boy friend, she sets to work to track them down, nearly undoes all the good work of her policeman brother, but finishes up in fine style in a really exciting climax.

There are others in the film besides Jane. Notably George Ernest, the boy friend, an exceedingly presentable youngster. — Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ SERGEANT MADDEN

Wallace Beery, Alan Curtis. (MGM.)

DEDICATED to "that unsung hero . . . the cop at the end of the beat"—as the film explains in its printed preface—"Sergeant Madden" is an entertaining, sometimes grim, little melodrama.

There's nothing much new in this drama of a worthy father and a bad son—a very bad son indeed. Both are in the police force. Wallace Beery is the honest, good-natured Irish cop, who lives up to all the policeman traditions. Alan Curtis is his son, who, brought up in that environment, nevertheless endeavors to get quick promotion by particularly unpleasant and dishonest means. Curtis does finely in this unsympathetic role.

Story then hinges on Beery's twin loyalties—to duty and to son—with some really dramatic scenes for Beery, which he handles with admirable restraint.

Other characters come into this story, notably Laraine Day, a very promising young lady who shares romance with Curtis.

Adequate, too, is Tom Brown, as Beery's adopted son, a worthy lad, to compensate for Curtis' misdemeanors.—State; showing.

ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET

Oliver Hardy, Harry Langdon. (Hal Roach-United Artists.)

FIRST and, you will say thankfully, last of the Oliver Hardy-Harry Langdon teaming.

It's not altogether the fault of the two comedians that this comedy is so dull. They don't get much opportunity. In fact, Langdon doesn't appear very much on the screen at all.

The film consists of long, tiresome patches of Billie Burke—at her silliest and most "dithering."

The rest is devoted to Hardy, country doctor, pursued in dog-like fashion by an elephant, who has transferred its affections from its trainer, Harry Langdon, in gratitude for making it well. Hardy did it by the simple expedient of untying a knot in her tail. Yes, the film is as silly as that.—Regent; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Dark Victory.** Bette Davis, George Brent, in superbly-acted poignant tragedy. Century, 6th week.

★★★ **Goodbye Mr. Chips.** Robert Donat, Greer Garson, in really great picture. St. James, 5th week.

★★ **Clouds Over Europe.** Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier in grand comedy-thriller. Mayfair, 2nd week.

★★ **Song of the Plains.** Nelson Eddy, Virginia Bruce, in vigorously entertaining action musical. Liberty, 2nd week.

★ **A Girl Must Live.** Margaret Lockwood, Rene Houston in broadly funny farce. Embassy, 3rd week.

★ **Hotel Imperial.** Isa Miranda, Ray Milland in melodramatic spy thriller. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

Nelson Eddy's new singing thrill, "*Song of the Plains*," has already established itself as a favorite in Brisbane, and is now captivating Sydney.

★ ★ ★

It is Nelson Eddy's first solo starring film; in it he sings (and gloriously!) such beloved melodies as "Dusty Road," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Home, Sweet Home" and Drigo's "Love's Serenade," and the cast of this film is a real all-star assemblage—Virginia Bruce as Eddy's leading lady, Victor McLaglen, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, Guy Kibbee, Charles Butterworth, etc.

★ ★ ★

In tribute to his magnificent performance in "Song of the Plains," *M-G-M* is happy to



announce that a souvenir photographic reproduction of *Nelson Eddy* is now available to you at *no charge except return postage!*

★ ★ ★

This excellent full-length portrait of *Nelson Eddy* is a friendly, informal pose, and is suitable for framing by all you who have enjoyed the golden voice and warm personality of this very popular star.

★ ★ ★

All you have to do is to address your request as follows:

NELSON EDDY,
Box 2576-E, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

And please enclose 2d. (*two pence*) in stamps to cover postage on the envelope that will bring this grand souvenir to you!

LEO, of M-G-M.

News from studios

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

GERALDINE FITZGERALD, young Irish actress, who captivated Hollywood with her work in "Dark Victory" and "Wuthering Heights," has been selected by Warners to co-star with John Garfield in "Forgive Us Our Trespasses."

The picture will go into production when Miss Fitzgerald returns from her holiday in Ireland.

❖ ❖ ❖

CLARK GABLE and Carole Lombard have returned from a brief vagabond motor jaunt through the north-western section of these United States and are preparing to resume work, Carole in RKO's "Vigil in the Night," with Brian Aherne co-starring, and Clark in re-takes on "Gone With the Wind."

In order to avoid crowds and publicity, the two shunned well-known hotels and resorts on their trip, patronising instead that great American tourist institution, the auto court, where motorists can rent a tiny but clean cottage with attached garage for a dollar or two a night.

❖ ❖ ❖

NO fancy Hollywood frills for Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow . . . Glimpsed new arrival, Michael Damien Farrow, sleeping soundly on the back porch, not in a satin quilted bassinet, but in the common or garden variety of laundry basket!

❖ ❖ ❖

CAROL ANN, Wallace Beery's eight-year-old adopted daughter, made a startling entrance at the Victor Hugo for Sunday dinner. She wore an evening dress with an ermine cape, and clung to her father's arm as if she was quite the lady and not a kid who was usually in bed at eight o'clock.

STOP CATCHING COLDS

Germs are everywhere! Colds, 'flu, and worse—you are constantly exposed to infection and your mouth and throat are usually the first points to be attacked. Guard them against disease; make them germ free and germ resistant by gargling Listerine Antiseptic morning and night. Listerine Antiseptic is fatal to germs, yet quite safe to use. Protect yourself this pleasant and effective way. Get a bottle to-day.

Four years of exacting and very costly scientific research on colds and their complications, clearly point out that users of Listerine Antiseptic had *fewer colds, milder ones,* and got rid of them *faster* than non-garglers.

Tests showed that even two hours after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, the number of germs on throat and mouth surfaces were reduced as much as 78.7%.



Gargle with LISTERINE the SAFE Antiseptic

1/6 3/- AND 5/9

THEATRE ROYAL
Nightly at 8. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.
THE RETURN OF THE INCOMPARABLE
MARIE BURKE
In her Greatest Success,
"WILDFLOWER"
With Melton Moore, Don Nicol, George Dobbs, Marie La Varre, William O'Neal, Magda Neeld.

GEORGE ROBEY • TIVOLI
SHOWING TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 AND 8.
Frank Neil Brings to You, by arrangement with Blanco Littler Productions
GEORGE ROBEY—Prime Minister of Mirth
Huge Cavalcade of International Celebrities from Three Continents. "SUNSHINE" SAMMY & "SLEEPY" WILLIAMS • BARNEY GRANT • MARDO & KAYE • JOEL & ANNETTE • JACK STOCKS • AL ZIMMEY • BILLY BURT • LESTER & IRMAJEAN • MAXINE & BOBBY and FAMOUS TIVOLI SIXTEEN BALLARINAS.
Plans Failing's, Nicholson's, Tivoli M6835. NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

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"ON TOP OF HIS FORM"



TAKE a look at this happy schoolmaster! It is hard to think of him as a man who was always ailing.

"On the recommendation of my Mother," he writes, "I got the Kruschen habit and the Kruschen feeling. I have never felt better. Yet I had suffered summer and winter from lumbago. Now that heavy liverish feeling so prevalent amongst men of sedentary occupation (I am a schoolmaster by profession) has been gradually eliminated from my system. A few statistics—BEFORE: Poor colour, constipation, frequent attacks of lumbago, constantly greeted by friends, 'You're not looking very fit to-day!' AFTER A FEW WEEKS: Skin clear, eyes bright, good spirits, greetings on all hands, 'You're looking fine, old chap!'"—A.H.

You, too, can find new Zest in Life!

Start tipping a pinch of Kruschen into your tea, or into a glass of hot water, first thing every morning. Within one week, you'll have vim and vigour that everyone will envy. Sluggishness goes. You get that "Kruschen feeling" which has brought joy to millions. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at Chemists and Stores, prices 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

Learn the Secret of Kruschen, it's the little daily dose that does it.

KRUSCHEN

Train Air Sea

SICKNESS?

BROMURAL calms the nervous disturbance—the real cause of travel sickness. Before your next trip, get Bromural Tablets.

BROMURAL (KNOLL)

ASK YOUR CHEMIST. (4 K 39)

That Girl of Richard's

Continued from Page 5

BUT to-night there was no talk whatever. Geraldine was there. Geraldine wanted to hear somebody's band, and then she and Dick went out under the thick stars. Then it was too cold and he came in for a blanket to wrap Geraldine in.

Amy knew that her arms and legs ached. Most of the work had fallen on her because Dick kept stopping to explain things to Geraldine. Now she was surprised at the intensity of her resentment over her stiff legs and back; it was one of the most important of their unwritten laws that every task should be shared, but to-night she had even peeled the potatoes.

She tried to analyse the situation, thrusting her own inclinations harshly into the background, trying to be completely fair.

She couldn't expect anything else; all mothers had to give way sooner or later. She wanted her son to have a normal life, sane and conventional—anything else was unspeakable. She was willing to give way when the right girl came along. The right girl! That was it. For Geraldine Morton wasn't the right girl. Surely Dick could see how different she was. Not a good sport, to use his own words. Geraldine hadn't helped with the supper. Her efforts at bed making were laughable, and Dick had had to leave his share of the work to show her how it was done. Later Amy herself had gone round tucking blankets and smoothing wrinkles, though Dick had made perfect beds since he was six. He must see how different she was—even this silly fear of high places.

That came out next day. The occasion seemed actually made to show Dick how little suited Geraldine was to his ways.

It rained, and for once it wasn't fun in the cottage when it rained. For one thing the living-room didn't seem large enough for three people. Dick spread out his fishing tackle and started to sort hooks and lines, and Geraldine found some old magazines, discovering that she had read them all, but only after she had dropped them here and there all over the room. Then somebody said draughts, after an old board had been discovered far back on a shelf, and Dick and Geraldine played as a matter of course. Amy felt out of it seeing them absorbed in each other and the game and with litter everywhere.

She tried joining in in a polite desire to help Geraldine out, but found Geraldine in no need of assistance whatever. She played a splendid game and was more than a match for Dick, who hated to lose. The game was over when she captured three kings in a single move.

Dick swept the pieces into their box. "Come on, Gerry," he said, without looking at his mother, "Let's go for a walk. We could take some sandwiches——"

"Oh," Geraldine said flatly. Her face went white at once. "But it's raining. We—couldn't climb those slippery rocks when it's raining."

Dick laughed in a way not entirely convincing. "Why not?" he challenged. He stood up, and there was something sharp and rough in his voice. "Mother and I do. Mother has often climbed up there when it was slippery."

Amy was very much annoyed. She didn't want to be brought into this. It was horrid of Dick to do it. If they argued——

But there was no argument. Geraldine had nothing to say; she merely sat there, small and cold-looking in her skimpy clothes and feet in scuffed shoes.

Dick turned on Amy as if she were to blame for it all. "Couldn't you find something warm for her to wear?" he demanded furiously. "There've always been extra clothes—sweaters and things. And you could lend her your nailed shoes, couldn't you?"

Amy unlaced the shoes in silence and Geraldine put them on, her slim ankles lost in them. Then a leather coat sizes too large was unearthed and Geraldine looked so ridiculous in these misfits that she and Dick began to laugh uproariously. They took their sandwiches and went off in the drifting rain, the bad moment completely forgotten.

Amy put on her bedroom slippers, not without a secret gratitude because she was still a little tired from the previous day's activities. But it was only human nature to feel a sense of wrong. She couldn't even step outside without her shoes and there was nothing to do but play solitaire.

DICK carried Geraldine back to the cottage in his arms. No, she hadn't sprained an ankle; she was just ill from looking at the view. It was all right going up, Dick had put her before him and held her by the elbows, guiding her along, but when they got to the top he had made her look down and after that she was as limp as a rag. He'd carried her all the way back.

Amy put Geraldine to bed with a hot drink and warmed blankets, all the time scolding Dick for making her go out. She hadn't wanted to, that had been plain enough. Now the poor little thing kept shivering and shutting her eyes, holding on to the bed as if she were falling. She whimpered:

"I—I—just can't help it. I hate heights."

Of course she did! People were born with such complexes. Dick was scolded again.

Dick scowled. "Nonsense. If she'd had the right clothes she'd have felt different. Your shoes were miles too big."

But by evening it was better and Amy even enjoyed herself a little. Geraldine stayed in bed, and the other two played draughts in a rousing fashion. Geraldine had been invited to play any game she chose but said that she would rather just lie still and watch. But she didn't watch all the time; she sheltered her eyes from the light, looking out to cheer impartially now and then.

All in all the long week-end was not a success. Towards the end of it Dick and Geraldine seemed to get on each other's nerves. Dick was much too polite. He prefaced every move with a question. "Do you feel like doing this or that?" "Are you sure you can manage it?" There was no quarrel, of course, but Amy's nerves were strained, too, holding a balance between them. She did everything she could to promote the old carefree fellowship that was a part of their cottage life, but it was no use. They just didn't weld. She herself urged Geraldine to go with Dick when he started off for the Sykes' farm for eggs, but the girl shook her head and Dick said nothing, stalking off without a look back.

They were to start back the next morning, and Amy began to pack with a feeling of thankfulness.

Geraldine came into the room and Amy looked up to smile at her, but there was no smile in return. Instead, the young little face was grave, and wore an oddly mature expression. She spoke very slowly as if she had weighed every word in her mind.

"You hate me, don't you, Mrs. Carlyle?"

Amy gasped. She had nothing ready for the situation, too unpredictable to be met by common words. And then after the first bewildering moment she felt anger rising and cold annoyance that she should be so placed. The girl was utterly rude as well as a number of other undesirable things.

She managed to say something at last. "Hate you?" The two words were more cutting than an entire speech. "How could I hate you, Geraldine? I hardly know you."

"You do not need to know people well to hate them," Geraldine said, and her voice was almost a sigh. She stood quietly, looking at the older woman, waiting for it to go on. It could not stop there, of course.

Amy struggled against an unfamiliar emotion. Hate! The word was horrible. She had never known hatred. Dislike, disapproval, but never hatred.

"You are wrong," she said coldly. "I would not choose you for my son—this proves that I am right. It seems to me that only the most unbridled nature could admit hatred for a stranger. Could imagine it!"

But as she spoke so evenly, so smoothly, sure of herself and of her impregnable position, she was aware of certain discomfort. She was so much larger than Geraldine Morton. This difference made the controversy unfair in a way, yet fairness reminded that it was Geraldine herself who had begun it. "I will not quarrel, my dear," she said, trying to be gentle.

"No?" The young girl's tone was impersonal. "You wouldn't admit anything. No, I can see that. Not even to yourself. You'd jump hurdles, but you wouldn't see them. You'd shut your eyes."

"You are unbearably rude," Amy Carlyle said, breathless.

Please turn to Page 46

What's the *Answer?*

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1. **A chiffonier is**
 A flimsy scarf — a tea-trolley — a cupboard with a sideboard top — a cut glass lampshade.

2. **Australia's first Governor-General was**
 Lord Denman — Lord Hopetoun — Lord Forster — Sir Ronald Munro Ferguson — Sir Isaac Isaacs.

3. **Has there ever been**
 (a) A British Pope — (b) An American Pope.

4. **If you had some drugget, you would use it**
 For covering your floor — as a gargle — to send you to sleep — for lining the waistband of your skirt.

5. **Sir Hubert Murray is the Lieutenant-Governor of**
 New Guinea — Papua — Northern Territory — Norfolk Island.

6. **Can the Victoria Cross be won by a woman?**
 Yes — no.

7. **How many bones are there in the human body?**
 100—110—200—206—3000—45.

8. **The highest mountain in Australia is in**
 Tasmania — West Australia — South Australia — Victoria — Queensland — New South Wales.

9. **If you were bathing a tiny baby you would take care to have the bath water at the temperature of**
 80 degrees — 90 — 98 — 105 — 65 — 75.

10. **In past and more sentimental times, if a man sent his lady love a buttercup, she would infer that he meant that she was**
 Beautiful — lazy — ungrateful — timid — happy.

Answers on page 46

"I KNOW IT'S A TROUBLESOME TIME"

says Mrs. MOTHERWELL



"But most of the trouble's grossly exaggerated. Obviously the change-over from a liquid to a solid diet is not easy for baby, but there's Robinson's "Patent" Groats to help him—and you. It's a cereal food containing the elements which help to build bone and muscle, and is suited to baby's delicate digestion. The cost? Very reasonable, and a tin lasts a long while."

G1-129



ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

Free Sample

GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of Robinson's "Patent" Groats will be sent to you if you write to Colman-Keen (A/asia.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503MM, Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose 2d. stamp for return postage.

STOP WEARING GLASSES



Before Eye Culture



After Eye Culture

Are your eyes causing you anxiety from Eye Strain, Headaches, Astigmatism, Long Sight, Short Sight, Turned Eye, Old Age Sight, Glare, Weakness, Soreness or Tiredness, etc.?

There is a way—a Natural Way—to have a good, clear sight again. You can do it, with the aid of EYE CULTURE—and can dispense with glasses.

At last, by EYE CULTURE, it has been discovered that most people wearing glasses today NEED NOT. It has also been proved definitely by EYE CULTURE that those who fear that they will need glasses are FEARING NEEDLESSLY.

It has been found that Glasses do not cure an eye weakness or defect—they merely relieve a condition, which, instead of getting better, gradually becomes worse. This is evidenced by the fact that, as time goes on, THOSE WEARING GLASSES MUST FREQUENTLY CHANGE THEM AND GET STRONGER LENSES EACH TIME

EYE CULTURE is Nature's own method of ridding those who are affected of eye troubles, enabling glasses to be dispensed with. It is based upon a most exacting scientific knowledge of the whole human system, as it is related to the eyes. By EYE CULTURE congestion and strain are eliminated, the eye muscles strengthened, and the eyes gradually restored to their normal condition. EYE CULTURE is a positively safe and harmless system for young and old alike. A short time daily with EYE CULTURE can render glasses absolutely unnecessary, relief being experienced within an amazingly short time, followed by a definite improvement in the condition.

These reports tell how quickly and effectively eye sufferers get relief from EYE CULTURE.

"It is just 13 months since I commenced Eye Culture, and when I look back it seems amazing. For 38 years I had worn glasses and could not see without them. One eye always had a black disc in front of it, covering everything I looked at, so making it impossible to see.

"For five months now my left eye has been normal, and I have been able to read without glasses, but the wonderful thing is, with the one-time almost blind eye I can now read letters ¼-inch high from 2 feet away and the black disc is reduced to a tiny spot."

"Right from childhood I had a squint in my left eye, having no control over it at all. Now, after 4 months on Eye Culture, I have full control of that eye, never wear glasses, and am enjoying perfect eyesight."

EYE CULTURE

Call, or send 4d. in stamps for booklet and give full particulars of your trouble to "EYE CULTURE," No. 1 St. James Buildings, 107 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY. Consultation, either personal or by mail, FREE.

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Psychologist writes radio plays

Plenty of thrills in unusual new 2GB series

What is the secret of the supposed curse of the Pharaohs? Is fire-walking a feat of mental control or merely a nicely stage-managed piece of trickery? Why do aborigines die through bone-pointing?

These and similar questions provide the theme for an unusual series of 12-minute radio plays being broadcast from 2GB at 7.45 p.m. every Monday and Thursday.

ENTITLED "The Strange Adventures of Dr. Danton," the series was written by a Melbourne psychologist, Mr. J. Stuart Morrison, who has had many years' experience in all branches of psychic research.

He has attempted in each of his plays to clarify some of the mysteries surrounding the supernatural, telepathy, psychometry, clairvoyance, and hypnosis.

Dr. Danton, whose role is enacted by Hal Percy, is a psychiatrist whose investigations of the occult take him to many strange places and bring him many strange adventures.

One of the stories in the series is actually based on a real life adventure of the late Dr. William Tufts Brigham, a Fellow of the Royal Society.

With a friend, Dr. Danton is marooned on a patch of land surrounded by lava that has gushed out of the nine-mile crater of Kilauea, in Hawaii.

As the white-hot stream surrounds them the pair prepare for death in the unbearable heat.

However, an aged kahuna (magician), whom Danton had previously rescued from death in a car-crash, approaches the seething mass of lava.

His mysterious chanting is heard by the marooned pair above the hissing and boiling of the flowing pumice.

"Here before"

THEN the magician walks across the lava and protects the white men's feet from its heat as they walk back by his side!

A trick of the human mind common to many of us is "precognition." We see a place or object, and are instantly convinced that we have encountered it before.

A number of cases of this, together with a psychopathic condition called "divided personality," provide interesting material for some of Dr. Danton's adventures.

Other phases deal with the mysteries of India's yogis, who are credited by many sober-minded observers with extraordinary mental powers.

Strange tales are told of the occult influences which seem to surround some of the ancient Egyptian tombs opened by archaeologists.

The tale of a "Pharaoh's Curse" was used to explain away some of the incidents that occurred to members of the Howard Carter expedition that opened the tomb of Tut-ankh-amen.

Rational explanations have been given, however, for some of the mysterious maladies from which excavators have been known to suffer.

Scientists believe that the tomb-dust, in many cases impregnated with decomposed minerals, bone-dust, and metals, may have a toxic effect on the system.

This, however, does not explain away the mysterious hauntings attributed to places where the relics of ancient kings are stored.

Projected "spirits"

IN one of Dr. Danton's adventures, a strange tale is told of what happened in an antiquarian's house after he had added the head of a mummy to his collection of ancient Egyptian curiosities.

"Spirit projection" is another strange phenomenon that has often been reported.

Elliott O'Donnell, an English investigator, has recorded a number of cases of spirits projecting themselves from living people. Three cases he mentions tell of the appearance of the "ghosts" of people in trains and on pavements.

In each case, he says, the people whose "shades" appeared were sleeping at the time, and when told of the occurrence could suggest no idea as to why their spirits should project themselves into such unghostly places.

Sceptics may scoff at these things, but "The Adventures of Dr. Danton" quotes instances in which people have made statutory declarations regarding alleged mysterious happenings.

Whether there is a rational explanation for these matters or not, Dr. Danton succeeds in providing radio listeners with some first-class thrills.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 30.—Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

THURSDAY, August 31.—June Marsden—Astrology for Children.

FRIDAY, September 1.—June Marsden—General Astrology.

SATURDAY, September 2.—Music in the News.

SUNDAY, September 3.—June Marsden—Astrology for Business Folk.

MONDAY, September 4.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, September 5.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.



AWAY from the microphone . . . Three of the principals of "The Strange Adventures of Dr. Danton." Standing: Dorothy Mannix and Hal Percy. Seated: Beryl Walker.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Sleep Sound All Night

The largest selling medicine for bronchitis and asthma in all of blizzardly-cold Canada is Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—now sold in Australia—a blessing to thousands.

There's nothing so safe and sure in the world—2 or 3 doses in sweetened hot water just before bedtime and many a sufferer from strangling, choking Asthma, has found relief and a good night's rest—and that bad, old, persistent, bronchial cough has left you. Get a 2/3 bottle at any good chemist or store. You can depend on it. BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture gives definite, quick relief from that choking, gasping struggle for breath.

W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

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That Girl of Richard's

"I DON'T mean to be. It's because you're his mother. You've never given up being his mother for a moment. You won't let him be free. That is why—you don't love him as much as I do."

The unbearableness of that! It couldn't be discussed any further. Amy turned away and was disgusted to find that she had made a dramatic movement with her hands. She locked them firmly together at once. But Geraldine would not let it be ended. She followed.

"You love him, of course," she said earnestly. She even put a timid finger on the older woman's arm. "I don't think you understand—it's because in our family we face things—we have to, because we're always so hard up. We can't shut anything out even if we wanted to and it gets to be a habit—calling things by their right names. I only meant that he isn't your baby any more. He is a man. He has his separate life and, of course, that shuts you out a little and you hate that. But I—I— He needs me just as he used to need you—that's why I love him the most."

Through the open door they both saw Dick coming back. He had not gone to the farm after all. When he got to the door his eyes went from one face to the other, swiftly, anxiously.

But there was nothing for him to see. Their faces were smooth and uninformative. Instantly they had become allied against his knowing.

"I thought you might like to come," he said to Geraldine. "There's no climbing."

She shook her head. "I think not," she smiled. "I want to help Mrs. Carlyle if she will let me."

They started back soon after breakfast next morning. The mountain roads were emptied of week-enders and the road curved vacantly. It was like a road hanging in the air as it spiralled down and down to the valley.

They would be at home in three hours. Amy, cramped in her corner, was glad of that. Three people should not try to drive in a two-seater; how silly she had been not to bring the big car. Geraldine's body, pressed against hers, felt stiff and resistant.

What would happen now? Dick knew. His young sullen profile said that he knew Geraldine was not for him. Their ways were as far apart as the poles. Amy felt very tender towards them both; even Geraldine's impertinence did not matter. But they were both so young, they would soon forget. Dick drove too recklessly. Amy held her breath once or twice when the wheels skidded. It wasn't much of a car and Dick was a bad driver.

A road gang working at one spot scattered and shouted in anger as they hurtled past, saved by a miracle from a spectacular skid. Amy choked back the protest she would have made because she knew how he would hate it, but when she saw Geraldine's face that awful sick greenish-white again she said indignantly: "You are being very silly as well as cruel, Dick. Can't you see that Geraldine is nervous?"

He braked too suddenly. The edge of the road was soft, and when the rear wheels cut into it soft earth gave way and the little car, heavily loaded, began to slide and sink over the low bank.

Dick had to lift Geraldine out in his arms. She was like a stiff doll, and her knees refused to straighten when he set her on her feet. But Amy had got herself out without excitement and surveyed the situation with coolness. It was not much of an accident; it could hardly be called that. Cars are always sliding off the road, and it is merely a mechanical trick to get them back on the road again. There was a very small tree, mountain ash, that helped. The rear wheel had met it and the car was held for the time being from sliding farther.

It was too bad that the front tyres were worn rather smooth, so that they did not get a hold, or perhaps they couldn't in the soft earth. Dick pushed a rough blanket under the wheels and prepared to drive the car out. He was quite certain that the tree would hold.

"Dick," Amy cried, "don't try to drive it out."

He looked at her. "Where's your nerve, mother? We can't wait on the chance that somebody'll come along and help us. We've got to get home."

He was in the car by that time, and the engine roared and trembled and the smooth front tyres tried to bite into something solid and couldn't find it in the earth that crumbled beneath them.

And then the little tree snapped and the car went sliding right over the bank, down and down, and there were strange distant noises and a far-off crash as though a door had slammed, and for a moment silence.

Continued from Page 44

Amy moved. Her limbs felt heavy and clogged, but somehow she got to the edge and looked over. She could see the little car upside down, lodged on a jutting ledge of the rock. Her mind, befogged, labored with the thought of Dick beneath that jumble of broken glass and metal.

Geraldine spoke beside her. "He's down there—underneath?"

"Yes, yes." Amy was angrily impatient. "We've got to get help. Don't scream. I can't bear it. Those men up the road, they'll help."

SHE should have been running, but her legs wouldn't move, they were too heavy. "Stop," she cried. "What are you doing?"

Geraldine sat down on the scarred bank and put herself over, feeling with her feet for the remains of the little tree.

"I'm going down to him."

"But you can't—can't—there's nothing—" Amy's voice was a shrill thread of sound. Still in that petrified state she saw the girl disappear, her small white face, her eyes enormous with inscrutable expression. It was such a useless thing to do. She could never reach the place where the car was, there was nothing to hold to, yet she had gone.

The answer is—

1. **Cupboard with a sideboard top.**
2. **Lord Hopetoun.**
3. **(a) Yes. He was Nicholas Breakspear, elected as Adrian IV in 1154. (b) No.**
4. **For covering your floor.**
5. **Papua.**
6. **Yes.**
7. **There are 206 bones in the human body. The extra six are made up by the three tiny bones in each ear drum.**
8. **New South Wales (Mt. Kosciusko, 7228 feet).**
9. **98 degrees Fahrenheit.**
10. **Ungrateful.**

Questions on page 44

Something snapped in Amy's head, and she found that she was running back along that steep road to find the workmen. Her mind was running, too, and it was strange that she did not think of Dick at all, but of Walter. He was there beside her, running with her. What would she tell him when they were together again—that Dick was lost?

Two men held her arms and helped her on the way back. They were very dirty and their hands were brown and large, but their eyes were kind.

She never stopped talking: "She went down . . . I couldn't keep her back . . . and now both of them . . . so foolish. She was so afraid of heights . . ." Nothing about Dick, though. She kept him out of her mind though his name might be upon her lips.

When the men looked down into the valley they shouted. The car was no longer against the ledge. It had slipped to farther depths and a gravel slide with it. The patter of falling stones was like distant hail on roofs. But they kept on shouting and Amy understood presently that they had found something. They pointed down, laughing back to her, they looked happy and friendly.

"Your children are safe," said one. "At least, the girl is. They're hanging on to a ledge and she's waving a thing that looks like a blouse." While the ropes and pulley were being readied he complained: "It'd take a foolish child to do a thing like that. What good could she do climbing down there and risking her own neck . . . nothin' to hold to but a bush or two? I dunno how she kept from goin' to the bottom. It was you that done the sensible thing, ma'am, comin' for help."

Dick was badly hurt, but not too badly. He had fallen clear of the car. But he had a broken shoulder and one leg was hurt. He said: "Geraldine did it. She climbed down and hauled me out of the way before the car began to slip again."

Geraldine looked ghastly. Her face was greener than ever, and she didn't pretend to open her eyes. Her thin hands clutched at anything or anybody in that nightmare of falling.

"Of course, I went down when I knew he was there. He was alive and I knew, just as I would have known if he was dead. The little trees helped me, and I just let go and slid when there weren't any. I just had to get Dick. The worst part was coming up in that rope chair they made. That was awful. I feel sick when I think of it."

Dick listened with the sentimental grin that had so offended his father. "I'm glad you didn't try it, mother," he said faintly.

The foreman of the road gang took them down in his car. Dick and Geraldine sat in the back and Amy was with the driver.

The little mirror above the windscreen gave a bird's-eye view of the two in the back seat. Geraldine was holding the boy against her slight shoulder and doing it so competently that he was saved every jar. She had her natural color back now, and paid no attention to the scenery. Amy remembered a night long ago when Walter had been ill and she had held him like that . . .

She closed her eyes tight. Suddenly she wanted to see Walter more than she had ever wanted anything in her life. She had not known how much she loved him or how lonely it was without him until now.

(Copyright.)

Reproach

To me a church is always steeped in prayer,
As though some unseen soul were deep
In meditation there.
So quietly I walk, and softly go
Down the dim aisle on very tip of toe.

And that is why, when you came walking after,
Pointed your words and unrestrained your laughter,
I turned reproachful eyes and bade you cease
Until you gave it back its holy peace.
Because to me a church will always seem
Lost in the rapture of some ancient dream.

—Yvonne Webb.



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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is overjoyed when **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, shows him a paper with the news that the beautiful princess, **NARDA:** Is returning to the country. Mandrake is astounded when Narda ignores him and refuses to see him at her hotel. At the same time she sends for **GENERAL MANUEL:** A sinister-looking individual. Mandrake, by magic, follows him into the Princess' suite, but she coldly asks him to leave. He is puzzled, but Lothar brings him a message in which Narda begs him to meet her at Teiba, a Caribbean seaport. With Lothar he follows her there, but they are seen by Manuel, who is suspicious of Mandrake, and tells one of his soldiers to kill him . . . NOW READ ON.











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Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

GOT HIS WISH

IT was Sunday morning in the Botanic Gardens in Adelaide and a crowd were listening to an excited speaker telling the world his troubles.

"What we want," howled the orator, "is free land! Free land we want and free land we'll get."

Just then a large clod of grass hit him in the back of the neck, and a voice roared, "There's a bit of Adelaide to begin with!"

10/6 to A. English, The Minories, Port Adelaide.

THE LAST LAUGH

HAVING been informed that No. 2 was my lucky number, I went to my first dog meeting determined to use the "information."

The result was that when one of a party collecting to make up a ticket approached me I refused to join the syndicate.

"I'll have a ticket on No. 2 on my own," I said.

There was much laughter, but No. 2 ran second and paid a good dividend.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Stamford, Albert Rd., Moonah, Tas.

A WEIGHTY PROBLEM

WALKING through an Adelaide street recently, I saw an elderly man approach a weighing machine, hesitate, and, realising that he had his overcoat on, draw it off and fling it over his arm. He then stepped on to the machine and checked his weight.

2/6 to Mrs. J. E. Trezise, Moulden St., Norwood, S.A.

JOKE AGAINST HIM

WITH the season a bad one Father was short of grass for stock, so he had to lop kurrajong.

Having climbed a tree he was talking to me and, not noticing what he was doing, chopped off the branch on which he was standing.

In his fall he was caught by the seat of the trousers, and although he called to me for help all I could do was laugh.

Fortunately, however, he was able to swing round. This enabled him to grab a limb and pull himself to safety.

2/6 to E. Hilliard, Bylong, N.S.W.

WRONGLY FLAVORED

MOTHER was making a fruit cake. She had beaten up the ingredients when she noticed the vanilla essence on the shelf, and decided to flavor her cake with it.

Then she became suspicious. She took the bottle up again. "Gut reviver," it read.

My brother had used it on his tennis racquet that morning, and when finished with it had put it beside the bottles of essences.

2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Inglis, Pine Lodge, Vic.

RETORT COURTEOUS

MOTHER and I had to catch a train, but owing to a tram delay we were late arriving at the station.

The whistle had gone and the guard was standing waving an arm when Mother grabbed him by the coat. "Guard, has this train gone yet?" she asked. He politely replied, "Apparently not, Madam."

Falling into the first vacant seat we collapsed with laughter.

2/6 to D. McKenzie, Huia Rd., Day's Bay, Wellington, N.Z.

NOT SO RUSTY

SEEING my brothers using shaving cream, father was very impressed and decided to change from soap.

Next morning he used what he thought was the cream, but getting no results he called me.

"What's wrong with this stuff?" he asked. "I can't make it lather at all."

Taking the tube from him I nearly collapsed with laughter. Printed on it was "Rust Resister," for guns.

Dad went back to the shaving soap.

2/6 to Mrs. E. McIlhatton, Wallarobba, N.C. Line, N.S.W.

Suspended in net over ship's deck



"Feet entangled in the net, the child was hanging head downwards."

Little girl's escape and its moral

THE steamer Bulolo was in port in Rabaul early this year, and her presence accounted for the attendance on the wharf of a large number of curious natives, who in turn attracted interested onlookers to the deck above.

Unloading was in progress, and as the sling swung backwards and forwards from the wharf to the hold, a mother and a little girl of two, the latter seated on the railing of the promenade deck and held in place by the mother's arms, interestedly watched the proceedings.

The happy laughter of the child at the natives in their gaily-colored "lap-laps" mingled with the shouted orders in "pidgin" and the mumbled replies of the natives.

Suddenly the onlookers were horrified to see the sling of coarse mesh swing against the ship, snatch the child from the mother's arms, and suspend the mite in mid-air, feet entangled in the mesh and head hanging downwards, at a height of 40ft. from the wharf.

None knew what to do. Those on the wharf gazed in horrified silence at the child, while the passengers on the ship rushed to help the fainting mother.

Meanwhile the native working the winch on the ship unconcernedly turned away at his handle, and the sling, carrying its precious burden, was swung back to the ship. As a result, the child was deposited unhurt on the boat-deck.

The supposed presence of mind displayed by the native in charge of the winch amazed me, and I commented on it to a ship's officer.

He explained, however, that from his position the native had been unable to see what was going on. Had he seen the child suspended in the air in the sling he would have lost his head, he said, and probably dropped the handle.

That would have meant that the child would have been dashed to the wharf.

This accident may serve as a warning to mothers to exert extra care when allowing their children to watch the fascinating spectacle of unloading a ship. Not one in a thousand would be as lucky as this little girl on the Bulolo.

£1/1/- to Jane Nashe, Hyde Rd., Yeronga, Qld.

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ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

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Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

Backed into train

AFTER having seen a brother off on the train for Adelaide, two other brothers and I decided to wait at the crossing about a mile out of the town and wave to him as the train went by.

While waiting the horse dozed, and when the train whistle awakened him he became frightened and started to back.

Not being used to horses, I pulled on the reins. This caused the horse to back faster, and the sulky crashed into the side of the carriages.

When picked up I was suffering only from shock and bruises, but my younger brother had a large gaping wound in his forehead, which had to be stitched.

The train crew were astounded on reaching the next station to find portions of the sulky hanging to the brake-van.

Mrs. D. Crossman, Federation Rd., Port Pirie West, S.A.

Playing with fire

MY husband, who owns a country store, spent part of the morning raking the pine needles together at the back of the property and after setting them alight went inside.

Imagine his horror when, going outside to attend the petrol tank waggon, he found that the driver had backed through the delivery gate, and being unable to see the fire had pulled up right over it. He was seated writing in his delivery book quite innocent of his danger.

The store is still here, but it must have been our lucky day.

2/6 to Mrs. C. H. Briggs, Balingup, W.A.

Pinned up

ON recovering from the anaesthetic after an operation in a country town, I became aware of a pain in one of my ears. At first I thought this the result of the operation, but as the pain grew worse, I asked a nurse if she could explain its reason.

She could not, but on the bandage which was around my head being lifted it was discovered that it had been pinned to my ear with an outsize in safety pins.

Not content with merely pinning the bandage the perpetrator had laced the pin through the ear twice.

2/6 to H. A. Pomroy, Pratt St., Enoggera, Qld.

The warning

WHEN I met a man I had not seen for about ten years, he reminded me of a happening which took place when I was eleven years of age.

"I rushed over to pick you up, thinking you would at least have a broken leg or arm," he said, "but you jumped up, and pointing your whip at me said, 'Don't you tell Dad I fell off—catch Joe for me.'"

I had been sent a message and on my way home was galloping my horse just as fast as he could go. Passing a house three miles from home a dog rushed into the middle of the road. My horse stopped dead, but I did not—I went on over his head and landed in the middle of the road.

That was when I issued my warning. I knew I'd be stopped from using the horses if the family knew of the tumbles I got when riding.

2/6 to Leah Nuroo, Macquarie St., Hobart.

One black eye

WHILE I was cycling to the newsagent's, a motorist turned on the wrong side of a silent cop and ran straight into me. True, he called "Look out!" but his warning was too late.

When things were sorted out the bicycle was on the ground, I was on top of the bicycle, and the car was on top of me. What was worse, I was twisted in such a manner that if the car had been moved forward I would have had an arm broken, and if it had been "backed" a leg would have been fractured.

However, a dozen men lifted the front of the car and I was pulled out. The bicycle was smashed beyond repair, but I escaped with a black eye.

E. J. Liddell, George St., Horsham, Vic.

Dream knock-out

ON being awakened by moans from my parents' bedroom I found my mother lying semi-conscious in bed, and my father still asleep beside her.

Mother had been struck a violent blow on the temple by Dad, who was in the midst of a realistic dream, defending himself from an onslaught in a native village!

2/6 to Betty Smith, Trafalgar St., Annandale, N.S.W.

HOURS OF DISCOMFORT—Saved this quick way



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The Man in My Life

"I HAD no means of being certain, you see, that he wouldn't double-cross me. So I had a couple of private detectives follow him. They gave me daily reports. That last night, when he left the restaurant, he went straight to the Pennsylvania Station. He had two grips checked there. He boarded a train south. He went as far as Jacksonville. There he got a boat to Cuba. He reached Havana with a considerable amount of money—close to a quarter of a million in cash, I should say. I don't know how many other men he'd blackmailed. For four years he lived near Havana under an assumed name. A peaceful life, a quiet life—shared by a woman who'd waited for him in Jacksonville."

Leslie rose, trembling and colorless. Her eyes were fiery. Chokingly she said: "He—he wouldn't have done that to me!"

Again Frederick Novack shrugged, his equanimity in no way disturbed. "My dear Mrs. Cameron, I can tell you only what my men reported. It cost me a great deal, believe me, to keep those two fellows quiet during the police investigation. I had no desire to be embarrassed by the revelation that I'd given your husband fifty thousand dollars. I preferred to let him remain in hiding. It was, after all, his own idea. Why should I interfere? From time to time, of course, I checked on his movements. In 1935—early in February—Herbert Cameron died. I don't know what happened after that to the woman. She left Cuba after his death with, I suppose, whatever was left of his money. He——" Frederick Novack stopped as the deck steward appeared under the awning. "Yes?"

"Beg pardon, sir, Captain Howell asks whether he can have a word with you."

"In a moment." As the steward left, Novack rose, adjusted his cap against the wind, and smiled pleasantly from Leslie to Harley Pitt. "You'll excuse me, won't you? My story is practically finished, anyhow."

The Estrella, now some two miles offshore, cleaved into lazy blue swells at leisurely speed. She passed a sailboat whose occupants waved and wondered, perhaps, why the woman in white who stood at the yacht's rail failed to respond. Certainly she was looking straight at them.

The truth of it was that Leslie scarcely saw the boat. She had gone to the rail and, gripping it hard, was gazing with wide eyes at the horizon.

Was Frederick Novack's story fiction designed only to stop her search for Bert? Yet why should the man have troubled to invent such a lie?

She stood staring at the sea until Harley Pitt, tense and strained, came to her side. "I should say," he said hoarsely, "this answers all your questions."

"Did you believe him, Harley?"

"Oh, he's telling the truth all right. There'd be no point to his lying."

"Why didn't he tell me long ago?"

"There was never any need for it. Now Novack feels, as many of us do, that it would be tragic to have the case reopened. That's why he's trying to stop you. He's counting on your wanting to hush the matter."

Novack returned then, grave yet affable, his cigar between his fingers. Leslie at once faced him.

"I wish you'd turn back," she said. "I—I've had enough. There doesn't seem to be anything more to say."

"But, my dear Mrs. Cameron," he protested, "we've just started."

"I'm sorry. Please!"

Lifting a brow a bit quizzically, Novack peered across the sea. "This is going to be difficult," he murmured. "I don't know exactly how to say it. Perhaps the blunt way, if you'll forgive me, will be best." He hesitated. "We're not going back to shore, Mrs. Cameron. Not for several days."

Continued from Page 6

Stunned, Leslie neither spoke nor moved. She gaped at the man. It was Harley Pitt, recovering his breath first, who demanded, "What the devil are you talking about?"

"We're cruising south. Captain Howell tells me we'll find calm waters off the Keys. We'll anchor." The color in Harley's face deepened with anger; but before he could utter another word Novack said: "I'll make your stay on the Estrella as pleasant as possible. If you care to try your hand at sailfish or tarpon, Mrs. Cameron, I'll put the launch at your disposal. . . . We'll be back in Miami in about a week."

HER voice tight, Leslie asked, "Would you mind telling me why you're doing this?"

"I wish I could take you into my confidence, Mrs. Cameron, but I can't. Not in this case."

Harley was darkly flushed now. His voice was thick with rage. "I suppose you realise, Novack, that this constitutes kidnapping!"

At that Novack laughed easily. "Nonsense, Pitt. Don't be so dramatic. Suppose we call it a practical joke." He leaned back to rest his elbows on the rail. "We really could make this a very pleasant week, you know. The weather is perfect. I have an excellent chef aboard, and you'll find the Estrella comfortable."

"When we get back to shore," raged Harley Pitt, "I intend to——"

"Accuse me of kidnapping? Forget it. You and Mrs. Cameron came on board voluntarily. You were not forced. As to my keeping you at sea—I repeat, it's a practical joke. That, at any rate, is what I shall tell any one who cares to inquire." He swung his eyes to Leslie.

She said stiffly, "You realise, of course, that when we don't return to the hotel the management will report it to the police. There'll be an investigation."

Novack was not at all perturbed. "The matter of the hotel occurred to me before we sailed," he admitted. "You must forgive me, Mrs. Cameron. I took the liberty of telegraphing your hotel over your signature. I explained that you wished the room kept for you while you cruised with some friends. I did the same for you, Pitt." Frederick Novack took off his cap and sent the palm of his hand sliding back over his silvery hair. "Please don't be panicky about this. Nothing in the world is going to happen to you, except that you'll be kept at sea. . . . May I order you another drink, Mrs. Cameron?"

Leslie found it difficult during the next hour to understand her own icy calmness. Seated under the flapping awning on the after-deck, she appeared to accept her predicament with resignation that bordered on fatalism.

Harley Pitt, too, regained his customary stiff reserve. But he was too incensed against Novack to sit quietly. Watching him pace the deck, Leslie reflected that a week at sea would be a much more serious matter for Harley than for herself.

Once more Frederick Novack had left them alone. The Estrella, cutting gaily into blue seas, was still heading south, though now and then she changed her course—always, Leslie noticed, in order to avoid too close contact with any passing craft.

"This," declared Harley, his voice shaking, "is the most high-handed business I've ever heard of!"

Leslie was peering introspectively across the glistening water.

"What puzzles me about it," she said, "is its absolute—inconsistency."

"Inconsistency with what? Do you mean to say," he demanded with profound sarcasm, "that you consider Frederick Novack too much the gentleman to do anything like this?"

"Still, what he's doing now is altogether inconsistent with what he told us," she maintained. "If Bert is dead, what possible reason could Novack have to hold us at sea? With Bert dead, it's all a matter of the past. This is quite pointless, I think, Harley, that the whole story about Havana was a lie!"

Harley paused in his pacing to regard her in wonder.

"More than ever," she went on, her tones fervent, "I'm sure Bert's alive! We must have been getting too close to him. Novack must have feared that if I stayed in Miami during the next few days I'd even have a chance to see Bert! And he didn't want that to happen. That's why he's keeping us away. What other reason could there possibly be?"

To this Harley Pitt had no immediate reply. He went to the rail and stood squinting keenly at the shore some four miles away. He had been there several minutes when Leslie suddenly gasped, "Harley! Have you a fountain-pen? A pencil?"

He looked round with a start. "I have a pencil. Why?"

With a quick movement of her head she indicated the life-preservers stowed in the rack behind her.

Frederick Novack rejoined them half an hour later. With his yachting cap perched jauntily on his grey hair he looked genial, handsome, and in excellent spirits. To his surprise he found both his guests apparently enjoying the cruise.

"Glad to see you're taking it so sensibly, Mrs. Cameron. I promise you'll have no discomfort."

She answered, with a smile that was amused and infinitely tolerant:

"Look. Can you by any chance still see that motorboat over there? . . . Near shore?"

Frederick Novack turned in his seat to scrutinise the sea. Miles away he did discern the bobbing speck.

"What about it?" he asked.

"Your captain did his best not to come too close to it. That was almost half an hour ago. Mr. Pitt and I waved to them—oh, frantically. Mr. Pitt even took off his coat and used it as a sort of flag."

NOVACK began to frown. "Well?"

"Naturally, we attracted the motorboat's attention. It was quite a distance away—half a mile, I should say—but its occupants waved back to us. And then, when we were sure they were watching, we threw a lifebelt overboard."

Leslie spoke quite casually. She pointed to the empty space in the bracket behind her. Turning, Frederick Novack half rose, parted his lips, then sank back stiffly.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Cameron," he said, "for underestimating you . . . I suppose the mtorboat picked up the life preserver?"

"Oh, yes. We saw them get it. After they read what I'd written on the lifebelt they waved an acknowledgment. Then they headed straight for shore. I think they're much too close to land, Mr. Novack, to be overtaken now."

"No doubt." His voice was strained. "May I ask what you wrote on the life preserver?"

"The obvious thing. That we were being held on this yacht as prisoners. I asked the people in the motorboat to notify the police ashore. I imagine we'll be stopped by a government cutter in an hour or two. Unless, of course, you decide to turn back immediately."

Frederick Novack, queerly pale, sat unstirring. His glance shifted from Leslie to the lawyer and back again. His hands curled more tightly around the arms of his chair. A full minute passed before he relaxed and permitted himself a twisted smile. Without otherwise moving, he tilted his head to call:

"Steward!"

The deck steward came at once, saluted.

"Tell Captain Howell," directed Novack, "that I've changed my mind. I'd like to put back for Biscayne Bay at once."

"Very good, sir."

Novack brought his tiny eyes to focus on Leslie. "Odd," he observed, "how we sometimes overlook the simplest details."

"I don't suppose you'd care to tell me," asked Leslie, "why you wanted to keep us at sea?"

"You're right, Mrs. Cameron." Frederick Novack rose. "It's a matter I don't care to discuss at all."

Please turn to Page 51

Lyric of Life

Farewell Performance

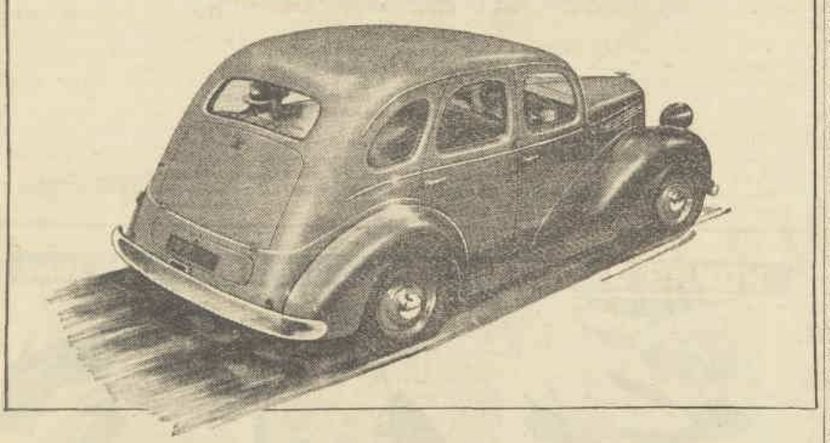
The theatre is filled from pit to stalls,
The house lights dim, the footlights flare,
The curtain lifts upon empty stage,
Above the quiet, expectant air.

Then from the wings a quiet figure walks,
And, waiting till the long applause is through,
She thinks, this is the end, the best, the last,
And gathered here are all the years I knew,
The struggles, the first tentative success,
The loneliness of sacrifice is here,
And triumph mounting on its bitterness,

The years have caught me up, this is good-bye!
Let them remember this when I am gone:
That other artists on these boards may know
More than the echo of this night lives on.
And I, amongst the audience, shall be
Resigned to others' triumph just to know
That these to-night shall have remembered me.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

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The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 50

THE Estrella dropped anchor in Biscayne Bay just before six. As punctiliously polite as he had been on their arrival, Frederick Novak was on deck to bid his visitors good-bye. He stood with his cap in his hand, gazing after them, while the tender took them ashore.

Harley, stepping ashore, was in a savage mood. He found a taxicab and curtly ordered it to drive to the hotel.

"That trip on the yacht," he said, "is going to cost me fifteen thousand dollars a year!"

"Why?"

"Because the first thing I intend to do when I get back to New York is give up a client I've had for years—the Arrencort Construction Company. I'll feel better, I think, having nothing to do with the man, even through a corporation!"

Leslie couldn't help admiring him for that. She accepted one of his cigarettes, lit it, and let the smoke stream back over her shoulder.

When she stopped at the desk in the lobby of the hotel, the clerk said, "There's a telegram for you, Mrs. Cameron."

He gave it to her with the key. She shot a quick look at Harley, then ripped the envelope open. What she read was:

THOMAS ROAKE LOCATED IN HOSPITAL AT EL PASO STOP AM FLYING THERE AT ONCE STOP PLEASE MEET ME IN EL PASO HOTEL MEXICANA TO IDENTIFY HIM. PHIL.

This time it was Harley Pitt who flew with Leslie. He explained his going grimly: "Think I can simply play around Miami while you go alone? Don't you realise how much time means to me, Les?"

For Leslie the visit to El Paso was as unreal as a nightmare. She could never afterwards remember having seen the city. She did, however, clearly remember the Mexicana Hotel. It had an immense patio in which a fountain splashed among flowers. And it was in the patio that she found Philip Ranney waiting when she and Harley Pitt arrived.

WHEN she saw him, her heart seemed to leap. She thought, at the first glimpse, that he intended to pull her into his arms. But the unexpected sight of Harley stopped him, and when he came forward he offered a formal hand.

"You look glorious, Les!" Turning to Harley Pitt, he added, "How are you? I knew you'd gone to Miami, but I didn't know you'd come flying across the country."

Leslie was too tensely impatient for preliminaries. "Phil, did—did you see him?"

"Yes. I went to the hospital this morning."

"Is he—Bert?"

"I can't say. Remember, I never saw him before in my life. And he's probably changed a bit from the picture of seven years ago. I could have brought a dozen people along to identify him, of course, but that would have been the kind of thing to give the papers headlines."

"What happened to him?" she whispered. "Why is he in—a hospital? His leg?"

"No. He shot himself."

"What!"

Philip Ranney sent an uneasy look about the patio. There were quite a few people nearby. He said, "Suppose we talk upstairs. I have a room reserved for you . . ."

Five minutes later they were in the seclusion of her room, and Leslie stood stunned, listening with a sense of anguish to what Philip Ranney had to report.

"I'd better make it clear from the beginning," he said. "For one thing, you recall we sent a man to Miami to watch Arlene Bray."

"Arlene Bray told me she'd had a telegram from her sister—"

"I know. By that time our man had become pretty friendly with the help at the Double Cross Club. He'd given a twenty-dollar tip to a youngster who does odd jobs backstage. The kid picked the torn scraps of the telegram out of a trash heap and turned them over to our man. It took less than an hour to paste the pieces together and telephone the New York office that the Roakes had sent the wire from El Paso."

Please turn to Page 52



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The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 51

"PHIL, couldn't—couldn't we go to the hospital to see him now? You can tell me the rest on the way!"

He shook his head, glancing at his watch. "Sorry. They told me they'd let us see him again at five—not before. He's pretty badly hurt."

Harley Pitt urged, "Go on with it. How did you locate these Roakes?"

"The police here did it. They had the licence number of Roake's car. And a policeman spotted the car outside a tourist camp near Fort Bliss. When he tried to go into the cabin, he was stopped by Margaret Roake. The officer insisted on seeing her husband. Through a window he did see the man. What he saw must have given him quite a jolt, too. Thomas Roake, lying on a cot with an injured leg, was reaching to a coat that hung from a peg in the wall. He was drawing a revolver from its pocket.

"The officer dashed into the cabin. He saw Roake lift the weapon to his mouth. Apparently Thomas Roake, realising he was about to be arrested, had decided to give up—that way. The officer got his hands on the gun half a second too late. The thing went off. It had been deflected down just far enough to send the bullet through Roake's neck."

"And—he's dying?" Leslie gasped, her throat tight.

"I'm afraid so. He's unconscious."

Leslie beat a desperate fist on the back of a chair. "Please, Phil, let's go now! I can't sit here waiting for five o'clock. If they'll just let me look in—"

Ranney sighed, "Well, we can try."

Sitting in a cab between Harley Pitt and Philip Ranney, Leslie drove through the streets to the hospital with a sense of impending horror. She was vaguely aware of going up in an elevator, of walking behind a nurse along a white corridor, cool and long.

The nurse finally stopped. With her hand on the knob of a door, she said, "I won't be able to let you in. You'll have to look at him from here."

In a daze that seemed to make it impossible even to breathe, Leslie stepped to the nurse's side. She watched the door open, slowly. She saw Margaret Roake in a plain dark dress sitting beside the bed. But it wasn't at Margaret she looked. Her agonised stare was fastened on the man in bed. She looked at his haggard face, at the hair that showed patches of grey, at the closed eyes.

And then she swayed. All the anguish of seven years poured out in a single whispered cry: "Bert!"

Margaret Roake was standing up, forbidding and possessive. She stepped in front of the bed as if to shield the man who lay there.

The nurse began to pull the door closed. "I'm sorry. You'll have to go now."

Philip Ranney and Harley caught Leslie's arms, and led her away.

They were half-way down the long corridor when they heard quick steps behind them. Still in a daze, Leslie swung round to face a pallid Margaret Roake. The woman was harried, her gaze full of panic. She whispered, "Mrs. Cameron, I—I've got to talk to you! Please!" She looked around desperately, and saw an empty room. "We'll go in here," she said.

So they followed Margaret Roake into the room. The woman shut the door and leaned back against it, trembling.

"Mrs. Cameron," she said, the words rushed and husky, "you probably hate me, and I can't blame you. Still, I've got to ask something of you." She looked from face to face. "Of all of you. I want to tell you about Bert, so you'll understand—so you'll see why I'm begging you to—to keep this whole thing among ourselves."

LESLIE, shaken, let herself sink to a chair.

"I knew your husband long before you did, Mrs. Cameron," the woman went on bitterly. "In New York. Before he even met you. I—I worked for him."

She paused, but no one in the room ventured a word.

"I've never fooled myself about Bert. I never tried to think he loved me. He was too—too spectacular for that. He knew he was headed for big things. Bert Cameron was waiting for the right kind of marriage. Oh, I knew all that. But it didn't seem to matter. I loved him. I—kept throwing myself at him. I've never blamed him. It was my fault."

Her expression, despite the tears in her eyes, showed neither shame nor regret.

"I had my baby in Chicago, and I stayed there. Bert insisted on sending money. Once or twice he even came out to see me. But then he married you, Mrs. Cameron, and—and he couldn't continue those direct contacts with me. He sent me money through my sister Arlene. And I always wrote to him in care of her. That was why he used to go to her apartment."

Six months ago, six weeks ago, Leslie Cameron would have refused to believe all this. But now everything this woman said sounded dreadfully plausible and true.

"I never complained," continued Margaret Roake. "I would have been happy to go on like that forever. I had the child and I loved it, and nothing else counted. But—but Bert became Special Prosecuting Attorney. He began to investigate people in New York. They tried to bribe him to stop. He laughed at them. So they tried to get at him some other way.

"They began to dig into his private life—and they found out about me. Somehow they dug out the whole story. And when they had it, Frederick Novack called on Bert. Threatened to expose the truth about me and our boy." Margaret Roake's voice was quivering now. "That was the one thing Bert didn't have the nerve to face. He'd been married to you less than a month, Mrs. Cameron. I know he loved you. And he knew that if Novack exposed him it wouldn't just ruin his professional career—it would break up his life with you. And he couldn't face all that. He just collapsed.

"Novack promised to keep the whole thing quiet if Bert's investigation ended. Well, it ended, all right. But not the way Novack had figured. Bert couldn't go on in New York, with Novack holding a sword over his head the rest of his life. He gathered all the cash he could get his hands on. He had dinner with Arlene that night, told her he had decided to stop fighting. He was going to join me and the child. He had enough money to take care of us.

"And that's what he did, Mrs. Cameron. He picked me up in Chicago and we went down to the desert, using the name Roake. Bert knew he'd probably been followed by Frederick Novack's detectives, that they knew where he'd gone."

"They never told," snapped Harley Pitt.

"Novack must have paid them plenty to keep quiet," Margaret Roake said harshly. "He didn't want Bert found! Bert knew too much about Novack by that time."

Philip Ranney put in, with tension of his own, "Mrs. Roake, when Bert Cameron vanished, a great many records went with him. Do you know what became of them?"

"Yes." She met his eyes with unswerving steadiness. "Mr. Ranney, Bert was afraid that—that men like Novack wouldn't be satisfied with his disappearance. He thought some day they might want to make it permanent by having him murdered. That was why he took those records along. We turned them over in a sealed package to a lawyer in Chicago—a lawyer who knew us only as Roake. After that we wrote to Novack. We told him that if anything ever happened to Bert, the lawyer in Chicago was instructed to turn those papers over to the police."

"And the papers are still with that lawyer?"

"No. We have them now."

"You? Where, Mrs. Roake?"

"In a valise, with Bert's clothes. I've got it in an hotel down the street. The lawyer in Chicago gave up practice. When he left, he sent the papers back to us."

"Can't I get them?"

"If you want them, yes. Bert won't have any more use for them." She turned desperately back to Leslie. "Mrs. Cameron, that isn't what I want to talk about! It's about Bert and—and me—about all of us! We were safe in the desert till you found us. Arlene was the only one besides Novack who knew where we were. She was an angel. Through seven years she stuck to the story that she knew nothing at all. Lied for us."

"Did you, by the way, notify Arlene that Bert was dying here in El Paso?" asked Harley Pitt.

"Ye-es——"

"Then she probably told it to Novack. And he tried to keep Mrs. Cameron out at sea until after Bert's death, so that she wouldn't get a word with him." Harley drew a heavy breath. "Go on, Mrs. Roake."

"The—the other day, when that policeman tried to get into the tourist cabin, Bert knew it was all over. He didn't have the courage to go back to New York and—and face things. That was why he reached for the gun."

HER eyes praying for sympathy, Margaret Roake straightened and lifted a hand. "Mrs. Cameron, Bert's going to die. The chances are he won't even recover consciousness. I know you can make a big case of this. But what good will it do? You've found Bert. Won't it be better for all of us if—if you just say nothing? If you let him die as Thomas Roake? I'm not asking it for myself. I've got a youngster. I've brought him up to believe his father is pretty grand. I'd like him to go on believing that all his life. I don't want ever to have to tell him about Bert Cameron—about everything that happened—"

"You needn't worry about it," Leslie said in low, unsteady tones. "The whole thing will end here."

"Th-thanks." Mrs. Roake went limp against the door, sighing tremulously. "Thanks, Mrs. Cameron. I—I kind of knew you'd feel that way. It was Mr. Ranney I was worried about." She looked at him uncertainly. "Mr. Ranney, if you'll give me your word never to tell anyone that Thomas Roake was Bert Cameron—to let the whole thing die here—I'll go with you and turn those papers over. Is it a bargain?"

Please turn to Page 54

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



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ETIQUETTE

RECEPTIONS IMPORTANT IN SOCIAL LIFE

A formal reception is still the accepted method of entertaining in official circles.

In this week's instalment of "Etiquette," Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted authority on social procedure, describes in detail how a reception is arranged and conducted.

Her observations are of special interest in view of the receptions that will be given during the Kents' stay in Australia.

By MRS. MASSEY LYON

Published by Special Arrangement

IN Australia a formal reception, in the afternoon or evening, is used as a means of entertaining in Vice-Regal, consular, Parliamentary, municipal, university and ecclesiastical circles.

A reception is always part of the programme for international or interstate conferences of such bodies as, for instance, the B.M.A., the Australian Association for Advancement of Science, or the National Council of Women.

In procedure an evening reception resembles a big dance.

Invitations are sent out in the same way, with or without the intimation of "Music" or some other form of amusement, and the time is 8.30 p.m. or 9 p.m.

If the party is given with a specific purpose it is indicated by a line, for instance, "To meet the Prime Minister," at the top of the invitation card.

Preparations are similar to those for a dance, except that there is no special supper, an amply-stocked buffet providing savories, aspics, foie gras and other sandwiches, with jellies, fruit salads and plenty of cakes to follow.

On very important occasions champagne forms the principal drink, with tea and coffee, lemonade and various fruit cups.

The supper-room is opened shortly after the hour of arrival and remains open throughout the evening.

When Royalty or other important guests are present, a separate supper-room is provided, and to this the host and hostess with their important guests go for refreshments.

The hostess, with the host at her right hand, receives her guests at the top of the staircase or entrance to the reception-room.

If the party is given in honor of a person, he takes the place of the host at the hostess' right hand while the host stands at the right of the chief guest. If the party is to celebrate a special event, the person most prominently associated with the event would stand next to the hostess.

Announced by name

EVERYONE is announced by name at the top of the stairs, and he or she then shakes hands, first with the hostess, then with those standing beside her, and passes on into the reception-room to greet friends, moving from group to group until an adjournment to the supper-room is made.

The hostess must remain at her post while those she has invited continue to arrive.

People do not as a rule stay very late, and unless some entertainment is in progress that sets a definite time for leaving, guests begin to leave towards midnight.

There is no formal leave-taking, but the occasion calls for the leaving of cards afterwards.

A band or orchestra provides entertainment, even when there is no set musical programme.

Evening parties of this description are always full-dress affairs, even if it is not a question of decorations and uniforms for men.

FORMAL afternoon parties are "receptions" in formal name, "parties" colloquially, and "At Homes" on the invitations. They are held from 4 to 6 p.m., and people arrive during the first hour, leaving a little before the hour named.

Refreshments are served at a buffet and include tea and coffee, sandwiches, bread and butter, rolls, cakes of various kinds, and French pastries, and in the winter hot scones. Fruit salads or strawberries and cream may be added in the summer.

Guests are received in the same way as at an evening reception.

Luncheon parties to-day are generally for not more than 10 or 12 guests.

The menu usually consists of four courses, or occasionally a fifth if grapefruit counts as one.

A typical menu would provide, after the grapefruit, lobster or salmon mayonnaise, veal or lamb cutlets, and a sweet, finishing with a light savory. Or it might be stuffed tomatoes, creamed fish with mushrooms, roast poultry, a sweet, and cheese and salad.

Coffee and cigarettes, with perhaps liqueurs, are served at the table to both men and women guests together.

Champagne is rarely given at a private lunch. It belongs solely to the evening.

The table for a luncheon party follows the same lines as for dinner, everything being carved or served at a side table. The decoration is perhaps more simple.

At a luncheon, informal entertaining can take the place of formal ritual. Waiting can be eliminated altogether by the use of trolleys on which cold dishes can be wheeled round from guest to guest.

When fruit takes the place of one of the courses, dessert plates with knives and forks, but not fingerbowls, are placed before the guests. The bowl of fruit, which, incidentally, can form the table decoration, is passed by servants at big luncheons or by the guests themselves at a small luncheon.

Luncheon is often a preliminary to bridge or some other amusement.

If not, departures are taken at the end of a quarter of an hour or so after leaving the table for the drawing-room.

When luncheon parties are given in a hotel or restaurant, the procedure is much the same.

As in the case of dinners in restaurants a table should be secured beforehand, and the menu chosen in consultation with the head waiter, either a day or so beforehand if it is to be a very special luncheon, or half an hour or so before the guests arrive.

The hostess would arrange with her guests to meet them in the foyer or lounge, or at the luncheon table when she would rise to greet each guest on arrival and make introductions where necessary.

An adjournment to the lounge for 10 minutes or so after coffee ends the party.

NEXT WEEK: Arranging a bridge party; how a bachelor should return hospitality.





ABOVE: Grapefruit served in the way shown above often begins a luncheon menu. There may be four other courses.

LEFT: Everyone is announced by name as he or she enters a room in which a reception is being held.

POINTS OF INTEREST

MRS. MASSEY LYON says:

- If Royalty is to be present, a separate supper-room is provided.
- Champagne is served only at very important receptions.
- People attending a formal reception are announced by name as they enter.
- A hostess must remain at her post until all the guests have arrived.



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Is your child at the top?

This diagram shows the results of an important investigation (published in "The Medical Officer") into the growth of children between two and five years of age.



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Give your child a Virol Constitution.

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The Man in My Life

RANNEY didn't hesitate at all. "I'd have agreed to keep the thing quiet even without the bribe," he said. "But those records mean a great deal to me."

"We'll go," Margaret Roake promised, "when—when I've seen Bert again."

Ranney saw no reason for Leslie to accompany him to get Margaret Roake's papers. She was still too profoundly stunned. So he persuaded Harley Pitt to take her back to the Mexicana Hotel.

When they were gone, he waited impatiently in the hospital's lobby for Margaret Roake. He had to wait almost an hour before she came to him, haggard and exhausted.

Though her hotel was only a few blocks away, Ranney put her in a cab. She sank back weakly and shut her eyes.

"The doctor says," she whispered at last, "that there isn't even hope of his recovering consciousness now. I ought to stay with him. But there's my boy—I've got to see that Davy's looked after. He's at the hotel. I hired a maid, but she goes off at five."

They said no more then. When they reached the small hotel, the woman inquired anxiously for her son. The desk clerk told her that he'd been taken for a walk by the maid.

Ranney couldn't suppress his nervousness as he went to an upper floor with Margaret Roake. He was, he realised, about to receive what he had been struggling for months to acquire in New York—incriminating evidence against Frederick Novack. The expectation made his mouth feel dry.

Margaret Roake's fingers were so unsteady that he took the key himself and unlocked her door. He pushed it open—then went rigid, staring, while the woman beside him stifled a gasp.

Continued from Page 52

Two suitcases lay open and empty on a rug. Their contents were scattered about the room, everywhere, in crazy confusion. The drawers of the bureau and the dressing-table were open, and even the few clothes in the closet were crumpled on the floor.

"Where were those records?" Ranney blurted.

She pointed to one of the suitcases. "In there! That's Bert's! They were in a big yellow envelope!"

There was no yellow envelope now. Bert Cameron's evidence was gone.

Colorless, Ranney crossed the room and snatched up the phone. His eyes were stormy while he informed the desk clerk that Mrs. Roake's room had been ransacked. The clerk himself, pale and demoralised, came running up at once, followed by two bellhops. Ranney questioned him.

"No, sir! I haven't any idea how—I don't see who would have—" And then the man abruptly stopped. His eyes widened. "Those two men!"

"What men?"

"They—they registered this morning! Brown and Anderson. I put them on this floor. I remember, Mrs. Roake, that when they came down for lunch they—they sort of played around with your boy. One of them wanted to buy some candy, but the maid said no——"

"Where are Brown and Anderson?" Ranney cut in sharply.

The clerk stared at him in consternation. "They're gone, sir. They checked out about two o'clock—said they'd decided to drive on——"

Philip Ranney couldn't quite crush the oath that welled up in him. He went to the phone again and called the police. But in sheer despair he knew that he had been decisively beaten. Even if "Brown" and "Anderson" could be found, the chances were that by this time they had destroyed the package of papers taken from Bert Cameron's suitcase.

.

It was too late; Ranney knew it; and the failure of the police in the next two days merely intensified his sense of defeat. With Leslie and Harley Pitt, he remained in El Paso until after Bert's funeral. And then they returned to New York in a mood strangely humbled.

Leslie, returning alone to her apartment late in the afternoon, felt a choking sense of disappointment for Ranney. There was nothing she could do; nothing anyone could do.

She had thrown off her coat in the drawing-room, and was just reaching for her hat when she saw the large yellow envelope on the piano . . . The sight of it stifled her breath.

"Della, what's that?" she asked the maid.

"Don't know, ma'am. It came a couple of days ago. Registered."

Leslie recognised the handwriting on the envelope with a sense of faintness that made her sink shakily to the piano bench. She hadn't seen that handwriting for seven years.

She ripped the envelope open and a slip of paper fluttered to the floor. Leslie snatched it up; she pressed a trembling hand to her mouth as she read. For Bert—**Bert**—had written:

My Dearest Les:

I know now that you and Philip Ranney have traced me at least as far as Little Alamo. When we left there the other evening, I had an impulse to chuck the whole thing, to stay and face you, to try to make you understand everything that has happened. But Margaret didn't want it that way. So we went.

I'm lying on a cot in a little tourist cabin near El Paso as I write this. Margaret and our boy have driven to town to buy food, and I'm alone. There is a family in the adjoining cabin who are preparing to leave for Kansas. I have just talked to the man, and he agreed to mail this for me in El Paso.

LES, I'm through. I've been through a long time, but somehow I was never willing to admit it. But now, lying here with this broken leg, with the pain of it absolutely torturing my whole body, I don't want to go on. I'm too tired. I suppose the police are hunting for us everywhere, and sooner or later they're bound to find us. I don't want to wait for that. So I've decided to quit. I'll wait just long enough to see Margaret and our boy again.

There's just this, Les, I want to do before I go. These enclosed papers—papers that can gaol Frederick Novack, who drove me out of New York seven years ago and who caused you seven terrible years—I want you to have them, Les. Do what you think best with them.

I see the family next door is ready to leave now. I can think of nothing else to say to you, Les dear, except—God bless you and give you happiness. My only prayer is that some day you may find it possible to forgive me.—Bert.

.

The next afternoon Philip Ranney telegraphed from Albany, where he had rushed with the package of papers to consult the governor of the State:

Our man as good as in gaol coming home at once see you to-night all my love.

The last three words held Leslie's eyes a long time. They did strange things to her tight nerves, too.

But in the evening Harley came first, with a sheaf of papers in a briefcase. He was grave and reserved.

"Les," he said, rubbing the cold out of his hands, "there's only one thing left to do. He's dead as Thomas Roake, and you've got to give yourself freedom. You won't object to having him declared legally dead now, will you? It's the only way to continue the fiction that you don't know what's become of him."

She signed the petition in his presence. If her fingers shook Harley pretended not to notice it. She wrote at her small desk, and he looked down over her shoulder.

"There won't be any trouble," Harley said steadily, taking the papers. "You can leave it all to me."

With what she thought was exaggerated care he replaced them in the briefcase. He closed it with a snap. He stood hesitant, uncertain, his face tight and pale. She could see his thumb nervously rub his finger-tips. Then he turned.

"Les—" His voice remained low, very low. "Les, maybe I oughtn't to talk of it again so soon—after all that's happened. But I can't torture myself with another delay. I can't! . . . I love you."

The words died. He seemed to be waiting for her to come to his arms—praying for it. And Leslie, inarticulate, could only stare at him while her mind flew back to the desert and a creaking buckboard and Philip Ranney's kiss crushing her lips.

She heard herself whispering, "Harley, I can't——"

"Ranney?" he asked.

Mechanically she nodded.

Harley Pitt stared at the floor. "I—I had an idea something like that had happened," he murmured. "When I saw you and him together in El Paso." He was silent through an eternity before he sighed: "We can't help such things, can we? I suppose you can't help loving him any more than I can help loving you."

He didn't linger. Still, there was no haste in his going, nor was there anything final about it. Leslie knew she would see him again, often, always.

The bell rang.

Straightening, Leslie Cameron thrust back her chestnut hair and moved across the drawing-room. She heard Della open the door. Della said cheerfully, "Yes, Mr. Ranney, she's here. Come straight in!"

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Animal Antics



"IT'S the latest thing—a patch-pocket."

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B1 B2 and P.P. (ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

for normal development and good health

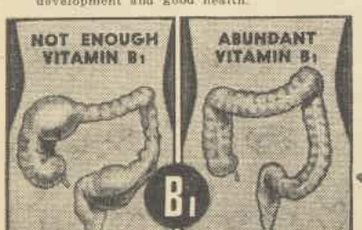
Vegemite, the YEAST EXTRACT, rich in these three vitamins is recommended by Baby Health Centres all over Australia.



B2 POOR GROWTH TOO LITTLE VITAMIN B2

When children are fretful, weak, undernourished, it probably means they're not getting enough Vitamin B2—the GROWTH VITAMIN necessary to ensure proper development of body tissues. Vegemite supplies this vitamin. Every growing child needs some Vegemite daily for normal development and good health.





Poor digestion—too little Vitamin B1

A fallen stomach, digestive trouble, weakened intestines (pictured above on the left) and many obscure nerve disorders can result from deficiency in Vitamin B1, the NERVE VITAMIN.

Your body needs plenty of vitamin B1 to keep your stomach and intestinal tract normal and healthy (picture above), and your nerves steady. Vegemite is very rich in Vitamin B1.

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THE HOMEMAKER



MARINA'S WRITING DESK. It tells an intimate story with its pictures of her husband, of her children, Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, her personal stationery, the telephone which keeps her in touch with friends all over the world.

COPPINS...

The English country home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent

EXCLUSIVE studies of Coppins, the country home of the Kents, specially photographed for The Australian Women's Weekly, are shown on this page and overleaf.

The story of Coppins is told in detail elsewhere in this issue.

From these charming pictures of the Duchess' sitting-room is gained an idea of the decor she is likely to favor at Yarralumla, when she and the Duke and their children take up residence at the end of the year.

The atmosphere of this room in particular reflects the gracious personality of the Duchess. Simplicity and beauty are its keynotes, and the first impression it gives is one of light.

It is definitely a "lived-in" room—as you see by the comfortable furnishings and the intimate family portraits on the desk in the picture above.

It has, too a workmanlike air, for in this room the Duchess attends to her personal correspondence and does her private telephoning.

Many of the personal belongings in this room will no doubt accompany the Duchess to Australia.

Coppins is a perfect example of an English country house, and stands in 15 acres of grounds.

More pictures of it will be shown in the Homemaker section next week.



HERE YOU SEE the pleasant situation which the Duchess chooses for her desk—near the tall windows which look out on the lovely grounds. The divan is covered with glazed chintz.

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Glimpses of the

DUCHESS' OWN SITTING-ROOM

● These pictures, continued from page one of the Homemaker section, show further glimpses of the Duchess' sitting-room.

HUGE windows provide glorious views of the gardens and grounds, and white and pastel colorings are the chief notes in the decorative scheme.

The curtains, of which a detailed view of the fabric is shown, have a pastel flower pattern on a background of glazed chintz. The same fabric covers one of the settees.

One armchair and the divan are covered in white glazed chintz piped in pink. Two other armchairs are covered in pale pink glazed chintz, quilted and piped in blue. The rug is white with a design in rose-pink.

The finest products of British craftsmanship throughout many periods of furnishings are seen in this room as in the others of the house.



ARRANGED INFORMALLY, the furniture of the room gives an air of comfort. The settee in the foreground is covered in the same flower-printed glazed chintz as that used for the curtains.



THE HUGE WINDOWS look out on spacious green lawns, massed with brilliant flowers. When the Duke and Duchess inherited Coppins from the Duke's aunt, Princess Victoria, several big trees and shrubberies which prevented light reaching the windows were removed.

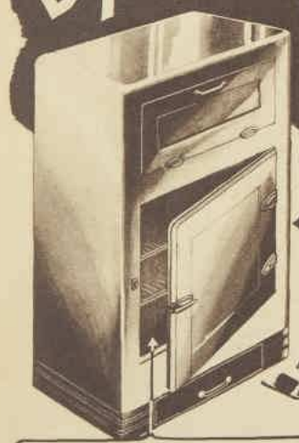


NOTE the beautifully carved surround on the fireplace and the painting which forms a mural above the mirror with its antique frame. On the mantelpiece are some of the many beautiful objets d'art owned by the Duke and Duchess.



HERE is a detailed view of the glazed chintz used at all the windows and on the settee in front of the fireplace. It is a delicate flower pattern in blue, pink, green and mauve, on white.

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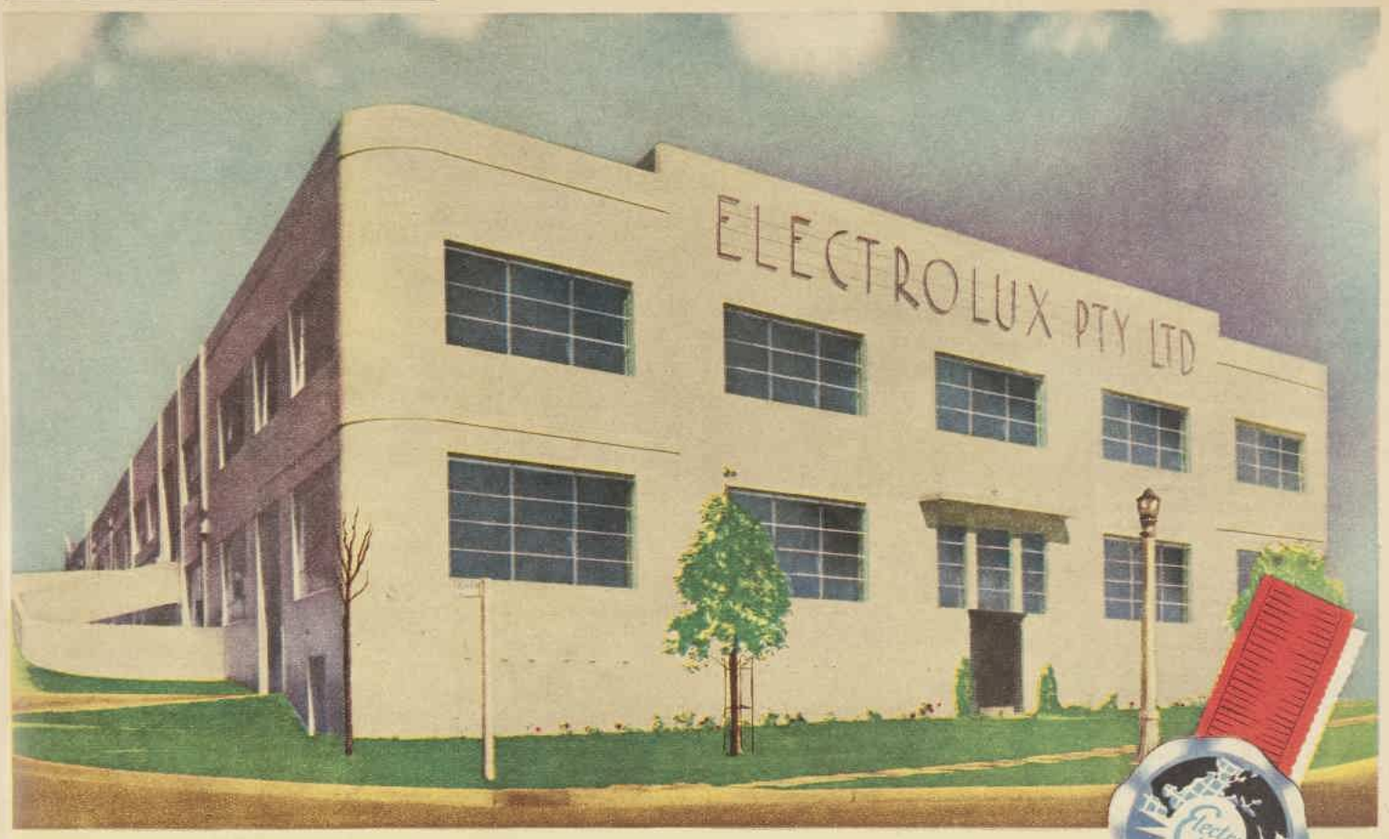
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The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

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Now that the spotlight is on . . .

LOVELY SHOULDERS

BE sure that you can wear the new Old-World evening gowns and the new strapless swim suits. Get busy with exercise and massage to fill out hollows or slim down ugly bumps.

For to-day your shoulders must be slender, soft, and unblemished, beautiful in line.

By JANETTE

WHAT with the Old-World fashions—Edwardian evening gowns cut low on the shoulders and minus even slender straps—and the very modern swimming wear for the new season—strapless and backless—we are going to be in a pretty dither unless our shoulders can stand so much limelight.

But don't worry if yours aren't all they should be—if they are scraggy and bony-looking, if your neck is a mass of salt-cellars, or if it goes to the other extreme and is much too well covered.

Get busy now; you can do a lot towards improving your shoulders in a very short while.

First remember that even the loveliest shoulders will lose their beauty if you walk in the street with your back bent, or if you let yourself drop into a chair in a huddled heap.

Watch your posture—walk with shoulders back, chest lifted, tummy pulled in, and posterior tucked under.

When the shoulders are held well back the chin rises slightly and shows off the curve of the shoulders to the best advantage.

Learn to sleep without a pillow.



TINY PINCHES, very close together, will help to get rid of salt-cellars in the neck.



BEAUTIFUL SHOULDERS, neck, and arms are attractive assets of Amanda Duff, pretty Fox player. She can well afford to wear an evening gown with the slenderest of straps to emphasise the charm of firm, smooth skin and absence of hollows.



FOR PLUMP shoulders try this massage movement. Strike briskly with the flat of the hand, using both hands alternately. Work from the middle of the back towards the upper part of the arm. Then do the same movement using the outer edge of the hands.

It's great for improving shoulder and neck line, and once you are used to it you'll probably find you sleep better that way than ever you did with a bulky pillow.

Five minutes' exercise every morning is good for all types of shoulders. It will develop your shoulders if they are too bony, and strengthen the muscles that help you to hold yourself upright. Exercise will also slim down plump shoulders and keep fat from accumulating.

Here is an exercise that will suit everybody. Bring your shoulders as far forward as possible. Describe a circle with the shoulders doing the movements from front to back, up and forward again ten times. Repeat the same movements in the opposite direction.

Try massage

MASSAGE is good. It should be done with the entire surface of the hand, working from the middle of the back outwards to the upper part of arms.

If the shoulders are too plump, strike energetically, using both hands alternately and with a will. Then do the same energetic movements with the outer edge of the hands.

Now for that bugbear, the double chin. This is really superfluous fat which starts to accumulate on most women's necks from the age of 25 years onwards.

Incidentally, some people claim they can tell a woman's age from the size of her double chin.

You can avoid and get rid of this trouble if you knead the part every night and morning. Use considerable force, taking the flesh between your thumb and four fingers, and it won't be long before the outline of your throat becomes younger-looking.

As against the double chin, many women suffer from ugly salt-cellars round the base of the neck, sometimes the result of excessive slimming.

A lot of slight, gentle pinching all over the scrawny area every day helps to fill out hollows. The pinches should be tiny and close together.

And good for all shoulders is the use of a towel every morning wrung out of cold, salted water. Rub and strike briskly. This will firm the tissues, stimulate the blood circulation, and improve the texture of the skin.

For discolored skin and blemishes there is nothing like morning and night cleansing with pure olive oil soap and a loofah. Use lukewarm water and rinse in cold, and don't be afraid to lather your loofah well and use it with a will. Some people prefer a brush—either is effective in clearing up and lightening the skin.



ABOVE: This is good for all types of shoulders. Wring out a towel dipped in cold salted water and use to strike shoulders briskly. This helps to firm muscles, improve skin texture.



LEFT: Ever try sleeping without a pillow? Well, if you want beautiful shoulders and a lovely throat line, do so. It will prevent wrinkles from forming in your neck, too.



judge a woman by the way she washes her hair

She, in this day, whose hair betrays a secret carelessness, not only forfeits admiration—but frequently courts unfavourable comment . . .!

IF you notice a girl with dry, dull, hard-to-manage, or "dandruffy" hair you may depend she is not particular in avoiding the use of skin soap on her hair . . . for the "burning" chemical action of soap *alkali* spoils nice hair!

To prove that YOUR hair can be as soft, *silky-clean*, and lustrous as any . . . try Colinated, new-style, quick-rinsing "cocoanut foam" Shampoo that everyone's talking about!

BLONDES—Preserve natural light gold lustre. Prevent "alkali streaks."

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For Colinated double-active cocoanut bubbles dissolve every trace of dust, dandruff, oily-film or scalp acid . . . And leave your hair with a magic new sheen you never noticed before!

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I'm getting the garden ready

FOR WARMER DAYS

ALTHOUGH there's a cold wind still to be heard in the trees, gardeners may console themselves by catalogue gardening, planning a new season's show, and preparing the garden for warmer months ahead.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER





ABOVE: Irises, which have a delicate beauty of their own. They should be divided without delay and set out in soil that has been well limed.

LEFT: Colorful asters. These can be relied upon to give gaiety to the garden and to provide flowers for interior use. Aster seeds of all varieties can be sown in well-prepared seed-boxes or beds this month.

No need to rush seed-sowing yet, for few of them do very well in the cold soil, but what consolation one can obtain from glancing through the lists of things recommended by seedsmen.

For some reason or other catalogues make me dissatisfied with my own garden, and the things I see growing in neighbors' gardens invariably seem better than mine.

From this you will gather that even gardening writers have their troubles, failures and disappointments.

But brighter days are coming, for spring is not far away and already we see signs that Mother Earth is slumbering less soundly and stirs uneasily in her sleep.

For weeks I have been daring the wintry winds and turning over the winter grass, digging out milk thistles, dandelions, cape weed and all sorts of rubbish that recent rains induced.

Most of the weeds have gone down under to add to the plant food in the soil, but there are many of them, long, deep-rooting types, that come up again, that are drying in heaps waiting for the garden fire to consume them.

Manure is so difficult to obtain in big cities in these automotive days that one has to conserve every scrap of rubbish in the garden.

For that reason some mysterious bags that my small boy tells me "smell somethin' dreffful" have been dumped in the garden shed.

While most of the artificial fertilisers are most useful for giving plants that kick along they need when the soil is fairly poor, that old blood and bone and superphosphate, bone meal and dust, and a few bags of bird guano that I managed to dig out of a store, are going to add their residual content when I get time to dig them in.

Seeds and seedlings

ALREADY the mignonette seed has been sown, together with some African marigolds, candytuft, cornflowers, mimulus, petunias, and ten-week stocks.

I am leaving the more delicate asters, zinnias and other sappy plants until later on, as my district gets late frosts which would knock them over if sown so early.

In the seedling line I am planting out snapdragons, some late calendulas, scabiosa, sweet alyssum, gaillardias, carnations (from cuttings), marguerites and centaureas some time during the next week.

A few tomato plants may go out as soon as danger from frost is over, but one touch of Old Jack and they turn a dirty bluish-green color, a condition from which they rarely recover.

I am also sowing the first rock melon seeds this week in big hills of compost from the rubbish heap. This stuff has decayed well, and having been turned over several times during the winter may be relied upon to contain no seeds of anything that will cause trouble later on.

War has been waged, too, on winter grass in the lawn. This rubbish seeds too freely for my liking, and if allowed to scatter will make more work next winter.

Clovers and trefoils succumbed to a timely dusting with sulphate of ammonia. This was left on dry for 48 hours.

I cannot afford to have clover make big patches in the lawn, and once the plants wilted under the ammonia I watered them well and left them for another day or two.

It was surprising how easy they came out when the leaves had turned yellow. One jerk and they came out whole.

Violets needed some attention, too, for they were not flowering as they should. Just a light dusting of super which was watered in at once, and the subsequent blooms should be good.

Even the cabbages and winter lettuce had a dose of sulphate of ammonia a fortnight ago, and they look all the beter for it since the recent fall of two inches of rain.

Liquid manure of all kinds should always be applied after watering. Mine received watering before and after, but the second dose was bestowed by nature, who did a much better job of it.

Another little job that will receive attention this week will be the dusting of two old privet hedges with equal parts of tobacco dust and shell lime.

I found that the snails had wintered there and on wet nights came out to feed. Having discovered their lair, high up among the hedges, I decided to dust the whole hedge and catch them all at home.

In addition to that I will dust all round the hedges on both sides to catch those that the dusting misses, for there is nothing like a hungry shellback to cause damage in the springtime.

New PLASMIC Acts like Magic

Removing almost instantaneously WRINKLES, LINES, OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES and all SKIN BLEMISHES arising from any cause whatsoever.



Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill. Age, 56.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery Westburn, after using one tube of New Plasmic.

NEW PLASMIC restores PERMANENTLY to old or middle age the skin and complexion of YOUTH.

Large Tube, sufficient for three weeks' treatment, posted FREE FOR 5/-. CALL FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION of this MARVELLOUS PREPARATION. It is guaranteed harmless, without any injurious after effects. Ladies unable to call can have a sample treatment posted FREE for 1/- and one penny stamp.

JOHN AFRIAT, Pacific House, 296 Pitt Street (near Bathurst Street), Sydney.

6th Floor. Take Lift.

Also obtainable at Washington Soul, Pattinson & Co., and other leading Chemists.

Alluring Slimness

Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases, and having only health giving and tonic properties, cannot derange the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects, and on getting down to normal weight desired, one does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len O. Sigga, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Coolie, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Tabs at 4/6 plus 3d. post for 3 weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these, the formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 jar, post 6d. The Seaweed Slimming Bath Salts are used as well (for drastic reduction), 2/- each, 10/6 for 6 pkts., post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth. Write him.***



BY EATING THIS BREAKFAST CEREAL REGULARLY YOU CAN GET RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION WITHOUT HARSH PURGES OR MEDICINES.

Common constipation is the result of living on foods which are deficient in "bulk". Most of our modern staples—meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes, milk—lack bulk; they get so completely absorbed by the system that the residue they form is insufficient to make the bowels move.

Of course, you can make your bowels move if you purge yourself. But doctors agree that the indiscriminate use of harsh, griping purgatives is harmful—and, moreover, does not get at the real cause of constipation.

What, then, can you do for permanent relief? The answer is: **eat more "bulky" food, and eat it regularly!** What you need is food that forms a soft, bulky mass of residue which the bowel muscles can "take hold of".

Kellogg's All-Bran—a natural "bulk" food. The one way you can be sure of getting enough to keep you regular is to eat Kellogg's All-Bran. It's a crisp new breakfast cereal that acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit and vegetables but **much more surely and thoroughly.** It forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination. When you eat it regularly you need no harsh medicines.

In addition, All-Bran contains the vital health element Vitamin B, which "tones" the intestinal tract. All-Bran is also very rich in iron.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—either with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal! Do this every day and drink plenty of fluids, and you'll no longer be troubled with common constipation. You'll enjoy the perfect daily "regularity" that keeps you radiantly healthy and makes life worth living! Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day

SOLD AT ALL GROCERS

Eat it every day and "never miss a day."



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STOP clothes from turning YELLOW



Keep them Sparkling WHITE with the last rinse in BLUE water



To be certain that your washing will turn out sparkling white give all white clothes a last rinse in Reckitt's Blue. The last blue rinse is the only way to stop them turning yellow.

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the Blue comes the Whitest Wash!



for Honeymoon Hands

Keep your hands lovable with Hinds. Its creamy richness soaks deeply into skin, restoring natural lubricants constantly being lost by washing and exposure. Hinds acts quicker, too, and imparts a *lasting* softness. Use Hinds Cream morning and night and after you wash, to keep your hands smooth and fragrant.

1/- and 2/- everywhere. The 2/- bottle contains four times the quantity of the smaller size.

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"How to Behave" Series

Posed by the Dionne "Quins"



"WAKE UP WITH A SMILE," says Yvonne, a happy "Quin," whose sunny smile has the effect of making other people happy, too.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By a Doctor

Science can do a lot for Diabetics

BUT surely you can't mean that I have diabetes, doctor. There has never ever been a case of it in my family.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Hanson, the tests I have carried out leave no room for doubt. Diabetes does not always run in families, you know.

Then what causes it, doctor?

That, Mrs. Hanson, is more than I can tell you. We have not been able to discover the immediate cause. But we do know that overweight is a factor.

Over-eating and under-exercising often result in diabetes, and the sooner everyone realises that the better chance will we have of checking the disease.

But diabetes is not very widespread, is it, doctor?

On the contrary, it is a common disease among people of all ages and both sexes, but particularly the middle-aged.

But don't worry too much about it, Mrs. Hanson.

Diabetes is not nearly the bugbear it was a few years ago.

That's a comfort, anyway, doctor. But this is rather a shock, you know. I only came to you because I suddenly started to lose weight and I was always thirsty. I did not expect anything serious.

It was very lucky you did come so soon, because early diagnosis makes the outlook so much brighter.

Rapid loss of weight is quite a common symptom of diabetes. Actually the symptoms vary a lot, but other common ones are excessive appetite and thirst.

Sometimes diabetes follows an acute infectious disease like mumps or measles, and that is why doctors usually make a routine test after an infectious disease. But often the onset of diabetes is apparently symptomless.

Then how can it possibly be discovered?

Only by a careful medical examination. And that is yet another proof of the great importance of an annual medical examination.

Yes, doctor, I suppose that's right. But it is my own immediate problem that is worrying me at the moment. Is having diabetes going to mean altering my whole life?

Not necessarily, thanks to recent medical progress. There was a time when the disease meant very stringent dieting so as to keep down the intake of starch and sugar. This was not altogether satisfactory because it severely limited both quantity and variety of food.

But since the discovery of insulin diabetics have had a much better time — and a much more varied diet.

What exactly is insulin, doctor?

It is a preparation of a substance obtained from an animal's pancreas which helps the body to burn and utilise starchy and sweet foods, Mrs. Hanson.

Diabetics are people who suffer from a lack of this substance. But now we use injections of insulin to make good the deficiency.

In fact, modern treatment has turned diabetes from a hopeless and progressive disease to a mere disturbance of the body's mechanism which responds quickly to continuous management and causes only slight inconvenience to the patient. At least, it CAN be that, provided it is discovered early enough.

And so you can thank your lucky stars, Mrs. Hanson, that you came to me in time.

There have been some world-renowned men and women who have attained eminence in spite of their diabetic disability—George Eastman, the camera magnate of Eastman-Kodak fame, and Clemenceau, the French statesman.

Then there was H. G. Wells, who visited Australia last January and has since published another book. Joffre, the French Marshal, and Edison are two others who became celebrities.

Thousands have lived to their 70's, 80's and 90's by dint of a daily routine which they have learnt to carry out.

What will I have to learn, doctor?

I am going to order you a little book on diabetes. Every diabetic must learn quite a lot about food values, and it is all in this book.

Education, Mrs. Hanson, is the second step in the treatment of a diabetic. The first step was the series of blood tests I did on you yesterday to clinch the diagnosis.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

GOOD POSTURE IN EARLY CHILDHOOD

EVERY mother should realise that little errors of management, such as wrong handling of baby in the first weeks of life, and a wrong choice in baby's cot, clothes, shoes, etc., later, can cause changes in the bony framework of a young and rapidly-growing child which will later cause faulty posture and imperfect health.

A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader who is interested can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with stamped addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



The young couple's GREAT RISK

Ways to guard against it

LIFE is good, and the future is full of promise, but there is **one great risk** that every young couple faces. It is that the husband will die before he has made enough money to provide for his wife's care.

This risk can be guarded against through the A.M.P. at a very small cost.

Matthew Fisk Johnson married early last year and became a member of the Society, assuring his life for £500, paying an annual premium of £12/8/4, a shade over 5/- a week. He paid only one premium. As the result of a fall, he died in May last, and the young widow received the Society's cheque for £500. This was no compensation, of course, for the loss of her husband, but a mighty help in her trouble.

Another member, a wheat-farmer, took out a policy for £1000 in 1924. He looked like living for 40 years, but he died of pneumonia last month. He had been paying a premium of a shade over ten shillings a week. Altogether he had paid in £386. Bonuses brought the amount his widow received up to £1410, so that she received the £1000 and all the premiums her husband had paid.

Thus do wise men and women cover themselves against **the great risk**.

Ask the nearest A.M.P. office to tell you how **you** can safeguard **your** wife and family. If you prefer we shall send you booklets. Ask to-day.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

The Largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.

Sir Samuel Hordern, K.B.E., Chairman of the Principal Board.

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Results of "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" Competition

SEPTEMBER AWARDS

James Beattie, 33a Clarence Road, Rockdale, N.S.W.: "Breakfast D-Light is the most nourishing cereal I have ever tasted. It not only satisfies but builds up the body and is easily prepared."

Alwyn Warren, 20 Bega Street, Bega, N.S.W.: "Breakfast D-Light served with cream and sugar is a first-class breakfast cereal, and eagerly looked for. It is the D-Light of all our family."

Irene Harrison, Palm Vale, via Murwillumbah, N.S.W.: "Breakfast D-Light, the most economic health food, builds bone, muscle and stamina. Served to invalids and babies as a non-heating, digestive cereal."

Earle Floyd Charnock, Wakedon Street, Griffith, N.S.W.: "Breakfast D-Light is our choice breakfast. It builds bone and muscle and is delicious in flavour, also easily digested. Mother makes excellent scones and custards."

Bruce Farrow, Joyalong, 92 Hendersen Street, Inverell, N.S.W.: "Eight of us from big brother to baby enjoy Breakfast D-Light for breakfast. Mum uses it for thickening stews and soups. It builds bonny children."

Arthur James Gill, 55 Cecile Street, Parkes, N.S.W.: "Enjoy your breakfast, also every meal, by using Breakfast D-Light in various ways. The sure foundation on which to build vigorous bodies at all ages."

Ross A. Nye, 164 Moray Street, New Farm N1, Brisbane, Qld.: "Breakfast D-Light is aptly named. Every grain is health-giving, stamina-producing, and invigorating. Its nourishing qualities and appetising flavour truly delight the whole family."

Edward Joice, Moore's Pocket, North Ipswich, Qld.: "Besides being easy to prepare, Breakfast D-Light is nutritious and appetising. Since I have been having Breakfast D-Light I have become healthier and stronger."

Norma Linfoy, 325 Draper Street, Cairns, Qld.: "Breakfast D-Light is the whole family's Ideal Cereal. It's nutritious for breakfast and makes wholesome scones and delicious puddings, so easily and quickly prepared, too."

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

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New beauty series by PRUNELLA STACK

IN next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly the first of a series of articles, "The Way to Health and Beauty," by Prunella Stack, will appear.

MISS STACK will teach you the way to health and beauty by means of the famous exercise system practised by the 145,000 members of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, of London.

Miss Stack, who recently became Lady Douglas Hamilton, is world head of the Women's League of Health and Beauty in London.

In her articles, which will appear every week, she will give you the famous exercises practised by the League members and which have been evolved for beautifying the figure and building up the general health.

Herself a beauty, Miss Stack, who is the daughter of Mrs. Bagot Stack, founder of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, is a perfect example of what correct exercise, combined with right eating and fresh air, will do for every woman.

Her recent marriage to Lord Douglas Hamilton was a romantic social event, but it has made little difference to her work as far as the League is concerned. Prunella still maintains a very active interest in this world-wide organisation.

Watch for the first of the exercises next week. They will be illustrated with attractive little drawings by the artist, Mariel Deans. These will give you each step of the various exercises in a most simple manner.

The famous Bagot system exercises are designed not only to improve the figure and health, but as an aid to healthy motherhood.

For in this standardised and mechanical age, and even with sophisticated living, woman is still the most individualistic of creatures, whose natural ambition is happy marriage and splendid motherhood.

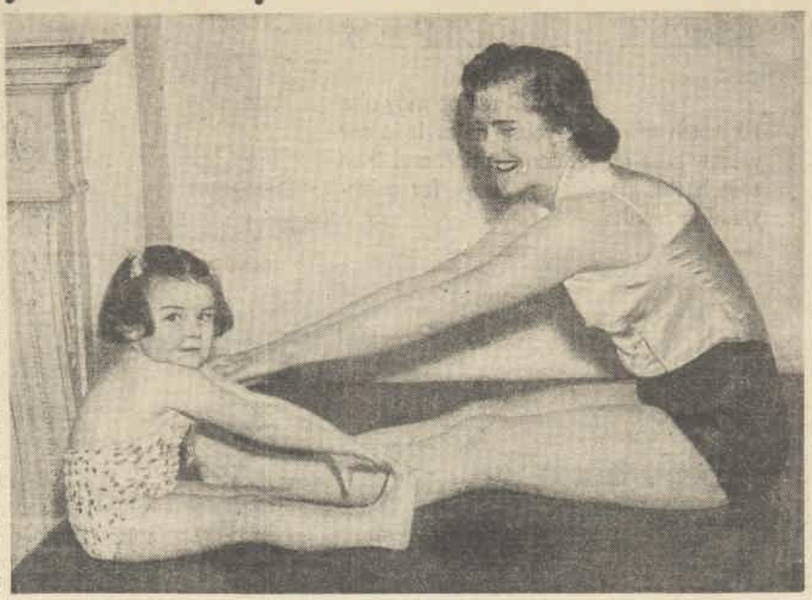
And she realises that she can only attain the health and figure perfection, the poise, charm and personality necessary for successful womanhood by individual effort and application.

Perhaps nobody realised this better than Mrs. Bagot Stack who, many years ago, founded the League exercise system and who brought up her daughter, Prunella, according to her carefully designed principles of exercise and diet.

If you follow these weekly exercises and faithfully give ten minutes every day to their performance, your patience and perseverance will be rewarded by a sense of exhilaration and enjoyment as well as with a better figure and better health.

In other words you will be nearer to the goal so important to every woman—Beauty.

Don't forget the first exercise article by Prunella Stack will appear on this page next week.



HERE is Lady Douglas Hamilton (Prunella Stack) head of the world-wide organisation, the Women's League of Health and Beauty, putting the League's youngest member, three-year-old Barbara Hammond, through her paces at the League's headquarters in Great Portland Street, London.

Miss Precious Minutes . . .

● Let her save you time and energy in your daily round . . .

She says:

'ALWAYS sew buttons and tapes on ready-made garments before wearing; it will save stitches and loss of buttons later.

★ ★ ★

'AN ingenious manner of mending silk underwear is to cut out a floral design from a piece of material, lay it over the thin spot or hole and fasten on to the garment with a buttonhole stitch.

★ ★ ★

NEVER wash china with gilt on it in water containing soda. Soda is particularly harmful to gilt.

★ ★ ★

HAVE you ever thought to slip on a pair of rubber gloves when you are washing sheer stockings? This prevents ladder trouble from finger-nails or tiny pieces of hardened skin that frequently catch a thread of fine hose.

★ ★ ★

TO prevent or relieve chapped hands and to keep them attractive always keep a bottle of good hand lotion by your kitchen sink. Rub into your hands after you have had them in water.

★ ★ ★

'AN excellent bath and sink cleaner is carbonate of soda mixed with kerosene and applied with a soft cloth; rub well.

❖ ❖ ❖

HAIR grips that have lost their spring are useful when ironing frocks or underwear with pleats. Also, a hair grip slipped on to the hem of a frock once it is ironed and hanging up will hold the pleats in very satisfactorily.

A.B.C. of Cookery

Saute: To toss over—heat with little butter or fat (Fr.).

Sauter: To fry in shallow fat. A method only suitable for foods that require short, quick cooking (Fr.).

Scallop: To bake in oven, sprinkled with breadcrumbs, in scallop shells or fireproof dishes.

Sherbet: Cooling drink of water and fruit juices.

Sieve: To press substance with back of spoon through sieve.

Simnel Cake: Rich cake with filling and decoration of almond paste, eaten at Easter.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.* Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

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Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

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Use SIREN THE QUALITY SOAP, AND SAVE THE CROSSES FOR FREE GIFTS!



LOOK AT THESE TYPICAL SIREN VALUES



SHANTUNG SILK APRON

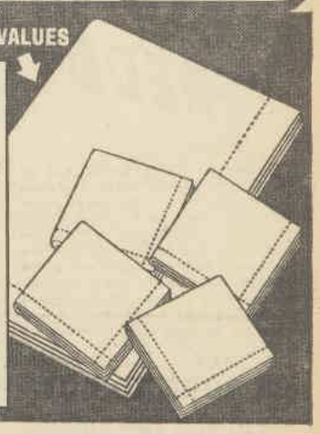
British made, charming colours and exclusive design.

Save 64 Blue Crosses

Charming SUPPER SETS

Extra good quality in primrose, green and blue. Large supper cloth 42" x 42" and 4 serviettes to match 12" x 12½".

Save 148 Blue Crosses



HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT

Take your Crosses to:

LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars, enclose with crosses and address to:

LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, BOX 4267 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

AND ALL THESE OTHER USEFUL LINEN GIFTS TO CHOOSE FROM

BATH TOWELS

EXTRA LARGE SIZE. 23" x 46" coloured in gay modern designs,

or WHITE ADMIRALTY. Size 23" x 46". Extra thick and long wearing.

Save 48 Blue Crosses

TABLECLOTH

Size 54 inches x 70 inches. Linen-finished Damask.

Save 144 Blue Crosses

BR'KFAST CLOTH

Size 44 inches square, with gay coloured border.

Save 76 Blue Crosses

GLASSCLOTH

Size 23" x 32". Pure Irish Linen, red, green, blue or gold side stripes.

Save 24 Blue Crosses

PILLOWSLIP

Size 21" x 31½". Hemstitched and nicely embroidered.

Save 36 Blue Crosses

DO NOT SEND A LETTER, BUT USE PRINTED FORM.

Name _____ (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address _____

Enclosed _____ Crosses

State which gift you require _____

1 BLUE CROSS WITH EACH UTILITY TABLET



4 BLUE CROSSES WITH EACH LARGE BAR

Many other GIFTS available - WRITE FOR LIST TO LINTAS DEPOT

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Cash prizes for these readers' BEST RECIPES

THIS week's selection of recipes from readers is an unusually interesting one and includes sweets, cakes, and preserves.

If you haven't yet sent in any recipes to our competition then do so now. Your favorite recipe may be worth money to you.

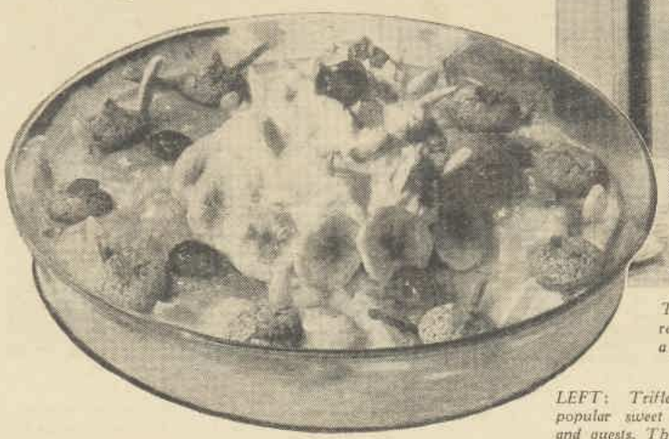
Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe, while 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

All you have to do is to write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send in to this office.

YOUR recipe may also be worth money to you. Enter it in our weekly best recipe competition and then watch this page every week for prize-winning results.



THIS YOUNG COOK just loves trying out new recipes. Perhaps you do the same. If you discover a good one, send it in to us. You may win a cash prize for it.



LEFT: Trifle is always a popular sweet with family and guests. There's a recipe for a new one on this page, pineapple trifle. Try it; you'll find it delicious.

STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

One pound strawberries, 3oz. to 4oz. castor sugar, 6 sponge fingers, 1 yolk and 2 whites of eggs, ½ pint milk, ½ gill cream, 1 or 2 tablespoons water, vanilla, and ½oz. gelatine.

Wash, drain, and hull strawberries, then rub through a sieve, leaving a few for decoration. Add vanilla to a custard made with the milk and yolk of egg, then cool. Split the sponge fingers into halves, dip them into the custard, and arrange around sides and bottom of bowl. Add the castor sugar to the strawberry pulp. When dissolved, stir in lightly-whipped cream and stiffly-whisked egg-whites. Whisk them all together lightly, then strain in the gelatine dissolved in a saucepan with the water. Turn the mixture into the prepared bowl, and when the delight is ready to serve decorate with extra whipped cream and halved strawberries.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

ALMOND ANGEL FOOD CAKE

Half cup plain flour, pinch salt, 2 drops almond essence, 4 egg-whites, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ cup castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Sift flour four times. Beat egg-whites to a stiff froth. Sprinkle with cream of tartar and salt and keep on beating until whites hold their shape. Gradually fold in sugar, then flavoring, followed by flour, sifting it over and folding it gradually in. Bake in an ungreased cake tin with a tube in the centre in a slow oven for about ½ hour. Then turn the cake tin upside down on to a wire rack, and leave until cold, when cake will fall out.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane B17.

PINEAPPLE TRIFLE

One sponge cake ring, 1 tin pineapple cubes, ½ pint milk, 12oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1 pkt. pineapple jelly.

Put sponge ring in the middle of a glass dish and pour over it a couple of spoonfuls of sherry. Beat eggs and stir in milk, brought nearly to the boil. Then return to saucepan with the sugar and boil two or three minutes, stirring all the time. Let cool, then stir into it two or three cubes of the pineapple cut up small and pour round the sponge ring. Leave to get cold and decorate with some pieces of pineapple, heaping the rest in the middle of the ring. Heat syrup from the tin to dissolve the jelly, making half a pint, and when it is set chop up roughly to decorate the whole trifle.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. McDougall, Lower Portland, via Windsor, N.S.W.

HONEY COCKTAIL

One tablespoon honey, ½ cup maraschino syrup, ½ cup aerated water, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, crushed ice.

Measure honey into a basin, strain in orange and lemon juice. Add maraschino syrup taken from a bottle of cherries and mix well. Add aerated water. Pour into a cocktail shaker containing a little crushed ice. Shake well. Divide equally between three cocktail glasses. Garnish each with a slice of maraschino cherry in the centre and poise half a cherry on the edge of each glass if liked. Enough for three.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Williams, 5 Milton St., Canterbury E7, Vic.

APPLE CHUTNEY (UNCOOKED)

Two pounds apples, 2lb. sugar, 2lb. raisins, 1 pint vinegar, 1oz. garlic, 1oz. salt, and 1 teaspoon cayenne.

Peel and core apples and mince finely. Wash, dry, seed and chop raisins. Chop garlic very finely. Mix all ingredients in a bowl and stand for 3 days, stirring occasionally. Bottle and cork tightly, sealing with melted sealing-wax. Keep at least one month to mellow before using.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

ORANGE CRUMB PIE

Put 2 cups of stale biscuit or cake crumbs into a basin, add 1 cup of melted butter, and ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and mix together.

Press two-thirds of mixture round the sides and bottom of well-greased piedish or casserole, using extra butter on sides if mixture does not adhere readily. Bake in slow oven 10 minutes. When cooked fill with the following:

Mix together 2 well-beaten egg-yolks, ½ cup sugar, a pinch of salt, ½ cup plain flour. Moisten with 1½ cups milk, and 1 cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated rind. Cook in a double boiler for 15 minutes, stirring constantly.

Pour into pie shell. Cover with meringue made of the 2 well-beaten egg-whites with little sugar.

Pile the remaining crumbs on top of meringue and bake slowly for 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Farrell, care Mr. Cavanagh, Cowper Crescent, North Ainslie, Canberra, A.C.T.

FRIED RABBIT WITH BANANA AND BACON

Cut rabbit in joints and pour boiling water over it, then let it simmer for about 20 minutes. Lift out rabbit onto a wire stand and allow to drain and dry. Then roll each joint in seasoned flour, and afterwards in egg and breadcrumbs. Drop into a frying-pan of hot fat and fry until brown. Serve with fried slices of bananas and rolls of fried bacon. Use gravy the rabbit was boiled in.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Beu, Mirani, via Mackay, Qld.

ALMOND SLICES

Crust: ¼lb. butter, ¼lb. castor sugar, ¼lb. flour, 1 whole egg, and 1 yolk, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1½oz. ground almonds.

Covering: Jam, 1 white of egg, 6oz. chopped almonds, 2oz. sugar.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add egg alternately with a little of the flour and baking powder. Beat well and work in rest of flour with ground almonds. Turn onto a pastry board and knead smooth, roll to an oblong shape and put on an oven tray. Cover with a coating of jam, then put almonds, sugar, and white of egg, mixed together, on top. Bake 25 minutes. When cooked cut into 18 slices and leave on tray to cool.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Simmons, 3 Eleanor St., Geraldton, W.A.



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SWEET-MAKING . . .

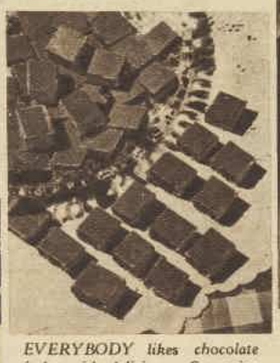
can be a fascinating hobby

WHEN the children clamor for home-made sweets try your hand at some of these recipes. Remember, too, that some of the more elaborate sweets are an excellent idea for gifts for birthdays and other occasions.



AN ARRAY of home-made sweets such as this would make the amateur cook feel proud indeed. Selection includes several on a fondant base—date creams, prune creams and peppermint creams—marzipan and coconut ice, all arranged in individual paper cases.

MOST important in sweet-making is the sugar boiling. Sugar is boiled to various degrees according to the kind of sweet, and as it passes very quickly from one stage to another close attention is essential.



EVERYBODY likes chocolate fudge—it's delicious. See recipe for making below.



PARISIAN TRUFFLES are a novelty, and are made on a chocolate base. See recipe.

The most accurate way of judging the degrees for sugar boiling is by using a candy thermometer. Another method is the cold-water test.

Following are the most important stages:

Soft Ball: 236deg. F. to 240deg. F. Drop a small quantity of boiling syrup into very cold water. Leave for a few seconds. Roll between forefinger and thumb, and if a small soft ball can be formed the syrup is ready.

This degree is used for fondants, ices, and creams.

Hard Ball: 250 to 262 deg. F. Same test as for soft ball, but ball should be much harder.

Used for nougats and marshmallows.

Crack Degree: 300 to 312deg. F. Drop a small quantity into cold water. Syrup should be short and brittle and should break clean when bitten. The syrup is just beginning to change to a pale straw color.

Used for toffees, brittles, and rocks.

Glucose or maize syrup is a liquid sugar which prevents the syrup from crystallising. Always wet the hands before taking from the tin, and weigh it on wet paper. Place it on top of sugar in saucepan and it will not catch.

Always dissolve sugar, water and glucose slowly. Do not allow syrup to boil until sugar has dissolved.

When boiling point is reached, put a lid on the saucepan and boil it covered for about one minute. Thus the steam washes down the sides of the pan and removes any crystals.

Never stir syrup after it boils.

Put thermometer in tepid water before using.

Always have nuts, cherries, and fruits thoroughly dry before adding to sweets. Wrap sweets in wax paper, but do not pack fondants or creams in airtight tins or jars, as they become sticky. Toffee and nougat are best stored in airtight tins.

. . . By . . .

MARY FORBES

COOKERY EXPERT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FONDANT

One pound crystal sugar, 3 tablespoons warm water, 1 dessertspoon glucose, coloring and flavoring.

Place sugar, water and glucose in a medium-sized saucepan. Dissolve slowly over low heat. When boiling, remove spoon and put lid on saucepan and boil quickly for 1 minute. Remove lid and place thermometer in syrup and boil steadily to 240deg. F. Remove from heat and place to one side to cool slightly. Pour on to a damp slab or into a large basin, and work or beat with a wooden spoon until thick and creamy. Take up and work in the hands until smooth and pliable. Place on one side. Cover with a damp cloth. Leave for one hour. Divide into separate portions. Color and flavor.

Use for stuffing dates and prunes and clusters of raisins, peppermint creams, ribbon creams, and nut roll.

Nut Roll is one of the most attractive ways of making up fondant. Take three portions of fondant, different flavors and colors. Into one work a quantity of finely-chopped nuts and cherries. Make into a roll about 1½ inches in diameter, place aside to become firm. Roll out another portion large enough to cover nut roll. Roll out the third portion and cover roll. When quite firm, cut through into pieces half an inch thick.

CARAMEL FONDANT

Use same ingredients as for fondant, using brown sugar instead of crystal sugar.

MARZIPAN

Half-pound crystal sugar, ½lb. ground almonds, pinch cream of tartar, 3 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon glucose, white 1 egg, colorings and flavoring.

Boil water, sugar, and glucose to 240deg. F. Add cream of tartar. Remove from fire. Add stiffly-beaten egg-white and ground almonds. Mix well, place again on the stove and stir all the time until it leaves the sides of the saucepan. Turn on to marble slab and knead well, using sufficient icing sugar to prevent it sticking to the fingers. Color and flavor with a few drops of almond essence and make into fruits such as strawberries, apples, pears, cherries.

PARISIAN TRUFFLES

Eight ounces sweetened chocolate, 4 tablespoons fresh milk, 1 tablespoon rum or brandy, vanilla essence.

Grate chocolate finely. Bring milk in saucepan to boil. Add chocolate while stirring, and boil again. Then cool in ice-chest for ½ hour. Put back in saucepan. Beat with a whisk while adding rum or brandy until it becomes light and stiff. Form to a ball shape with a spoon, roll in grated almonds and leave to cool.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Two and a half cups sugar, 3oz. chocolate, 4oz. butter, ½ cup milk, essence of vanilla.

Melt sugar with milk in saucepan. When sugar has dissolved add butter and grated chocolate. Cook gently for about 20 minutes, stirring continuously. Add vanilla essence and stir until mixture becomes stiff. Pour out on to greased plate to set. When cold, cut into little blocks.

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½ lb. Pure Copha (melted)
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2 Whites of Egg
½ lb. Fine Desiccated Coconut
½ teaspoon Essence of Vanilla

Mix together the sugar, coconut, egg and vanilla. Stir in the hot (not boiling) Copha, and mix well. Line a cake tin with greaseproof paper and spread in one-third of the mixture.

Colour half the remainder pink and spread over white layer. Mix a teaspoon of cocoa with the rest and spread over pink. Stand in a cold place to set.

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The WHISTLING HANGMAN

SUPPLEMENT — MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

31 AUG 1939
OF NEW SOUTH WALES



Australian Women's Weekly NOVEL, September 2, 1939

By . . . BAYNARD H. KENDRICK

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The Whistling Hangman

By BAYNARD H. KENDRICK



"HERE'S a guest worth going after," said Mr. Fralinger, thrusting a piece of newspaper before Herr Bleucher. "I've already written him a letter soliciting his patronage while in New York. If you approve, I'll ask you to sign it."

Herr Rudolph Bleucher plucked at his close-clipped military moustache and went through the motions of reading. The other occupants of the manager's office maintained a discreet silence, waiting his important decision.

Slimly erect as a Grenadier, and uniformed with the same patterned care, Thomas Fralinger stood at attention before the mahogany desk. His slightly crooked nose moved over wide humorous lips, indicating an inviable smile. His strong chin, cleft enough to attract a second look, remained firm.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and he was on duty, which meant he was as formally attired as a bridegroom. His pin-stripe trousers, dark coat, vest and stock represented an investment of some hundred and twenty dollars on the part of Doncaster House. No assistant manager ever passed Herr Bleucher's stringent requirements until he was fully at home in morning and evening clothes.

Indeed, the clothes must be more than worn well. They must be worn with distinction and with an air. The Bleucher air, which permeated the entire menage of the luxurious hotel.

Rival managers, not so astute as the seasoned German, termed it militaristic, while secretly copying the bellboys' uniforms of severe steel grey. They found it much more difficult to emulate the orderly precision of service, kept moving by Herr Bleucher's crackling black eyes and equally crackling orders.

Standing at the end of the desk, the housekeeper, Mrs. Colling-Sands, maintained the poise of a silver-haired goddess. She was nearing forty, but nothing around Doncaster House was allowed to become old and unattractive. Under Herr Bleucher's code that was a privilege reserved exclusively for guests. The rule applied both to furnishings and personnel.

Mrs. Colling-Sands broke it only by refusing to dye her hair. She had earned the silver with twenty years of hotel experience and wore it proudly as a badge of merit—boyishly bobbed and expensively coiffured. Her essential sliminess of figure was maintained, according to her, by supervising the activities of sixty maids, twenty cleaners, three assistant housekeepers, and seven housemen. She smoothed down the lines of her smartly-cut working dress and said: "If you please, Herr Bleucher——"

The manager raised a strong brown hand and pointed at her with a slightly spatulate finger.

"When I finish. Will that be soon enough, Mrs. Sands?" He usually dropped the "Colling" from her name. He continued a moment longer with the letter before he pushed it across the desk to his assistant. "Gude!" he declared after what he considered a proper length of pause. "Send it along!"

"Thank you," said Mr. Fralinger, his marked English accent hinting suppressed annoyance. "I'm sure Dryden Winslow will be a most desirable guest—if we can get him, Herr Bleucher."

"Dryden Winslow?" Herr Bleucher questioned. "Who is Dryden Winslow?"

"In the clipping, Herr Bleucher. My letter, you know. He's paying at least forty dollars a day for a suite at the Golden Regent." Mr. Fralinger paused.

"Certainly, Mr. Fralinger. Please go on. I'm a busy man!"

"The clipping was sent to me by our society scout. Mr. Winslow will be in San Francisco for two weeks, according to the paper—er—which you read. He's been out of this country for over twenty years, Herr Bleucher. In Australia. I quoted him a rate——"

"That I saw in your letter. Have you anything more?"

"Nothing, Herr Bleucher. Good morning."

"Gude morning, Mr. Fralinger." Herr Bleucher watched the office door close behind his assistant before he turned to Mrs. Sands. "Sometimes, Mrs. Sands," he told her, "I haf the feeling that man is terribly dumb!"

Mrs. Sands gave a weary sigh. "I have that feeling about so many people. I think you wanted to speak with me."

The manager leaned back in his chair, watching her under his heavy lids. Deep-lined from responsibility in peace and war, his dark, stern face had moments when the lines became kindly. There were rarer moments, too, when the mask of sternness lifted to give a glimpse of hidden friendly humor.

"You have a fault, Mrs. Colling-Sands. You worry too much. There is something troubling you now."

She smiled at his keenness, but her gaze roved restlessly about the office before she replied.

"There was something in that press notice about Dryden Winslow, Herr Bleucher. I was wondering if you considered it when you signed the letter quoting him a special rate while in New York."

"I know his history well, Mrs. Sands. The failure of his brokerage concern was more than twenty-five years ago. He has made a fortune since then—a great fortune. He has children in this country whom he has never seen since they were one or two years old. That is what's worrying you, no? Any publicity we may get can do us nothing but good—like the Golden Regent in San Francisco." He gave a short guttural laugh. "As I said, Mrs. Sands, you take my worries, too."

She shook her head. "I wasn't thinking of Dryden Winslow's bankruptcy, Herr Bleucher. Nor of his long separation from his motherless children. Those are personal and family matters. It was something more grave than that."

"In the notice of his arrival which I —which Fralinger showed me?"

"Yes." She placed a slender hand on the desk-top. "The notice says that Dryden Winslow is incurably ill. He has been given but a short time by the world's greatest surgeons, Herr Bleucher. He's coming home to die!"

.

There was more than the rental of a single suite in the telegram subsequently received from Winslow. Herr Bleucher, not trusting Mr. Fralinger's interpretation, secured his spectacles and read it himself.

"You see, Herr Bleucher, it's true." The assistant manager complacently adjusted his stock. "Mr. Winslow wants six apartments—rented, you might say, from a single letter."

"I've been certain for some time you weren't doing your best!" Herr Bleucher adroitly punctured Mr. Fralinger's bubble of self-esteem before he grunted and studied the message again. "Who are these people, Mr. Fralinger? I expect my assistant to be more helpful. Kindly give me the facts."

Fralinger consulted a list. Men such as Herr Bleucher ran successful hotels, but they did it at the expense of all who helped them. He regarded his superior with concealed disfavor, and there was irritation in his calm grey eyes as he answered.

"Baxter Winslow is his son and Gertrude his daughter. They arrive to-day from Connecticut with their guardians, Miss Marcia Forrest and Miss Purcella Forrest —maiden aunts, I understand——"

"I've seen them in the society news. The girl is engaged, no?" Herr Bleucher tapped idly on the desktop with a pencil point, already working out a problem of assigning suites.

"Gertrude Winslow? To the Honorable Paul Holden, O.B.E." Mr. Fralinger rolled the syllables from his tongue with hotel zest for savoring titles and orders. "Mr. Holden has also reserved a suite for to-day. In addition a niece and a nephew, Rose and Emmett Black, arrive from England this noon."

Herr Bleucher turned from his desk and began placing small red-topped pins in a room chart which hung beside him. "Gertrude Winslow in sixteen-ten, Mr. Fralinger. Her brother in sixteen-twelve, and her aunts in sixteen-fourteen. Rose and Emmett Black I will give sixteen-sixteen and sixteen-eighteen, and——"

"Three of those suites are occupied."

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THE WHISTLING HANGMAN

"By transients, whom a tactful assistant manager can move—to keep a party together at a higher rate. For Mr. Winslow, who desires quiet, I have already reserved fifteen-ten. Mr. Holden we will place in fifteen-o-nine, across the hall on the same floor." He terminated the interview by rising and saying: "I expect you to give the details to Mrs. Colling-Sands."

.

To Mrs. Sands, at post in the lobby to greet an important party, the entrance of Marcia and Purcella Forrest marked an epoch.

She had seen too much of surface refinement to use lightly the term "patrician." Yet she bestowed it on the Forrest sisters without demur. They were a type seldom seen in any New York hotel—a trifle shy, unquestionably marked small town New England, but gentle and assured with their own good breeding.

Everything had been checked two hours before. Fresh flowers were on the bedroom and sitting-room tables. The silk spreads were arranged to a nicety and the shades properly drawn to avoid glare upon entering and to enhance the cheerfulness of the room when they were raised.

Tim Bolt, grown grizzled in the service, grinned at Mrs. Sands behind their backs as he placed the suitcases. She knew he would have later remarks to make about chaperonage and the fact that the Forrest sisters were in no danger from him.

"I'm Mrs. Colling-Sands," she introduced herself when Tim had gone. "I hope you'll enjoy your stay here—and please don't hesitate to call on me if there's anything you need."

They smiled almost in unison, expressing a dual appreciation of the flowers.

It was all most casual and friendly, and Mrs. Colling-Sands departed with a glow to pay her respects to Miss Winslow.

Gertrude was seated on the edge of her bed enjoying a cigarette.

"We're all excited," she declared frankly. "My father's coming to-morrow, and I've never seen him. That is—to remember." She stopped, fixing the housekeeper with candid hazel eyes. Then impulsively: "Won't you have a cigarette and sit down a minute? I simply have to talk."

Mrs. Sands liked the girl on sight and broke a self-made rule of never becoming too friendly on short notice. She lighted the cigarette offered her and took a chair.

Gertrude lay back on the bed, rumpling her curly hair and watching her visitor. Mrs. Colling-Sands, wise and composed, inspired a desire to confide.

"Baxter—that's my brother—and I have lived a strange life. My mother died when we were tiny children. I don't remember her at all. My father's been in Australia ever since." She saw Mrs. Sands' expression and hastened to add: "He's been good to us though. Wonderfully good. We were brought up by Aunt Marcia and Aunt Purcella. We've always had everything in the world we needed. He's taken care of my cousins, too—Emmett and Rose Black. They're coming later this afternoon—but I suppose you know that, too."

"Yes," Mrs. Sands nodded, not wishing to interrupt the girl's eager defence of her father.

"You'll hear stories, Mrs. Sands. That's why I'm telling you this—taking up your time. My father's brokerage business failed before he left this country, but he paid back everything he could. He was under no obligation to do so. All my life I've wanted to see him, but he's been just a shadow."

Official rectitude deserted Mrs. Sands for a moment.

"But he's coming back now," she reminded Gertrude softly.

"Yes." The single word was hopeless. "He's coming back to die. The best specialists in the world have given him only days or hours of life. I hope I won't be disappointed. Almost I'd rather remember him as someone who'd been good to me. Aunt Marcia can't understand why at first I said I didn't want to see him. Is it fair, Mrs. Sands, to come home to your children to die?"

"Doctors have been wrong, child, many times," said Mrs. Sands, not knowing how quickly death would strike at Dryden Winslow.

THE main dining-room of Doncaster House, with mural scenes of early New York, is more select than large. Its soft lights are carefully calculated to bring out the best points of make-up and modish attire.

Mrs. Sands' table was in a secluded corner of the room, but it really was a point of vantage.

On Friday evening she watched the Winslow family at a round table prepared for them not far from her own. The Misses Forrest were dressed for evening with the severity of titled English women, but they drank their martinis with relish and smoked with the grace of habit before the meal was through.

Emmett and Rose Black had arrived during the afternoon, somewhat after the Winslows. Mrs. Sands judged them to be almost the same age as their cousins. Emmett, quiet with Oxfordian reserve, sat at Gertrude's right. He was a wavy-haired product of English education.

The appearance of the two automatically aroused a latent matchmaking instinct in Mrs. Sands. The idea collapsed when she recognised the impeccably groomed form of the Hon. Paul Holden, O.B.E., at Gertrude's left.

He was a well-known figure about New York and Mrs. Sands immediately recalled society rumors which foretold his pursuit of Gertrude's hand.

She was never able to state accurately her reasons for disliking Paul Holden, except that he wore his title and his clothes with detestable self-assurance. His manners also annoyed her. They were too perfect.

A lull came over the dining-room conversation, noticeable as the stopping of a familiar clock. Mrs. Sands knew before she looked up that the huge bulk of Dr. Lorenzo Ynez was framed in the dining-room door.

He was a massive figure, over six feet six inches in height. Once or twice Mrs. Sands had gone so far as to hint to Herr Bleucher that Doncaster House would be better off without his presence. As he stood in the doorway she thought it again.

His funereal tuxedo of extreme design was heavily braided on every possible edge. A square black beard rolled halfway down his white shirt front, smudging widely a broad red ribbon of some foreign order. Lips full as Italian tomatoes peeped through his moustache and beard. They made his face seem chalky-white and the blackness of his eyes seem red.

"Our friend Rasputin is about to make a few more conquests," Mr. Fralinger remarked.

It was true. Dr. Ynez turned in the centre of the room and headed toward the Winslow party. Paul Holden, on his feet, introduced the doctor around. Then occurred one of the incidents Mrs. Sands afterwards remembered.

Baxter Winslow refused to shake hands. It resulted in the inevitable awkward pause before Dr. Ynez bowed from the waist and went on his way, and it left tension between Baxter and Paul Holden. Mrs. Sands was sure of that.

.

It was hot the following afternoon when Dryden Winslow arrived. Somehow advance publicity gave everyone the idea he would roll up to the hotel doors in an ambulance with doctor and nurse in attendance. When Dennis the head porter phoned that the train was in Mrs. Sands was curious enough to make a point of staying close by the lobby.

He came in alone at half-past four; a slight, erect, white-haired man, with a face ravaged by illness. He had surprisingly little luggage for a man who had half-circled the world from Australia, coming home to die—two large trunk portmanteaus and one Gladstone bag.

Brusquely, with obvious fatigue, he asked a few questions of the clerk on duty behind the desk.

"My *son* and daughter have arrived?"

"Yesterday, Mr. Winslow. Shall I tell them you're here?"

"No." He squinted against the darker coolness of the lobby, estimating furnishings from Oriental rugs to draperies with a glance. "Leave word for my daughter that I would appreciate seeing her in my suite at ten to-night." His voice grew lower, almost trailing away.

"Are you ill, sir?" the clerk asked, instantly solicitous.

"No." Dryden Winslow spoke with an effort. "I must rest. I'm not to be disturbed by phone or message until my daughter calls."

Tim Bolt took him directly to 1510 and was ruinously overtipped. Doncaster House heard no more from Dryden Winslow until eight o'clock that evening, when he phoned downstairs for a Gideon Bible.

The request was received on the switchboard by Tess Buel. Tess spoke over the phone with the fine-line clarity of a copper-plate engraving, and off duty was just about as hard.

She switched the Dryden Winslow call to Mr. Fralinger, who in turn transferred it to Mrs. Colling-Sands. The hotel had some Gideon Bibles, but they were locked up in the storeroom. Mrs. Sands was in her apartment on the seventh floor when Mr. Fralinger called. On Saturday nights she often spent an hour or so in Herr Bleucher's apartment, watching the manager battle over the chessboard with an old friend of his, Captain Duncan Maclain. Without admitting it, she was lonely. Social life revolved continuously about her but scarcely ever touched her.

Annoyed for the moment at Mr. Fralinger's call and the thought of a trip to the basement storeroom, she sat down to consider what manner of a man Dryden Winslow might be. A brief glimpse of him in the lobby had given no hint that, dying, he might seek the solace of religion. She was wise enough to know the strange things wrought by approaching death, but it fitted badly with a fixity of purpose which had kept him apart from his children for years. She could not picture the bankrupt stockbroker, who had carved out a second fortune in Australia, making his last hours peaceful by reading the twenty-third Psalm. Reluctantly she gave up her conjecturing and went downstairs.

Dennis the porter was in the servants' dining-room—a spotless eating place at the east end of the basement. He left the long

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board table when she beckoned from the door, and led the way through glazed white halls to the storeroom. Passing the pantry, Mrs. Sands nodded briefly to Mr. Hastings the pantryman, a taciturn individual who spent most of his life caged up among expensive foodstuffs which he released on requisition but never ate.

Dennis admitted her to the storeroom and watched curiously as she made her way through aisles of trunks and boxes of winter apparel stored during summer months by the guests, until she came upon what she sought.

"Did you see the two Forrest sisters?" he asked as they stepped outside the storeroom.

Mrs. Sands paused and turned. "What makes you so interested in the Forrest sisters?" she asked him frankly.

"You're certainly one to jump at things," he defended stoutly. "I took their trunks upstairs, that's all. They're a queer pair of birds to light in Doncaster House."

"They're not so queer as you. What are you trying to tell me about them? Come out with it."

"I'm trying to tell you nothing about them—except that I've seen one of them before. She's been coming to this hotel off and on for the past six months."

"I don't believe it." Mrs. Sands paused with her hand on the knob of the exit door.

"Oh, but you do!" Dennis grinned devilishly. "You know when any of us is telling you the truth—but you won't admit it. Ask either of the elevator boys and they'll tell you the same. She'll be among those hung up in the closet of Doctor Ynez—if she doesn't watch out. She's one of his patients—and paying plenty, I'll wager!"

"One of the Forrest sisters?" Mrs. Sands gasped. "Dennis, you've lost your mind!"

"'Tis Miss Purcella, no less. Maybe she's lost her mind. Isn't it Bluebeard's business to cure them in that condition?"

"If it is you'd better consult him," she flung back from the stairway. "And if I hear this from anyone else you'll be out of a job."

She turned the Bible over to Mr. Fralinger for delivery and normally would have forgotten the matter entirely. But fifty questions were running through her mind, and she had to keep them all to herself—a fact which falsely enhanced their importance.

Herr Bleucher would have been the first to remind her that it was none of her business if Dryden Winslow ordered one Bible or ten; and that Miss Purcella Forrest had a right to consult any doctor living in Doncaster House—or any other hotel.

Mrs. Sands clucked angrily at the thought.

She tried to put it out of mind by going up to Herr Bleucher's apartment and watching the chess game over a glass of his excellent sherry.

Silently she drew up a chair and seated herself, not wishing to interrupt. She played chess badly but made an enthusiastic gallery. It was a double interest for her to watch the manager's opponent, Captain Maclain, for Duncan Maclain was blind.

"Good evening, Mrs. Sands," the captain said cordially. He spoke without turning his head, but his voice was warm and vibrant, filled with genuine welcome.

She leaned back in the armchair, gazing into Maclain's sightless eyes. Naturally emotional, filled with quick sympathy for anyone's trouble or affliction, it surprised her to find she had nothing but admiration for Duncan Maclain.

Tall, well set up and always tastefully dressed, his every motion was made with astonishing ease and self-assurance. An Intelligence officer blinded in the war more than twenty years before, he had beaten darkness to the ground by indomitable persistency and unrelenting work.

Three years previously, when Herr Bleucher had first introduced them, Mrs. Sands heard with incredulous wonder that Maclain was a private investigator, second to none in the world.

Everyone who knew him found it increasingly difficult, as friendship ripened, to remember that he could not see. Again now, she experienced that same amazement as, with a sensitive forefinger, he scratched Schnucke's soft ear while he played.

Schnucke was a beautiful German shepherd dog, a graduate of the Seeing Eye training school at Morristown, N.J., where the experienced tutelage of Jack Humphrey had welded her and the captain into a single entity. Broad jaws, strong white teeth and large low-placed ears showed her breeding. They formed a setting for her almond-shaped eyes, which were slightly lighter than her well-groomed coat. It was those same almond eyes, firm and independent, which guided Maclain unerringly about the city.

At first Mrs. Sands had wondered what terrific urge had driven him into a profession so fraught with danger. Finally she realised the attendant danger and the difficulties were the spice on which he thrived.

His ability to work and co-operate with the police, and to cope with the cleverest criminal mind, kept Duncan Maclain alive.

There was a clink of ice in glasses. Maclain relaxed in his chair and said, "Even with your German thoroughness, Rudolph, there is no need to pour me four fingers of Scotch. Keep that one for yourself and make mine about two. I can't very well ride Schnucke home."

The manager turned from the table, deep lines making brackets between his cheeks and mouth. He looked at Mrs. Sands. "Now isn't he the very deuce, Mrs. Sands? There are times when I know he is watching me."

"Not this one," Maclain grunted delightedly. "Although I don't see why you haven't offered Mrs. Sands a highball, too. As a lover of Scotch I am a gurgle counter; so many gurgles—so many fingers. Try it some time. As a rival Intelligence officer in the war you should know that yourself."

Mrs. Sands arose. "I'm restless tonight. If you'll excuse me, I believe I'll run along and check up some of the maids. What about tea to-morrow, Captain Maclain, at half-past four? Bring Spud and Rena if they'll come."

"I couldn't think of anything better," he said, and added surprisingly, "What's worrying you?"

"There is nothing worrying me at all," she protested a trifle too forcefully. "What are you judging by now, Captain, my heartbeats?"

"Your voice, Mrs. Sands. I have to let its tone take the place of expression. It's a dead give away to a lot of things."

"Well, for once you're wrong. I'll look for you to-morrow. Come along, too, Herr Bleucher, if you can find time."

She left, feeling she had cheated and been disloyal to Duncan Maclain, for she was worried—probably about Dryden Winslow's family, who were occupying most of the fifteenth and sixteenth floors.

MRS. COLLING-SANDS stood outside Herr Bleucher's apartment, wasting a moment before she walked down the corridor and took an elevator to the fifteenth floor.

Compared to the huge commercial structures spiring up from midtown New York, it was not a large hotel, but the halls were wide and spacious, turning sharply at the east and west ends to form a capital E, with the elevators in the centre.

She had never quite rid herself of the feeling of isolation when an elevator door closed behind her in Doncaster House, and that Saturday night the corridors appeared starkly empty. Life was all about her, she knew, and mentally she checked it over, scanning the numbers on the doors.

Douglas Parsons and his wife had 1512; a childless couple, secure in a fortune made from manufacturing mechanical toys for children. Life was there to its fullest, while next door in 1510 it was slowly reaching its end, finishing the strange career of Dryden Winslow, a man so ill he must needs waste hours before holding an interview with a daughter he had scarcely ever seen. With her close by, and his son close by, he was letting golden moments slip away.

With a passkey in the lock and her hand on the knob of 1508 she paused, sensing a movement behind her. It was actually sensed, for she heard no noise, and the indirect lights gleaming softly from the mouldings threw no shadow.

Jumpy, as she had been all day, she swung around to find the door of 1507 open.

Presenting a picture too large for its frame, Dr. Lorenzo Ynez stood in the door of his suite. Despite the heat, a dressing-gown of dull black satin hung from his massive shoulders to the bows of his patent-leather pumps. It gave the ludicrous effect that his jet-black beard had grown to a point where it enveloped him entirely.

Mrs. Sands always expected his voice to be harsh and brittle, but whenever he spoke his words flowed as soothingly as tepid water.

"Good evening, Mrs. Sands." The reddish tint glowed deep in his hot black eyes.

Lightly, with a dancing master's step, he left the doorway and closed the door, but not before she had seen the shadow of a figure in the foyer behind him.

He had given her nothing beyond the most casual salutation, yet she could have sworn there was anger behind his aplomb; anger that a second person about to leave 1507 ran the risk of being seen.

She replied politely enough, "Good evening, Doctor Ynez," and watched as he took a letter from his dressing-gown pocket and walked leisurely down the hall to post it in the mail chute by the elevator shaft.

Before he turned to retrace his steps she opened the door of 1508 and slipped inside. It swung to with a subdued slam which slipped the well-oiled lock back into place. With its closing the soft lights of the hall were gone.

Mrs. Sands stood in the darkness of the small low-ceilinged foyer listening until a swish of footsteps and the dull thud of another door told her Dr. Lorenzo Ynez had returned to his suite across the hall.

About to press down on the tiny round knob, she hesitated again. Years of hotel background had developed a subtle feeling for the apartments in Doncaster House. Six feet ahead the foyer opened into a great living-room, and without conscious thought she realised that her disquietude came not

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from the passing of Dr. Ynes in the hall, but from some cause in 1508 itself.

She passed the narrow staircase at her left which led to a dining balcony overhead—an advertised feature of many three-room suites in the hotel—and once in the living-room her trained eyes swept it from end to end, searching for something awry. Not until she felt the brush of warm outside air against her cheek did she know exactly what was wrong. It proved so obvious she gave a sheepish grin.

In the semi-obscurity of an apartment which should have been utterly dark she was looking at, and checking, furniture. The explanation was easy; the big french windows leading to the terrace were open, letting in the reflected lights of the city.

She crossed the room and stepped outside to view the far-flung vista of shining lights, domes and flashing electric signs spread to the north.

Laughter came from an open window overhead. Below the last notes of a swing band's melody gave way to a garbled announcement.

Close at hand a tired voice said, "Gertrude! You've grown into a beautiful girl. I'm sorry I had to keep you waiting; please sit down."

From somewhere west a clock struck ten.

Strained and unnatural, the musical voice of Gertrude Winslow replied, "And I'm sorry, Father—sorry you waited so long to come home."

Mrs. Sands turned away with the feeling she had invaded the privacy of a guest. The windows of Dryden Winslow's terrace, fifteen feet away, were flung wide, and even biting curiosity could never overcome her ingrained self-respect.

For an instant before leaving she leaned over the waist-high stone railing, looking down to where the next terrace jutted out from 608—nine floors below. Either a light shone on the red flagstones or she thought it did.

Remembering the french windows of 1508 were open when she entered, she decided to check 608 to see if a careless maid had made the same error there.

Inside, she closed the windows and drew the light silk curtains across them to keep the morning sun from rugs and chairs. The place was natural then; dark, as it should be, and confidently she crossed the room and threw the switch for one last look around.

The grip of fear persisted, growing worse as the clustered ceiling lights were absorbed in the gloominess of the panelled walls.

Guilty as a child caught in forbidden play, she glanced at the balcony overhead. Seeing nothing, she returned the room to darkness with a panicky touch—almost running for the sanctuary of the hall.

By the time the service elevator dropped her to the sixth-floor level, practicality had returned.

She stepped out onto the terrace, listening to the radio, now far overhead. Above her, soothingly pleasant, a night bird called. A night bird perhaps, or a human with a lilting voice uttering two-cadenced notes, the first long drawn, the second quick and sharp.

She looked above her, searching without volition to locate the spot from where the two notes came. The lights of a window in 910 shone brightly in her eyes.

Above the light, lost between it and the hotel top, she heard a crack which might have been a small-sized gun. It ricocheted from the terraced building, bouncing from wall to wall, to diminish into nothing. On its heels she heard a whistle, faint and sharp and vibrantly quick. Hideously soft, it merged with a strangled scream.

Back she pressed against the terrace wall, grovelling to dodge the misshapen mass that hurtled past the lighted window of 910 to crash sickeningly on the terrace before her.

Knuckles pressed violently against her teeth to stifle her screams, she stood too paralysed to move, gazing at the battered, broken form of Dryden Winslow.

IF not promptly checked, calamity spreads through an hotel with the rapidity of dry gunpowder trailed carefully through halls and stairs and touched alight. The final explosion is panic—turning phlegmatic business men, stodgy matrons and even trained employees into temporary incompetents, acting without forethought or reason.

For scorching seconds its consuming fire blazed inside Mrs. Colling-Sands, urging her into blind action.

Through the open french windows behind her lay escape—freedom from oblong patches of yellow light turned into evil inquiring eyes; freedom from the soft blotch on the flagstones which moments before had been a man.

Pushing herself away from the wall with real physical effort, she sped into the darkened room. Familiar furniture was in the way. She crashed into it painfully and thrust it aside, tearing at its soft, restraining fabric. The door held firmly against her, bringing angry tears which scalded her eyes until habit told her the lock must be turned together with the lower knob.

The soft-piled carpet of the hall slowed her flight with the restraint of deep white sand, but it served to hasten returning calmness.

She scorned the elevator's certain delay, tugged open the heavy fireproof door barring the service stairway, and somehow reached the second floor, leaving a staccato series of heel clicks resounding up the deserted shaft.

There must have been urgency in her touch of the buzzer on Herr Bleucher's door, for he answered it promptly.

Words came to her then, tumbling out in an avalanche, until interrupted by the peremptory ring of Herr Bleucher's phone.

Rigidly she sat on the edge of a straight-backed chair and watched the manager cross the room to answer. Automatically she counted his steps, wondering if Duncan Maclain was doing the same.

The captain was very much at ease—had been throughout the quick, frightened flow of her story. Only the quiet mechanical moving of an ivory chessman pushed about the board indicated his interest.

Holding it between the tips of his first and second fingers, he moved it from square to square, stopping it in the centre of one after another with disconcerting accuracy, until she decided he was measuring the distance from the edge of the board with his extended little finger used as a guide.

Some soothing quality of detachment about the movement kept her from threatened hysterics—made her feel as though what she had been telling had happened a long, long time ago.

"You were right, Mrs. Sands," said Herr Bleucher as he gently replaced the phone, "it was Dryden Winslow. He is on the terrace of six-o-eight." Spotted uniforms might stir him to a fury, but under stress he grew calm.

"It's curious, isn't it?" Maclain remarked, relinquishing the chessman which he had picked up again.

"Curious? Why?" Herr Bleucher barked the question as he might have issued a command to a troop of Uhlans. "I take him in knowing his heart is bad, but I expect him to die in bed, not to fall off his terrace when he has an attack. If you don't mind, captain, would you wait here with Mrs. Sands? I'll have to go."

"One moment." Maclain inhaled thoughtfully and flicked ashes accurately into a nearby tray before he asked, "Had you thought of suicide, Rudolph?"

"Any manager thinks of suicide." Herr Bleucher paused on his way to the door. "It ruins an hotel. But this is not suicide, I know. This is an accident—to our best guest—for the moment, of course. Fifteen-ten and five other suites he's paying for. One hundred and thirty dollars a day for our transient list, and he dies before he has been in the hotel a night!"

"You managers are delightful fellows, Rudolph. A man falls from a window, or is pushed from one, and you have his room rent figured up before he hits. I was figuring abstractly, but perhaps your charges caused him to jump!"

Herr Bleucher stood touching his dark moustache with a finger-tip and looking down at Maclain.

"Why do you say pushed, Captain Maclain?" Business formality crept strongly into his voice. "Everything to you is murder, I'm afraid. Nobody is pushed from windows in Doncaster House, nor did Dryden Winslow jump. He was due to die most shortly. He had nothing more, I'm sure, than a heart attack and a fall from his terrace to another."

"Any hotel manager would be sure of that," said Maclain. "Suppose you let me accompany you and find out."

"Heaven forbid!" the manager exclaimed. "You and Schnucke seen around a dead millionaire in Doncaster House! Flashlights would be popping in twenty minutes."

The captain gently pursed his lips. "Have you considered that hell's apt to be popping instead of flashlights, Rudolph? If I remember clearly, the stone balustrades on your terraces are waist high and correspondingly wide. What sort of a heart attack would cause a man to fall over one of those? Do you think there is a case, Mrs Sands?"

He turned his head slowly toward where she was sitting, as though he might read her reply.

The loyalty of her profession kept her silent for a moment of consideration—she had to think and think quickly. Collected again, with the edge of panic dulled, she knew there were things she had not told, trivial things perhaps, blanked out of mind by the crash of a body falling at her feet.

"There might be a case. I heard a shot—or what might have been a shot."

"Impossible, Mrs. Colling-Sands!" Herr Bleucher glacially protested. "You mentioned nothing about a shot a few minutes ago."

"Are you certain it was a shot, Mrs. Sands, and not a backfire from the street?" This was from Maclain.

"It came from above," she persisted. "And there was something else, too. A soft call of two notes rising and falling, then afterwards the shot and whistle, which might have been a signal."

"Poppycock!" said Herr Bleucher, but he took Maclain's arm and added, "Perhaps you'd better come after all, Duncan." His icy formality had melted to a note of pleading.

"Good!" said Maclain.

He reached for Schnucke's harness, placed

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on a table close at hand, and expertly adjusted it on the dog. Under her guidance he followed the impatient manager into the hall.

Mrs. Sands, once more the competent housekeeper, accompanied them without invitation.

Dutifully Schnucke led her master after the hurrying form down the length of the hall and waited while Herr Bleucher's private emergency ring summoned an elevator free of inquisitive guests.

Wordlessly they left it at the sixth floor to enter the brightly-lighted rooms of 608.

Although it was not apparent to Herr Bleucher and Mrs. Sands, numerous details told Maclain instantly that 608 was furnished, but unoccupied. Schnucke guided him around tables and chairs in orderly array—too orderly, for a room where people were living. Occupants, no matter how neat, always leave traces of their presence, but the tables, brushed skilfully in passing by the captain's hands, were bare of books or papers. The ash trays he touched were empty. There was an odor of tobacco in the suite, but it came from a fresh cigar.

Mrs. Sands, knowing too well what lay beyond the open french doors, sank into one of the easy chairs and nervously lighted a cigarette.

From the terrace a deep voice said, "I'm afraid he is quite dead, Herr Bleucher," and paused with inquiring silence.

"This is my friend, Captain Duncan Maclain," said Herr Bleucher, explaining. "Doctor Sylvester, the house physician, is here, Captain, and Mr. Fralinger, the assistant manager."

"Compound fracture of the left leg," the doctor continued unemotionally; "and a superficial examination indicates severe internal injuries. He hasn't been moved. You might examine him, Captain Maclain. There are several points indicating the peculiarity of fall from a great height. I understand you are something of a criminologist."

He was silent while Maclain, with a gesture, ordered Schnucke down beside him and knelt on the terrace floor.

"His slipper was torn off in the fall," Dr. Sylvester explained. "I have it here, Captain Maclain. You see, the top half is torn almost from the sole."

There was a silence again as Duncan Maclain's supple fingers found Dryden Winslow's stiff collar, travelling slowly around the neck and up and over the face and head.

"Oh, yes, Captain," said Dr. Sylvester, "his neck was broken, too."

"I'd like to wash my hands," said Duncan Maclain. He came through the living-room under Schnucke's guidance, following the doctor with his free, unhampered stride.

"I'm afraid he didn't die of heart failure, Herr Bleucher," he said at length.

"What do you mean?" Dr. Sylvester demanded truculently in a voice which ascended to a piping note.

"His neck, Doctor. Did you feel his neck?"

"Certainly," said the doctor; "it was broken in the fall."

"Which also broke his arm and leg?" the captain inquired. "And left no concussion on the skull?"

Dr. Sylvester's face screwed itself into a puzzled ball, then cleared.

"His collar, of course, Captain Maclain. There was a ridge around his neck. The pull of the clothing broke it, don't you see?"

"If there were one ridge, yes, I might agree." Maclain leaned down and thoughtfully patted Schnucke's head. "But there are three, Doctor Sylvester. Three distinct ridges—hardly made by a single collar."

"So, as the doctor says," put in Herr Bleucher, "falls from a great height are most peculiar. There is nothing much now we can do."

"Nothing at all," Maclain declared, "until the police get here. I'll have to call them, Herr Bleucher, for Dryden Winslow was hanged."

INSPECTOR LARRY DAVIS and Sergeant Aloysius Archer, of the New York Homicide Squad, arrived at Doncaster House shortly after the influx of authority from the precinct station.

The owners, wise in the devious stratagems necessary to the operation of a New York hotel, were careful to keep their political standing unimpaired. They employed for the purpose a seldom-seen, genial Hibernian known as Timothy Corrigan.

Mr. Corrigan earned his 6000 dollars a year by acting as buffer between Doncaster House and the constant army of invading fire inspectors, elevator inspectors, building inspectors and sanitary inspectors.

Although Mr. Corrigan was far from Doncaster House at the time of Dryden Winslow's death, his presence was keenly felt. It was due to him that the law moved in without the blare of screaming sirens and started their efficient machinery to work by way of the service entrance instead of the front lobby.

Mr. Fralinger, under orders from Herr Bleucher, met Davis and Archer at the door, conducted them down the cement incline leading to the basement, and herded them safely into the service elevator at the west end of the house.

The inspector stopped him in the hall before they entered 608 and guilelessly asked, "You're the assistant manager, you say, Mr. Fralinger?" He neglected to wait for the nodded reply but continued unhurriedly, "Who first said this man Winslow had been killed? Lieutenant Andrews, from the precinct, phoned me that he fell from the fifteenth floor to the terrace of this apartment here. What makes you think it was murder?"

Mr. Fralinger colored. "I don't think it was murder, Inspector. In fact, it seems very foolish to me. That idea came from a friend of Herr Bleucher's."

"Oh, you've called in your friends, have you?" said the sergeant. "And who might this man be?"

"He's a blind man," Mr. Fralinger began, grinning. "Captain Duncan Maclain."

He was startled at the change of expression reflected on the faces of each of the two men.

"He doesn't just claim the man was killed; he says he was hanged," he went on.

"That he was hanged!" Davis exclaimed. "Then Maclain will prove he was hanged, even if he has to go up in a balloon and let down a rope to show you just how it was done. Where is he?"

A uniformed policeman, already bored, left his chair in the foyer of 1510 to admit Mr. Fralinger and the two members of the Homicide Squad.

Duncan Maclain had drawn up a chair to the broad living-room table, and for the moment his restless hands were still, folded together on the edge with the easy pose of a child in school.

Schnucke stood up as Davis and Archer came in. She gave a short friendly wag of her tail to indicate she had met them before, then stretched herself out again beside the chair.

Exclusive of Lieutenant Andrews, Maclain and the policeman on duty, there were six other people in the room. The Forrest sisters, calm and composed, Gertrude Winslow, Mrs. Sands, Herr Bleucher and Paul Holden.

When Davis finally spoke, it came as an anti-climax. He casually asked the captain, "Are you handling this for the hotel?"

The captain shook his head. "I'm not handling it for anyone, Inspector."

The inspector said unemotionally, "Fralinger told me that Dryden Winslow was hanged."

Next to Mrs. Sands, Gertrude Winslow jumped to her feet.

"That's insane—mad!" she screamed, finally reaching the end of self-control. "I was here in the room with him—right here."

Paul Holden put a hand on her shoulder from behind. "You'd better sit down, Gertrude. I wouldn't say anything until we consult an attorney."

Davis swung around from the captain, facing them, his eyes showing dead flat under his thick brows.

"Why shouldn't she speak," he asked Holden. "She has nothing to hide, has she?"

Gertrude resumed her seat and took Mrs. Sands' hand. "I was in here, Inspector. But I don't know what happened. You see—" She stopped again completely, gazing at the floor.

Davis drew a long breath, and scratched his head. "No, Miss Winslow, I don't see. Perhaps I had better ask the questions."

"She's not going to talk," said Paul Holden. He left his place behind the divan and strode to the table to stop in front of Duncan Maclain.

"You've made the statement, Captain Maclain, that my fiancee's father was hanged. I trust you are in a position to prove it and at the same time find out why and by whom."

"I think I am, Mr. Holden."

"Then," said Holden, "you should have no objection to accepting a commission to represent Miss Winslow and me. I'll be glad to guarantee your fee."

The captain interlaced his fingers and pushed down with his palms to flex them from the cramp of being long folded. He turned in the direction of the fireplace where Davis was watching.

"I've heard strange things in the past hour, Inspector. Do you mind if I ask a couple of questions before I make a decision?"

"Ask away," Davis grumbled, "if you can get anyone to talk."

"Very well," said Maclain. He took hold of the leather-covered brace attached to Schnucke's harness and in a low voice directed her left. She stopped him close to a glass-covered buffet at the end of the room. Without hesitating he reached for a book which lay in the centre, picked it up and brought it back to the table. He sat down, placing the book before him.

"This is the only thing I have found of interest in this apartment, Inspector. It's a Gideon Bible. I noticed it because I have a habit of noticing everything which I contact in a search. Before I came upstairs I went briefly over six-o-eight. It is a furnished suite, like this, but there was no Gideon Bible there. That is why I noticed it here. It was the only book in the room."

"How did you know it was a Gideon Bible?" asked Sergeant Archer, speaking for the first time.

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"Because Mrs. Sands told me, Sergeant. She also told me why it was here. Dryden Winslow asked for it at eight o'clock to-night."

"Go on, Maclain." Davis wiped his forehead with the palm of his hand. "What are your questions?"

"First," said the captain, "did you talk with your father on the terrace, Miss Winslow, or in this room?"

She brightened under his obvious friendliness and answered, "In this room, Captain Maclain."

"But he went out on to the terrace," Maclain persisted, "before he fell?"

"Yes." Painfully she began piecing together the scene which seemed so far away. "He was talking to me—it couldn't have been for more than ten minutes—asking me about my life and Baxter's—he's my brother. Then in the middle of something he was saying he stopped and walked on to the terrace."

"Why?" asked Davis.

"I don't know."

Maclain pulled the Gideon Bible closer to him and opened the cover.

"Could he have heard anything, Miss Winslow? Any sound which might have taken him from the room?"

"That's it!" Her eyes grew wide, and she placed a hand on her breast. "Of course, Captain Maclain. The peculiar call—I remember it now. The last thing he said was, 'Wait here a minute, Gertrude, I'll be back,' and he never came. I went out on to the terrace myself."

"How long after was that?" asked the captain.

"Not long, I'm sure." She moved her hand from breast to throat, looking dazedly about the room as though seeking confirmation.

"He was gone when you stepped out there?" Maclain insisted, his sensitive fingers tracing the pattern on the inside of the open book.

"No, no, no!" screamed Gertrude Winslow. She was on her feet again, sending a wave of cold all over Mrs. Sands. "No! He wasn't gone—he was going, moving slowly out over the railing, struggling, and gasping to be free. I heard another sound, too—that's why I went out—a terrible sound as though in death he was whistling; whistling for me to come." She dropped into the seat beside Mrs. Sands and covered her distorted face.

"With your permission," said Duncan Maclain, "I'll take the case, Inspector."

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For hours after the routine police investigation got under way, detectives, photographers and other experts kept the service elevators busy. Briskly professional, the medical examiner arrived in due course and made copious notes.

Dr. Sylvester, feeling a bond of professional kinship, promptly volunteered much technical information which the M.E. impolitely ignored. Sadly deflated, the hotel physician watched the city official fill out forms with a scratchy fountain pen, fold them to fit an inside pocket and leave after ordering Winslow's body to be removed to the morgue.

At two o'clock in the morning the inquiry moved from 1510 to the sixteenth floor.

"So your father stayed in Australia for more than twenty years, Miss Winslow?" That was the inspector speaking again, adding another cigarette butt to the collection which would have to be cleaned from the fireplace in the morning.

"Yes."

"Exactly how many years, Miss Winslow?"

"Twenty-two years."

"Then none of you have seen Dryden Winslow from the time he left America until to-night?"

"We didn't see him to-night." This from Miss Marcia, gazing at Davis through her pince-nez.

"Will you tell me again just what he said to you, Miss Winslow?"

"He told me I was grown-up and beautiful—then he asked me a few questions about my life and Baxter's." Gertrude paused and reached for Mrs. Sands' hand, while the sergeant smoked and made notes.

"Was that all?"

"It's hard to remember—I think I just talked at random for a few minutes. I mentioned our trips abroad to visit our cousins Emmett and Rose Black."

"But he didn't say why he wanted to speak to you alone before he saw any of the others?"

"No."

"And he didn't ask you about your engagement to Mr. Holden, nor were you in this apartment more than ten minutes before he went out onto the terrace?"

Then a question from Duncan Maclain.

"Your father said nothing about the Gideon Bible, Miss Winslow?"

"Nothing at all, Captain Maclain."

"When did you first see Dryden Winslow, Mr. Fralinger?" This was the inspector again.

"When I delivered the Bible to him at the door."

"Are you in the habit of delivering things to guests yourself?"

"No, Inspector, but Mr. Winslow was an important guest, and he'd made an unusual request. Mrs. Sands found the Bible in the basement and turned it ove, to me, and I brought it up myself. We have to use some discretion in the matters of personal service."

"The Bible was in perfect condition when you got it from the storeroom, Mrs. Sands?"

"Perfect, Inspector. I selected it myself from several stored there." Twice before she had answered that. The third time Davis surprised her by omitting the balance of his questions, which had become a boring routine.

Why had she come to 1508? Did she have any idea who had opened the french doors? Why had she left 1508 and gone downstairs to 608?

Those and many other questions he omitted, and much to her relief Mrs. Sands watched the big room gradually empty itself of people. First the Forrest sisters and Gertrude, next Paul Holden and Herr Bleucher.

Mr. Fralinger was about to follow, and Mrs. Sands had risen to her feet when Davis said:

"I wonder if you two would give us a little help—since both of you are thoroughly familiar with the hotel?" They nodded in unison and Mrs. Sands felt sure that the assistant manager shared her unhappy feeling of checked escape.

"I want to look through several of the rooms," the inspector continued. "Will you come along, Captain Maclain?"

Maclain stood up, stretched, and reached for Schnucke, who had pressed close to his left leg.

"I would be glad to." He turned slightly towards where Sergeant Archer stood by the open french doors. "When you take this Bible down to headquarters, Sergeant, you might have an analysis made for me." He stretched out his right hand palm up. The tips of his first two fingers showed faintly dirty under the vase lamp on the table.

"What color is that stuff on my fingers, Inspector?"

Davis came closer. "Reddish brown—why?"

"It came from the inside cover of the Gideon Bible," the captain told him. "I thought it was reddish brown, for it feels to me like old leather. I'd like your laboratory to make sure. Is there any old leather where those Bibles are stored, Mrs. Sands?"

Uncomprehendingly she shook her head; then, remembering Maclain could not see, she said, "No."

"Thank you." Maclain gave her a reassuring smile. "Suppose we go first to 1508 and then upstairs. It might help matters if we could get in touch with Miss Winslow's brother and Emmett and Rose Black."

"I think you'll have a long wait," said Archer, but he proved to be wrong. When they got upstairs to Baxter Winslow's room the three young people were there.

But the inspector's first gently put question, "Where have you been?" was left unanswered.

Dripping ribbons and lace, and with maidenly modesty flung to the winds, Miss Marcia Forrest suddenly appeared in the doorway of Baxter Winslow's room.

Mrs. Colling-Sands knew a faint when she saw one coming. She held Miss Marcia on her feet just long enough for that distraught lady to announce in a high unnatural squeak that her sister Purcella had gone into the bathroom and had not returned.

A VISIT to Duncan Maclain's penthouse was an adventure to Mrs. Colling-Sands. She had been there many times before for tea, graciously served by Rena Savage. Several dinners as the captain's guest were still vivid in her mind.

Sarah Marsh, who with equal facility bossed Maclain's kitchen and her shiny black husband Cappo, turned out meals which lingered long in the memory. In addition, Maclain's penthouse was a place not easily forgotten.

Cappo Marsh alternated the duties of butler and chauffeur. He called for Mrs. Sands and Mr. Fralinger at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning. Speeding through the park in the captain's limousine on their way uptown, Mrs. Sands tried to satisfy the assistant manager's curiosity about Duncan Maclain.

"He has been blind since 1917," she said, "but when I'm around him I can't believe it."

"Nor I," declared Fralinger. "He startled me last night in fifteen-ten, and everyone else I'm sure. Why do you suppose he wants us to come this morning?"

Mrs. Sands toyed with a notebook and pencil in the case at the side of the car before she replied. "I think it has to do with that Gideon Bible. And what could have happened to Miss Purcella?"

"I think she walked out," said Fralinger calmly. "Too much fuss and too many questions. Women of that type get hysterical, Mrs. Sands, and do unaccountable things."

"That would be most unaccountable to me! Miss Marcia said her sister was in negligee, and police were all over the place."

"So were reporters," Fralinger reminded her, "and plenty of guests. Miss Marcia admits a light coat was missing from a closet in the hall—and a hat. I claim she slipped the coat on over the negligee and put on the hat, and went down to the basement, where she waited a chance to get out a back door unobserved."

Cappo eased the car up before the sheltering canopy so his passengers might alight. The alert doorman said: "Captain Maclain is expecting you, Mrs. Colling-Sands; go right on up please. I believe you know the way."

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In the elevator *she told* Mr. Fralinger. "We change at the twenty-fourth floor. There is a small automatic elevator there which takes us up two more flights to the penthouse."

Cool washed air met them when they alighted at the air-conditioned lobby of the penthouse. Curtained glass doors partially revealed a dining-room to their left. Straight ahead was another door, shutting off the captain's soundproof office from the hall. A third door, to their left, led to the spacious living quarters which compared favorably with a luxurious country home.

The door to Maclain's office opened and Spud Savage, the captain's keen and trusted helper, stepped into the hall. Mrs. Sands introduced him, and for a moment Mr. Fralinger felt himself under the scrutiny of keen yellow eyes which saw so much of the world for Duncan Maclain.

"Do you mind waiting a few moments before we go inside? It will save time if you answer a few questions here." Spud addressed himself to Mr. Fralinger. "Do you have a regular taxi stand outside Doncaster House? I want to know if Baxter Winslow and Emmett and Rose Black took a cab from the stand and drove around the park last night."

"So that's where they claim to have been?"

"That's what they claim. But so far the police haven't been able to locate the cab. At least they say they haven't."

"But they wouldn't hold back information, would they?" Mr. Fralinger protested.

"You're English, aren't you?" Spud grinned and lounged casually, watching the assistant manager's nod. "I'm speaking of the New Yor police, not the London police. Inspector Davis and Sergeant Archer are physically incapable of telling everything they know—unless they think it furthers their own ends.

"Let's go on from there. Baxter Winslow says he was drunk last night, and his cousins back up his story. He was irritated because his father had asked to see Miss Winslow alone. The more he drank the more irritated he became—until he finally decided to break in on the interview."

"You can't mean he was in the room, too, when Dryden Winslow was killed?" asked Mrs. Sands.

"It's not as easy as that. Emmett and Rose Black met him coming out of his own room — sixteen-twelve — about twenty minutes past ten. They dissuaded him from a foolish move which might have antagonised Dryden Winslow. Then they got him out of the hotel, hailed a cab and drove around the park. They didn't know about the murder until they returned to Doncaster House."

Mrs. Sands moved uneasily, plucking at her dress. "What a pity they didn't leave earlier! Mr. Winslow was dead at twenty minutes past ten."

"Exactly!" Mr. Fralinger exclaimed.

"Suppose we go inside," said Spud Savage.

He opened the door and preceded Mrs. Sands and her companion into Maclain's office. Gertrude Winslow, seated beside her brother, smiled a welcome from the far side of the room, but Mrs. Sands felt the smile was mechanical, a brave attempt to lighten a mortifying situation.

Baxter Winslow made no such effort. He stared glumly at the new arrivals, expressing disapproval in every line of his twitching face.

"I thought this was a private conference," he said with some asperity.

Mrs. Colling-Sands was watching Duncan Maclain. Despite his blindness he seemed to be following their progress into the room. She expected him to challenge Baxter Winslow's rudeness, but he disappointed her by remaining silent.

Fifty or more pieces of a jigsaw puzzle were on a desk before him. Some of them were already fitted together. Easily and systematically he was searching among the others, selecting and rejecting by running his finger-tips along the irregular curves. She watched him fit four of the pieces into place, then turned away. There was a hypnotic quality about the process which soothed her. She was curious to see its effect on the other watchers.

Paul Holden suddenly pushed himself up in his chair and broke the pulling silence. "Was there something more, Captain Maclain?"

"Many things more." The captain raised his eyebrows and gave an apologetic smile. "I have an unfortunate habit of thinking with my fingers. I trust you'll forgive me, Mr. Holden. Let me see. I was about to ask Miss Forrest for some further data on Dryden Winslow when Mrs. Sands and Mr. Fralinger came in."

"If it's anything personal . . ." Mr. Fralinger began.

"I particularly want you and Mrs. Sands to hear it." The captain returned the jigsaw puzzle pieces to a drawer at his right. "Personalities become public property when someone is killed, Mr. Fralinger. I asked you to come this morning because I need help inside Doncaster House. To be of aid you must have full information. Don't you think so, Mr. Winslow?"

"Well, I for one prefer anything you do, Captain Maclain, to the inquisition we went through last night," Emmett Black announced, looking at his cousin. "What about it, Baxter?"

"You're right about it, of course." Baxter spoke more agreeably. "I've been rather boorish, Captain Maclain. I'm sorry."

The captain leaned back in his swivel chair and locked his hands behind his head. "Please don't think I've forgotten your sister, Miss Forrest. The police are doing everything possible to find her—much more than I can do."

"You wanted more information about Dryden?"

"Please. You can help to clear matters up if you'll confirm a few opinions I've formed about him."

"I'll do what I can." She took a slow, weary breath. "I haven't seen him for twenty years or more."

"I understand that, but you've been in touch with him. I want to know if he was a man of regular habits?"

"He lived in Australia, Captain Maclain."

"I'll try to make my questions clearer, Miss Forrest. He sent money for the support of his children, did he not?"

"Yes." She colored faintly.

"Every month?"

"To the day—if that's what you mean by regular habits."

"Thank you, Miss Forrest." He turned his head slightly in the direction of Emmett and Rose Black. "And you, Mr. Black. You and your sister were brought up in England, were you not?"

"In London, Captain Maclain. Dryden Winslow was my mother's brother. Our parents went down on the Lusitania during the war."

"And your uncle educated and supported you both?"

"That's correct. He placed us with old friends of his—the Carruthers'; a childless couple who live in Kensington Gardens. We've really always thought of them as our parents."

"The money for your support came in regularly, too, Mr. Black?"

"Regularly. As Aunt Marcia put it—'to the day.'"

"Aunt Marcia," Maclain repeated softly. "Was Dryden Winslow your brother, too, Miss Forrest?"

"No, Captain Maclain."

Mrs. Sands watched the color recede from Marcia Forrest's unwrinkled face, leaving it pinched and white.

"Dryden Winslow was a friend of Purcella's and mine before he left this country—nothing more. We loved Baxter and Gertrude from the time they were born. The arrangement has made our lives happy."

"And ours, too," said Gertrude Winslow eagerly. "I can assure you, Captain Maclain, we've never missed Mother or Father!"

The captain unlocked his hands and came back to an upright position in his chair. "Did Dryden Winslow ever communicate with you, Miss Marcia, concerning this gathering at Doncaster House?"

"He gave the date we were to be there with Gertrude and Baxter. That was all. He was a man accustomed to being obeyed."

"He was accustomed to many other things," said Maclain reflectively. "I went over his apartment last night. Your statement about the regularity of his drafts confirms what I found.

"Tired after a long journey, and desperately ill, he had still unpacked ten suits and hung them in his closet. His toilet articles were geometrically arranged along his bureau. Underwear, shirts, and socks were distributed with most unusual care. In one drawer I even found a sewing kit. What does that indicate to you, Spud?"

"Fastidiousness—to the highest degree."

"I hardly see the connection," Paul Holden remarked.

"The connection is one action—so simple it becomes vital, Mr. Holden." Maclain waved a hand towards the shelves of books in Braille. "All my reading and all my experience has taught me that humans seldom vary from lifelong habits. Orderliness is a habit—one of the hardest to break. Dryden Winslow left behind him many proofs that he was a meticulous man. He left behind him something else—psychologically entirely out of line. The Gideon Bible I found in his room had red tops to the pages. Those tops were at the bottom of the cover when I picked up the book. It goes against everything I've learned about Dryden Winslow to believe he'd tear a Bible from its cover and replace it upside down!"

This announcement was followed by a brief silence. It depressed Mrs. Sands. She closed her eyes and tried to put herself in the captain's position by identifying the normal sounds of those around her.

It was not easy, and they finally merged into the tremulous breathing of Gertrude Winslow. The telephone bell put an end to her experiment. She opened her eyes just in time to notice Miss Marcia watching her.

The captain picked up the phone, listened briefly and said: "Make it around five. I'll be glad to see you." When he replaced the receiver Rose Black spoke for the first time since Mrs. Sands had entered.

"You're hinting that my uncle was rather perturbed when he returned that Bible to the cover, Captain Maclain? Otherwise he would have replaced it right side up. That's clever!"

"Note quite clever enough, Miss Black. I still don't know the truth. You don't feel that your father was upset about any-

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thing when you went in to see him, do you, Miss Winslow?"

"No," Gertrude answered. "I felt he was excited at seeing me, but certainly not upset. Is it so important?"

"It's quite important." Maclain spoke conversationally. "It eliminates one of three things. Either your father replaced that Bible under great emotional stress, or he replaced it speedily, before some other person could see it, perhaps yourself."

"But he set the time of my arrival. He knew exactly when I would be there."

"That's quite true," the captain admitted. "Consequently, the last conclusion appears most logical—that Dryden Winslow wasn't the one who replaced the Bible back in its cover!"

Baxter Winslow, Emmett Black, and Paul Holden all spoke at once. The captain raised his hand and continued: "With your permission, gentlemen, I'd like to trace this out step by step in my own way. We've covered the ground rather thoroughly up to the time of Mr. Winslow's death. I want to go on from there." His questions continued:

"You didn't leave the room from the time your father was killed until Herr Bleucher and I arrived, did you, Miss Winslow?"

"No."

"What did you do immediately after your father was killed?"

"I telephoned for help."

"Do you recall just what you said?"

"Not exactly. I think I said: 'My father's fallen off the terrace of fifteen-ten. Please send help!'"

"I understand the telephone operator gave that call to you, Mr. Fralinger."

"That's right."

"Do you know anything about Dryden Winslow's will, Miss Forrest?" This question came bluntly.

"Really, Captain Maclain," Miss Marcia protested rebukingly, "I haven't given the matter a thought. In fact, I feel the very mention of it is somewhat out of place right now—with Dryden dead and my sister gone."

"Has it occurred to you that a will might have a direct bearing on both those happenings?"

"Please explain, Captain Maclain." Miss Marcia fixed her pince-nez with trembling fingers.

"I'll be glad to," said Maclain smoothly. "Dryden Winslow's lavish expenditures indicate that he was a man of wealth. He was close to death, and knew it. Is it unreasonable to suppose, Miss Forrest, that his affairs were already put in order?"

"I've said before, Captain Maclain, that I know nothing of Dryden Winslow's affairs."

"Is there a legal firm in New York which represented him?"

"None."

"He never gave you the name of his solicitors in Australia?"

"Never."

"Do you know of any firm representing him in London, Mr. Black?"

"I regret that I can't help you either, Captain Maclain."

"His bankers were Kraus & Kane, Ltd., of Melbourne," Baxter Winslow supplied. "At least his drafts were all drawn on them. Isn't that right, Aunt Marcia?"

"Yes," said Miss Forrest. "Perhaps he has a safe-deposit box there."

"Cable them, Spud, and find out." Maclain directed his partner, who was unobtrusively smoking in a far corner of the room.

A silver chime concealed by the panelling of the wall issued a soft summons. The captain reached out and touched one of the row of buttons by his side. "When you hear the signal," said a voice issuing from the wall, "the time will be twelve-fifty-nine and one-quarter."

"Since I can't see the time," Maclain explained, "I have a special wire connected with the telephone company's time bureau."

He stood up. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to excuse me. That was the dinner chime which sounded a moment ago. We dine at one on Sundays. If it won't inconvenience Mr. Fralinger and Mrs. Colling-Sands, I'd like them to remain and join me. There are a few minor things I haven't had a chance to discuss."

LONG after Mrs. Sands and the assistant manager had departed Duncan Maclain sat in his office with Spud Savage, slipping one record after another onto the gramophone beside his desk. Through an electric pick-up the entire morning's conversation was reproduced through the machine in the corner. "What do you make of it, Spud?" he asked after a time.

Spud tore a sheet of paper from a pad which he held on his knee. "It's confusing, Dunc. I've listed them here. See if you agree. Marcia Forrest, Baxter Winslow and his sister are obviously Yankees, and talk that way. We can cut them out."

"Right," Maclain agreed. "Go on."

"That leaves Emmett and Rose Black, Fralinger and Mrs. Sands, and Paul Holden, all of whom speak with an English accent—but none of them speak alike. Why?"

"For many complex reasons," said Maclain, stirring the pieces on his desk. "After Emmett Black you can write Oxford. It's as noticeable as a Southern drawl. After Fralinger you might put Cockney plus United States. Cockney's harder to wipe out by education than East Side New York. After Mrs. Colling-Sands mark English plus United States. In fact, Rose Black has the only pure accent in the crowd."

"And why," asked Spud with a glint in his yellow eyes, "are you holding out on the Honorable Paul Holden, O.B.E.?"

"Because," said Maclain with a grin, "if he's an Englishman, Schnucke's a Pomeranian—and ought to be put in a show."

Spud whistled.

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The late afternoon sun was slanting through the double doors which protected the office from outside heat when Rena Savage announced Inspector Davis and Sergeant Archer. The captain pressed a button on his desk which shut off the big machine in the corner, but not before the inspector had caught snatches of the morning's interview with the Winslow family.

Inspector Davis spoke dryly: "We've been playing around together a long time, Captain. I'll make a deal. You're interested in this murder, or you wouldn't have taken it on. It's the trickiest thing I've run up against since I've been with the department—and that's longer than I want to think about. You're not trying to protect a murderer. Why not throw in together?"

The Captain agreed, but stipulated sharing only facts; not theories.

"First," he said, "about the reddish-brown substance on the inside cover of the Gideon Bible. Was it old leather, as I thought?"

Davis looked towards Archer, and the sergeant said, "Yes, it was. I checked on that about an hour ago. For the life of me——"

"It's just a fact, Sergeant," interrupted Maclain. "Let's look at it this way. Dryden Winslow wanted that Gideon Bible for some specific purpose. I doubt if the purpose was reading. Now we have one fact to go on. During the time it was in his possession he placed something covered with old leather between the covers."

"Maybe it was a jewel-box," suggested Davis. "He brought——" The inspector stopped with the sentence hung in mid-air.

Maclain chuckled. "What did he bring, Inspector?"

Clouds of cigar smoke drifted across the desk to Maclain, and with it the gentle pat of fingers on cloth as the inspector tapped his hand against his knee.

"Nothing of value with him," Davis concluded after a few more tappings.

The captain sighed and ran a hand back over his crisp black hair. Then he pushed back his chair and stood up. "Well, I'm glad both of you dropped in. We seem to be back where we started, don't we?"

"You mean you're not going to play?" asked Davis, a trace of gruffness in his voice.

"I mean you're not going to play." The captain's manner was chill, his friendly tone gone. "I don't know what gets into you, Davis. I want to help, and you'll never let me. I've never tried to rob you of any of your fool glory—yet constantly you try to play me for a fool."

"I don't follow."

"Oh yes, you do," Maclain persisted. "Why didn't you go ahead and tell me what Dryden Winslow brought? Or do you want me to tell you? I went over his luggage last night myself—and returned the letter of credit so you could have the pleasure of finding it."

"The letter of credit!"

"Yes, the letter of credit." Maclain mimicked. "Three hundred thousand pounds sterling! About a million dollars and a half! That's a lot of money, Inspector, I'll admit—but I thought we were both going to tell all our facts."

"How in the world . . .?" asked Davis in a whisper.

"My fingers again, Inspector. The amount was punched in the letter of credit with a cheque writer. It made it rather easy. And the Australian bankers, Kraus & Kane, Ltd., use a heavily embossed letterhead. It could hardly be missed."

"I'm sorry, Captain." Davis' statement was genuinely contrite. "I had orders from the commissioner himself not to mention that letter of credit to anyone—just yet. I give you my word on that."

"Well, you didn't mention it." The captain sat down again and drew his chair close to the desk. "We'll forget it. Let's take up the facts you can talk about."

It was of hanging, in fact and theory, that the captain spoke now.

And presently, after the inspector had described the only way in which he thought Winslow could have been hanged, Maclain announced abruptly: "I'm going to take you two over to Doncaster House and let you hang the inspector by the method he just described!"

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Inspector Larry Davis led the way across the lobby of Doncaster House Hotel and stepped aside for Maclain and Sergeant Archer to precede him into the elevator. Two persistent reporters clutched at his elbows, but he dismissed them brusquely with: "Nothing more, boys. I'll give you a chance if anything breaks."

Herr Bleucher may have been upset, but his deep-lined face showed only courteous inquiry when he admitted them to his

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suite. He listened without comment while the captain explained the purpose of their visit and finished by asking, "Can you get us some rope, Rudolph? Fifty feet will be ample."

The manager shrugged. "I suppose some day these worries will cease, Captain. I ask you only to be discreet. To go through the halls carrying rope after last night . . . Himmel!"

The buzzer of the apartment door presently interrupted their talk, and Herr Bleucher admitted Dennis Riley, the head porter. The stalwart Irishman stood stiffly in the manager's presence, holding out a coil of rope and gravely ignoring the other three men in the room.

"'Tis the best I could do, Herr Bleucher," he said.

When the Irishman had closed the door behind him the manager said ruefully, "The request for this rope will be all over the basement in ten minutes. What do we do now?"

"Dryden Winslow's room first. I'm going to try to hang the inspector."

Davis was never quite sure whether or not Herr Bleucher grunted "Gude" as they left the room.

Schnucke and her master moved with such flexible ease and assurance that most people found it difficult to keep pace with Duncan Maclain. They were half-way down the corridor from the elevator on the fifteenth floor when the captain turned and retraced his steps. Anxious to get out of the hallway as quickly as possible, Herr Bleucher called: "Fifteen-ten's this way!"

"I know it," said Maclain shortly. "Come here, Rudolph."

Unwillingly the manager complied. The captain had stopped close by the elevator doors and was going through the slow motions of a man wiping his feet on a doormat.

"There's sand on the floor," he said. "Enough of it in the carpet that I could feel it through my shoes. But then my feet are probably more sensitive than yours. There was sand here when I got out of this elevator last night, but I had no time to investigate."

Herr Bleucher laughed. "Sometimes, Captain, you make so much of notting. I'd hate to have you for a permanent guest in my hotel. A houseman cleans those out every morning and changes the sand ——"

"All of it?" Maclain interrupted quickly.

"No, just the sand on top. He spilled some and didn't sweep it all up. The sand you felt last night might have spilled over the edge when a guest snuffed out a cigar. Are you satisfied now?"

"The very strictness with which your hotel is run, Rudolph, proves there's something wrong. Last night I examined Dryden Winslow where he'd fallen on the terrace. When I was finished I went to the bathroom of six-o-eight to wash my hands. Someone had been there ahead of me. A soiled towel was on the rack, still slightly damp. There was sand on that towel, Rudolph, and sand in the washbasin which I used."

Maclain was thoughtfully silent after Herr Bleucher had admitted them to fifteen-ten. Under Schnucke's guidance he circled the room, lightly touching chairs and divan, still drawn up in inquisitorial array from the previous night.

A door at the west-end connected the living-room and a bedroom. The captain went through it, followed by Inspector Davis. Herr Bleucher and the sergeant stayed behind, opening the french doors to the terrace.

The captain stopped at the single bed and sat down. "Let's play with theories again, Inspector," he began. "I'm Dryden Winslow, come from Australia to die. I've brought with me my fortune. Three hundred thousand pounds. And something else I value almost as highly. The money is safe—in a letter of credit—but the other object isn't safe. It's covered with leather——"

"Jewels," the inspector breathed.

"Hardly," the captain continued. "We mentioned that earlier this afternoon. What object could best be hidden, Inspector, between the covers of a Gideon Bible? What object affecting births, deaths and marriages—affecting the Winslow fortune? The answer's a book, Davis. Another Bible!"

The inspector's forehead wrinkled into deep lines. "You're right, Maclain. But where is it now?"

"If you took it from this room and wanted to hide it, where would you put it?" The captain's voice was flat and hypnotic. "You have no time, Davis. You must get rid of it instantly—for there is no time, no time to take an elevator, no time to dash up service stairs—and it can't be found in your room."

"Let's go!" The inspector's feet thudded softly through the living-room. The captain left the bed and leisurely followed. Herr Bleucher and the sergeant stepped inside from the terrace.

"Where's he gone?" Archer demanded excitedly. "What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," said Maclain. "He'll be back."

Long seconds dragged before the inspector came in and closed the door behind him. In his hand was a limp, leather-covered book, brown and worn with age. Sergeant Archer gulped and said, "Where was that?"

"Covered with sand in that urn by the elevator," the inspector explained. "The captain worked it out right under my nose."

"Please!" Maclain held out a hand for the book.

Shaking it free of clinging sand, he rifled swiftly through the pages. At the back he stopped.

"There's a single page of stiffer paper at the front, Inspector," said Maclain, "but the one at the back is missing." Lightly he ran his finger-tip along the juncture of back cover and book. "It's been torn away, hasn't it?"

The inspector bent closer. "It looks like it. But why?"

The captain took a deep breath. "Because the murderer couldn't afford to have it found. Dryden Winslow's holographic will was written on that page."

"How do you know?" asked Archer quickly.

"I don't," said Duncan Maclain. "I'm only guessing. But I've guessed right before."

THE routine of Doncaster House had been badly shaken. Mrs. Colling-Sands scarcely felt a twinge of curiosity when Herr Bleucher telephoned her shortly before supper.

"Please come to the roof and bring a spool of thread," he told her, his voice sounding doubly guttural over the phone.

The men rose when she came up the short flight of steps from the seventeenth floor. The awning partition of the roof was softly lighted with bulbs along the stanchions. She glanced curiously at the coil of rope which lay on the floor beside Sergeant Archer. Herr Bleucher accepted the spool of white thread without comment and passed it on to the inspector.

Under Davis' direction the sergeant uncoiled the rope and laid it out along the floor so that it was doubled once, forming a long U. Davis picked up the rope at the bottom of the U and twisted it over into a loop about a foot in diameter.

"This is my idea," he said. "Now I'll tie it in with the thread."

Maclain bent over, ran a finger along the floor until it touched the rope and traced the coil. "All right, Inspector, go ahead; I see what you mean."

Davis knelt down and tied the rope in with two pieces of thread which he broke off short. When he attempted to pick it up the whole thing sagged.

"I'll have to tie it much more than I did," he told Maclain. "It caves in."

"I'm afraid you'll have to wind it all the way around," said the captain, grinning. "The rope's got to stay in a complete circle, you know, to be dropped over a head."

Mrs. Sands shuddered but stuck to her post.

Presently they took the service stairway to the sixteenth floor.

Fortunately Gertrude Winslow was not in. Herr Bleucher opened her door, and they filed silently through. The french window which led to the balcony outside was small. When the four men had stepped through, the balcony was crowded. Mrs. Sands waited just inside the window, very much disliking the violation of a guest's apartment.

"The terrace is just below us now," Davis explained to the captain, "and this balcony runs all the way along this floor. You can get to several other apartments by just climbing over a railing like the one beside you."

"I felt it," said Maclain. "Herr Bleucher, suppose you and the inspector go downstairs now while the sergeant and I stay here. Open the big french doors and wait inside until I call. Then you come out, Inspector, as Winslow might have done. We'll find out quickly enough if there's any chance of that rope being slipped over your head."

Herr Bleucher and the inspector came back inside on their way through the room.

"Are you going down with us?" the manager asked.

"I'll wait here," said Mrs. Sands. "It will be better to have me if Gertrude Winslow unexpectedly returns."

It was almost dark. Lights showed, spreading out in a yellow fan, from the terrace below as the french doors were thrown wide. Silence settled down tightly over Mrs. Sands.

Desperately she forced herself to turn her head from the window and look at the hall door behind her. She knew it was opening slowly, creeping inward on well-oiled hinges. In the mirror to her left she saw the crack widen, saw the reflected light from the hall gleam dully on the harsh square angle of a heavy automatic. Then, so close it sounded almost in her ear, came soft and low a replica of the call she had heard the night before—two soft notes, the first long-drawn, the second sharp and quick. She felt a scream start in her throat and choked it half-way.

The light flashed on, blinding her eyes with yellow, and through the blinding glare she saw the drawn face of Thomas Fralinger staring at her over the heavy gun in his hand.

"What was that call?" his voice was dry as dust. "Who's out there?"

Schnucke's broad head, with ears erect, poked itself into the room, followed by Maclain. "I'm sorry that I startled you, Mr. Fralinger, but I gave the call. Have you ever heard it before?"

"Never." The assistant-manager pocketed the gun and wiped his forehead. "I can't say that I ever want to hear it again."

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"I've heard it before, Captain Maclain," said Mrs. Sands. "I heard it last night before Winslow was killed."

"I'm not surprised," said the captain. "That's why I gave it just now. It's the cooee call of Australia."

"You should have let me know you were coming here, Captain," said Mr. Fralinger. "One of the guests phoned down that there was someone whispering on the balcony, and with things the way they are . . . well—"

"Herr Bleucher's with us," Mrs. Sands interrupted.

The sergeant stepped inside with the coiled rope hung over his arm. "That's a wash-out," he declared ponderously. "I still think, Captain, that Winslow jumped and broke his neck. I'll bet my job he was never hanged from up here!"

"Perhaps not from up here," Maclain agreed. "Nevertheless, he was hanged."

THE Monday after Dryden Winslow was killed, circumstances and a kindly heart firmly enmeshed Mrs. Colling-Sands with the destinies of the Winslow family.

She was busy with the intricacies of a linen inventory when Carrie Ritter, the maid on the fifteenth floor, stepped inside the door. With an air which might have passed for intrigue in one less prosaic, Carrie closed the door behind her and took a step closer.

"There's been murder done in this house, Mrs. Sands. There's been a lot of talk about how poor Mr. Winslow was pushed off the terrace."

Mrs. Sands bent over a shelf of unused sheets to hide a smile. "I don't doubt it, Carrie. There's been entirely too much talk, I'm sure. But it's all over now."

"Yes, ma'am," the girl agreed, and began to twist at her apron again. "I was wondering if I might be transferred from the fifteenth floor."

"Oh, I see it now," Mrs. Sands straightened up. "I'm rather surprised at you, Carrie. You seem to be a sensible girl. People do die in hotels, you know. You must have been in plenty of rooms where guests have died. I can't change the whole assignment of my maids just because you get scared."

Carrie solemnly shook her head. "No, indeed, ma'am, it's not that at all. It's fifteen-o-seven."

Instantly Mrs. Sands was interested, but she covered it with a note of coldness.

"You have been doing Doctor Ynez' apartment for a long time, Carrie. What's the matter with it now?"

"It's got me scared," Carrie blurted out. "Maybe it's my business and maybe it's not, but I thought you should know what I heard. I was doing fifteen-o-seven this morning . . ." She stopped, glancing cautiously at the closed door. "I'd finished the doctor's waiting-room and office and was on the balcony when they came in, Doctor Ynez and Mr. Holden, who's in fifteen-o-nine. They were quarreling like Pretty loud. It scared me and I didn't quite know what to do. I kept on with my work, hoping they would go into the doctor's office. That way I could slip downstairs and out without being seen.

"One of them was swearing, Mrs. Sands, and honestly I couldn't help hearing what was said. I'm scared of that Doctor Ynez anyway—him and his black beard and . . . I heard . . .'Goddam it, you better tell me what you've done with her.'"

Mrs. Sands' interest blotted out her housekeeper instincts entirely.

"Who said that, Carrie?" she asked sharply.

"Mr. Holden, ma'am. They went on into the office then and I ran downstairs and out and came directly here, but I saw something in one of those rooms off the balcony."

Mrs. Sands thoughtfully said, "What?"

"A silk cord like might have come off a negligee. One of the rooms on the balcony is used by Miss Higgins, the doctor's nurse. She keeps her uniforms there."

"Miss Higgins is away for two months on her vacation."

"That's just it, ma'am. Just what I'm trying to say. She had six uniforms hanging up in paper bags in the closet Saturday and that blue cord wasn't on the floor. This morning there was only five uniforms in the closet and that cord was on the floor."

After muddling an extension of her story, the girl uneasily retired.

MRS. COLLING-SANDS turned her pass-key in the lock of 1507. With a last guilty look up and down the deserted hall of the fifteenth floor she slipped quickly inside and closed the door behind her. Dr. Ynez had left the hotel twenty minutes before. The thirty-foot living-room was in partial obscurity, darkened by heavy shades drawn against the afternoon sun. It was furnished modernistically in a grey-and-cream motif which dominated the entire suite. A desk in one corner gave the only hint that living-room and waiting-room were combined in one.

Mrs. Sands had never entered 1507 without wondering how Dr. Lorenzo Ynez had chosen his color scheme. It was hard to picture his black-bearded bulk at ease among such feminine surroundings.

With some of her excitement dying away, the room began to look like any other room and she began to feel a trifle foolish. She climbed the short stairway to the balcony and stopped again, looking down at the vista of the room below.

Mrs. Sands shook her head and started on along the balcony. The first door to her left was double locked and she passed it. She had seen it opened and knew it contained a honeycomb of choice wines and liquors. The second door led to the doctor's bedroom. It was open and she stepped inside. There the furnishings seemed more in accord with their owner.

The double bed was long, wide and deeply comfortable. In one corner a heavy chair under a reading lamp was flanked by a stand which held magazines, a rack of well-used pipes and a jar of tobacco.

Despite its comfort there was something lacking in the room. As she stood there looking about her she realised there was something lacking in the entire apartment.

"Books," she murmured half aloud. "That's what the trouble is: the man has no books."

Feeling quite pleased with her keenness, she was still pondering about it when she left the bedroom.

There was ample evidence that the bedroom served as a dressing-room for the doctor's patients. She opened the closet door and looked inside, slightly startled by the automatic light which clicked on, illuminating the interior. Carrie Ritter had given her a remarkably accurate description of its contents, but Mrs. Sands searched further, hastily investigating each of the five large paper bags draped from hangers. There was nothing but uniforms underneath.

The blue cord Carrie had spoken of was still on the floor. Mrs. Sands picked it up, ran its slim silken length through her fingers, and stood silently holding it in her hand.

Then all at once she crumpled the cord into a ball and thrust it down the front of her dress. Dr. Ynez was standing in the door.

The doctor's opulent lips drew back, showing his white teeth in more of a snarl than a grin. He examined the room without moving his head, shifting his eyes from side to side before he spoke.

"Ah! It's you, Mrs. Colling-Sands! I feared some marauder had broken into my apartment!"

There was no mistaking the question back of his flat statement. Mrs. Sands answered him quickly, trying to keep the tremble out of her voice.

"I was making my regular inspection, Doctor Ynez. I'm sorry if I disturbed you."

"Quite a thorough inspection, I perceive." His big head moved a fraction of an inch toward the open cabinet.

"I check everything to see that it's properly dusted, Doctor Ynez."

"I'm sure of that." He gave a deep mirthless laugh which shook his whole frame. "I trust you found everything satisfactory."

"Quite," she said, more calmly than she felt. "Carrie is a conscientious maid."

"There are many things in my apartment which I do not care to have disturbed," he continued slikily. "Some of them are dangerous. The little machine, for example, is a sleep producer. Without proper supervision those who come under its influence might never awake. It would be terrible, Mrs. Colling-Sands, for one as attractive as yourself to sleep forever. I trust you understand what I mean."

"Perfectly, I'm sure," said a voice from the living-room.

Ynez swung furiously around to face Mr. Fralinger. "What's the meaning of invading my suite in this way?" he demanded, his voice shaking with rage.

"I'm sorry." The assistant manager looked the doctor over from beard to boots and favored him with a mocking smile. "I was making my daily rounds, Doctor Ynez. I thought you were out."

A vein jutted out at the side of Dr. Ynez' black hair. "I'll thank you both to leave," he said in a calmer tone. "Perhaps I'll have to have a special lock put on my door to guard against intrusion."

"It can be arranged," said Mr. Fralinger. "I have a message for you, Mrs. Sands. Are you coming?"

Grateful for the chance, she stepped wordlessly by the doctor and followed the assistant manager to the foyer. She was almost to the door when Dr. Ynez called from the living-room: "One moment, please, Mrs. Sands."

Mr. Fralinger stood waiting in the hall as she stepped back into the room.

"It will save you a lot of trouble," said Ynez very softly, "to know that the cord I saw you hide as I came in is the property of one of my patients—Miss Purcella Forrest." He bowed stiffly from the waist. "I believe that's what you wanted to know. It was left here several weeks ago—when she took a massage treatment from my nurse, Miss Higgins."

EMMETT BLACK leaned over from the back seat of the sedan and touched Baxter Winslow on the shoulder.

"Pull up at the next decent-looking place you come to, Bax. I think we could all do with a spot. That undertaker's place was beastly. The marble—the statues—and the ferns. Ugh!"

He leaned back and turned to look at Gertrude Winslow beside him. Her head was back, and her long-lashed eyes were closed. A breeze from the window beside her touched her curly hair, flattening it out and releasing it again to spring back into place with dancing lights.

Emmett had adored her since childhood. As he grew older he realised his devotion

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was more than a cousinly affection. Gertrude was different from Baxter; stronger somehow, and more dominant — serious one moment, hilariously happy the next. She had "bossed" the three of them at work and at play, militantly protecting the affable Rose from Emmett and Baxter; always ready to take the blame upon herself for any childish scrapes.

He patted her hand and said: "As usual, Gertrude, the brunt of this whole thing seems to have fallen on you."

Rose Black twisted half around from her place in the front seat beside Baxter. "I know I should feel much worse than I do," she admitted. "Somehow I can't get close to it at all. It's been dreadfully exciting, and all that sort of thing—but it's like a show to me. I can't realise it was my uncle—or your father. I certainly can't realise he was murdered."

Gertrude opened her eyes and smiled. "Nor can I, Rose. It's all so incredible—so utterly impossible. Who could have killed him?"

"It's obvious, isn't it?" Baxter slowed down the car. "None of us have ever seen him. We know nothing whatever about him—except that he failed in business here years ago and made a lot more money in Australia."

"How do we know that?" asked Rose. "We've heard nothing about it. Has it occurred to you that none of us may have a penny?"

"That's a jolly thought! My Oxford education has trained me to be an excellent bowler and a first-class oarsman!"

"Maybe you can get a job as a lifeguard," Baxter suggested grimly. "You're a good swimmer, too."

"And the obvious murderer—who was he?"

"Someone from Australia, Rose. If he did make a lot of money he undoubtedly made enemies along with it. One of them must have followed him here and killed him."

"But he made money in this country, too, Baxter," Gertrude reminded.

"Too long ago, what?" said Emmett softly. "I see what you mean, Bax."

"That's it exactly. That Count of Monte Cristo business is good in the pictures—but nobody kills a man for something that happened twenty-five years before." Baxter turned the car from the road and stopped under the portico of a rambling old inn.

Rose gave it an approving glance and asked: "Where are we?"

"Thirty minutes from New York, in the wilds of New Jersey," Baxter told her as he locked the car, "but don't worry, my sweet; the police know where to find us. They've trailed us from Doncaster House to the undertaker's, and from there here." He pointed to a sedan which passed slowly by. "They'll be waiting to escort us home again when we come out!"

Several couples were dancing to the music of a huge concert phonograph. They found a table at the rear of the airy dance floor, and after the second highball Baxter said: "I'm sure there's something indecent about it, but I want to dance. What do you say, Gertrude?"

"Take Rose. I'm not being pious—just tired. I'd rather sit here and dabble at my ice."

"I'll keep her company," Emmett volunteered.

He watched his sister and Baxter swing out onto the floor, then turned seriously to Gertrude. "How did you get rid of the Holden chap?"

"Rid of him?" Gertrude colored faintly. "What do you mean?"

Emmett leaned closer, his cigarette sending up a line of blue smoke from between his fingers. "This afternoon. He's a bit of a pest, what?—a dancer of constant attendance."

Gertrude folded her arms on the table and studied Emmett's face. The usual hint of mockery was missing from his dark eyes. He pushed back his wavy hair with a quick uneasy gesture, waiting for her reply.

"Don't tell me the debonair Emmett Black is becoming protective. Why should my marriage to Paul Holden annoy you?"

"Annoy me!" he said fiercely, "it enrages me. The man's a clothing dummy. A stuffed shirt. He has no more blood in him than a sawdust monkey. Furthermore, I don't believe he's real!"

"I'm peculiarly dense to-day, Emmett. Again I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to explain."

Her voice was cold, but it was the coldness of doubt, not anger. Emmett was bluntly putting her own fears into words. There were moments during the past few months when Paul Holden's possessiveness had goaded her into fury.

Looking back, she could hardly remember his proposal. In fact, it was doubtful if he had proposed. In his own sophisticated way he had taken her silence for acquiescence. The eager delight of the Forrest sisters had much to do with it, too.

To them Paul Holden was the perfect marriage, and it helped to influence Gertrude's decision. She could not bear to blast their happiness; see disappointment creep over their kindly faces. It would be a shocking blow to Marcia and Purcella if the match were broken off. Gertrude had carefully concealed from them the flaws in their aristocratic idol. Now Emmett was proving more difficult.

"Where did you meet him?" he asked bluntly. "What do you know about him? His honorable title—and his Order of the British Empire?"

"I met him at the Richeleys' apartment at a cocktail party. He was an official in one of the colonies—India or Australia."

"They're a long way apart. Isn't he sure which one?"

"I'm not in the habit of prying into my friends' affairs."

Baxter and Rose stopped by the table while the machine was changing records. "You two look frightfully intense," Rose remarked lightly. "What is it—a tiff?"

"We're talking of Paul Holden," Emmett told her.

Baxter gulped part of his drink without sitting down. "Come on, Rose. I'd rather dance."

"You see, Gertrude," Emmett went on pleadingly when his sister had gone, "Baxter doesn't like Holden either. You say you don't pry into the personal affairs of your friends. That's a bit thick, isn't it, when you're going to marry the chap? You need warmth, love, affection—gaiety and passion. You'll die without them. So far I've seen none of them in the Honorable Paul Holden, O.B.E."

"You sound as though you were jealous!"

She realised it was silly and banal as soon as she said it, but the effect on Emmett Black was startling. He flushed deeply and gazed at her with suffering eyes from which all reticence had gone.

"We've played with fire since we were children, Gertrude." His voice was husky and warm. "Always one cursed barrier has stood in our way—the barrier of blood. But you've never been a cousin to me. Now, before it's too late, I want you to know I love you."

"Emmett, you can't!"

"Gertrude!" He leaned still closer. "I should never have spoken, except, my dear, we have a chance. Once, as a child, I overheard something. It meant nothing to me then. It's life to me now. I can't tell you what it is—unless I know you love me, too."

"Go on." She spoke through colorless lips which scarcely moved.

"Dryden Winslow was my mother's brother—but once I heard the Carruthers' say that you were not his daughter, that you were adopted when a baby. Aunt Marcia and Aunt Purcella will know the truth." He stopped and wiped his forehead, which was glistening wet. "Whatever the truth is, my darling, you must never marry Paul Holden. He may be English, as he claims, but I doubt it. It's nearer the truth that he has been to Australia—nearer the truth that the blood of Dryden Winslow is on his hands!"

MRS. SANDS found Dr. Sylvester waiting for her in Marcia Forrest's room. The doctor smiled and greeted her with amiable professionalism, saying in a whisper as she entered the door, "I've ordered Miss Forrest to bed. Ahem—nothing serious. She needs a night of rest and quiet."

Mrs. Sands, still chafing from her recent encounter with Dr. Ynez, was irritated at physicians in general. "Why did you send for me?" she asked, lowering her voice to meet the doctor's. "Surely there are plenty of nurses available if Miss Forrest is ill."

"But I didn't," the doctor protested. "That is—not personally. Miss Forrest asked if I could get you to sit with her a while. She's nervous and upset, and I thought it was wise."

Mrs. Sands sighed resignedly and followed him into the room. She was tired, and longing to bathe and dress for dinner, but secretly she welcomed the opportunity to be alone with Marcia Forrest. There were a few things she wanted to know about the blue silk cord tucked safely in the bosom of her dress. Dr. Lorenzo Ynez' explanation that Purcella Forrest had left it in his office some time before was entirely too pat.

"Here's Mrs. Sands now," said Dr. Sylvester with a bright air of having produced her out of a hat. "If you want anything further, don't hesitate to call me, Miss Forrest. I'm sending up some medicine. But, above all, my dear lady, I want you to relax."

He gave a jerky nod of his head and was gone.

Miss Marcia was propped up in bed, exhibiting part of the dripping negligee Mrs. Sands had seen on Saturday night. Obviously the physician's advice to relax had gone unheeded. Miss Marcia did not look distraught or worried, but she was tense and stiff in every line.

When the door clicked shut behind the doctor, she fumbled for a cigarette in a box beside the bed, lighted it and gave a slight cough. Mrs. Sands switched off the ceiling lights and sat down, watching Miss Marcia in the glow of the reading lamp.

Miss Marcia smoked rapidly for a moment, seeking an opening. When her cigarette was half consumed, she crushed it in the tray, breaking it open, and said without preamble: "Undoubtedly you are wondering why I asked you to come. The doctor's a fool, but you're very clever. You know I sent for him to get you here."

It was unexpected, and Mrs. Sands would have liked sufficient time to frame a reply. She crossed her legs, swinging a shapely silken-clad ankle, and said, "Why?"

"I had to have someone to talk to—someone I can trust. Above all, someone who's discreet."

"Thank you." Mrs. Sands kept her steady grey eyes fixed on Marcia Forrest's face,

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"I feel quite flattered, Miss Forrest, and more than a little surprised. You saw me first on Friday."

"But we've been under fire together since then." Miss Marcia hitched herself up farther in the bed. "It draws people close together, Mrs. Colling-Sands—enables them to judge each other—oftentimes more clearly than by years of contact. Your position in this hotel proves you a woman of responsibility." Her voice broke slightly. "With my sister gone, I'm desperate for such a friend."

"There's your niece, Miss Winslow."

"She's a child." Two small fine lines appeared between Miss Marcia's eyes. She took her pince-nez from the table beside her and put them on. "Have you ever been utterly friendless, Mrs. Sands? And very much alone—faced by a responsibility too great for you to bear?"

"Perhaps not exactly that, but I think I understand." Mrs. Sands' tone was warmly sympathetic.

Miss Marcia drew a quick short breath and leaned back on her pillows again. "You had seen Purcella before Saturday, hadn't you?"

Mrs. Sands shook her head. "Never."

"That's strange. Purcella was certain you had. She has seen you. She's been coming to the hotel for some time as a patient of Doctor Ynez."

"I'd heard so from the servants," Mrs. Sands said quickly.

Color drained away from Miss Marcia's face, leaving it granite hard. "Does Captain Maclain know that Purcella was coming here?"

"I'm afraid he does." Mrs. Sands sat up straighter in her chair and took the blue silk cord from the bosom of her dress.

"Where did you get that?" Miss Marcia's pallor increased until Mrs. Sands feared a repetition of Saturday night's collapse.

"Let me get you some water," she said hastily, "and I'll tell you. It's your sister's, isn't it?"

Miss Marcia nodded mutely.

When Mrs. Sands returned from the bathroom with a glass of water Miss Marcia touched it to her lips and patted them dry with the edge of the sheet.

"You haven't told me where you found it."

"Did your sister wear this on Saturday night?"

Again Miss Marcia nodded. Mrs. Sands draped the cord over the foot of the bed.

"I want to help you, Miss Forrest," she said sadly. "I really do. But without full knowledge of what I'm doing, I'm afraid. Somehow it's hard to keep in my mind the fact that Dryden Winslow was killed—and that the person who killed him may still be here—in Doncaster House.

"I found this cord in Doctor Ynez' apartment less than an hour ago. Unfortunately, he came in while I was there. He knows I have it, but he said your sister left it while taking a massage from Miss Higgins on a previous visit. I also found out how your sister left the hotel on Saturday night."

"You know?" Miss Marcia covered her mouth with the back of her hand.

"I believe I do," Mrs. Sands continued. "Doctor Ynez telephoned for his car shortly after we left fifteen-ten. A little later he walked through the lobby with Miss Higgins, his nurse, and drove away. The clerk on duty saw him, and the policeman on the door saw him—and no one recognised Miss Purcella in the nurse's uniform which she wore!"

"It was mad and foolish, I know," said Miss Marcia. "Please try and understand. There are two people in the world I love, Gertrude and Purcella. Baxter is dear to me, but not in the same way. For several months now Purcella has been ill—not herself at all. She has been under Doctor Ynez' care. She was upset over Dryden's coming. The murder and the attendant questioning broke her down completely. I sent for Doctor Ynez, and he told me instantly I had to get her away—out of this hotel, Mrs. Sands; out of the hell we have been put through since Saturday night."

Miss Marcia removed the pince-nez and dabbed at her eyes with a tiny handkerchief. When she spoke again her voice was so low Mrs. Sands bent forward to catch the words.

"There was danger, Mrs. Sands, terrible danger—that my sister might lose her mind! No one must find out where she is and question her again. I don't dare phone her and don't dare go to see her, for the police are watching our entire family."

"And you know where she is?"

"Certainly. That's why I want your help. She's in Doctor Ynez' nursing home on Riverside Drive. I want you to take a message to her. There's a card in my top right-hand bureau drawer which will get you in. Will you go? To-night?"

Mrs. Sands went to the bureau, opened the drawer, and took out a small plain card engraved with the words, "Riverview Home, 116th Street and Riverside Drive." Holding it in her hand, she turned and looked at miss Marcia's haggard, worried face.

"Yes," she said after a moment, "I'll go."

* * * * * * *

It was after seven by the time Mrs. Sands had bathed and dressed. Mr. Pralinger was having a cigarette with his coffee when she reached the table. He lingered a few moments to talk with her before going to his office.

"You look like a conspirator, and I feel like one," he said, hiding a grin behind his napkin. "What did the beautiful antique want with you? Or is it a state secret?"

Mrs. Sands ordered a salad and iced coffee before she replied. Her appetite was usually of the best, but it had fled precipitately since Saturday night. She was finding it difficult to linger over a meal, difficult to sit still for any length of time, even in her own room.

She countered Mr. Pralinger with a question of her own. "How did you know I was in Doctor Ynez' apartment this afternoon?"

"Detective work of my own." The cleft of his chin deepened. "Sylvester tried to get in touch with you and couldn't find you, so Tess asked me if I knew where you were. I put our talk at Captain Maclain's together with womanly curiosity, and it added up to fifteen-o-seven. What did you find?"

The waiter placed her salad on the table and gave her time to think. She needed an ally, and the assistant manager could be counted upon not to talk. Moreover, she was not sure how much Mr. Pralinger already knew. It was quite possible he had overheard Dr. Ynez' remark about Miss Purcella's cord.

She decided on a half-way measure, determining to keep Miss Marcia's disclosure a secret. "I found a blue silk cord which belonged to Miss Purcella," she said after a time.

"How did you know it was there?" he asked keenly. "You didn't stumble on it by accident, I'm sure."

"No," she admitted, "I didn't. Carrie Ritter the maid told me it was in the closet of the balcony bedroom. But Ynez spiked my guns. He admitted it was Miss Purcella's, but said she had left it there several weeks ago."

"And what did Miss Marcia say?" Mr. Pralinger placed the stub of his cigarette in the saucer and put it out with a teaspoonful of coffee. "Did you ask her if Miss Purcella had it on Saturday night when she disappeared?"

Mrs. Sands evaded the issue again. "I'm sure she did," she said guilelessly. "In fact, I believe Miss Marcia and Doctor Ynez fixed it up to get Miss Purcella out of the hotel. Ynez left here with his nurse late Saturday night. I think that nurse was Purcella Forrest."

"By Jove!" Pralinger exclaimed, drumming on the table with his finger-tips. "I believe you've hit it, Mrs. Sands! But there's something that interests me more than Purcella Forrest. I'd like to know where Doctor Ynez was at ten o'clock Saturday night!"

"I know where he was just before ten. He came out of his apartment just as I went into fifteen-o-eight. And there was someone else in the apartment with him at that time, I'm sure."

Mr. Pralinger stood up. "I suppose that gives him an alibi, if he can produce the other person. For my part, he'll need it to convince me that he doesn't know plenty about Dryden Winslow's death."

"From what I saw of him this afternoon," said Mrs. Sands, "I wouldn't be too sure."

She had changed to a dark silk dress when she left Doncaster House thirty minutes later. She walked swiftly west towards Fifth Avenue. As she stood on the corner waiting for a bus which would take her up Riverside Drive, she glanced back at the hotel's terraced facade.

It was not quite dark, and the lights that were on showed dull yellow. Later they would glow brightly, clean-cut against the blackness of the walls.

The evening was hot and there were few people on Fifty-fourth Street, but, remembering Miss Marcia's injunction about the police, she decided to make sure she was not being followed. She crossed Fifth Avenue, walked up the west side of the street to Fifty-sixth, and then turned west again. A short distance from Fifth Avenue she went into a store which connected with the Heckscher Building.

Inside she purchased a package of cigarettes, came out into the Heckscher Building, and walked through to another entrance which opened on Fifty-seventh Street. She saw by then that no one was trailing her.

She crossed Fifty-seventh Street just in time to catch a Riverside Drive bus. On the top of the bus she lighted a cigarette and felt in her bag to make sure the letter Miss Marcia had given her was there.

She was acting impulsively and was well aware of it. Try as she might, she could not picture the Forrest sisters mixed up with anything which would not stand the closest investigation.

Still she was not quite satisfied. Lorenzo Ynez was marked with unscrupulousness; and he had persuaded the Forrest sisters to withhold information from the police. Miss Marcia's explanation could not be as simple as it seemed. Miss Marcia might have told the whole truth—might have been entirely frank and honest; that still failed to explain Lorenzo Ynez' part in Miss Purcella's flight. Where the doctor was concerned, Mrs. Sands was inclined to look deeply for unfathomable motives.

By the time the bus reached 116th Street she was heartily regretting her part in the affair.

She might have missed the Riverview Home entirely had it not been for a small

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brass plate beside the door. It was a relic of the days when sumptuous homes dotted the Drive, a five-story marble-vestibuled house, slightly gone to seed. A single light shone behind red-draped grille doors. Mrs. Sands considered it rather too shabby for a nursing home and consulted the brass plate again to make sure she was right before ringing.

She felt better when her summons was answered by a long-nosed, thin-faced woman in cap and stiff-starched white.

She made no move to usher Mrs. Sands inside but stood rigidly in the doorway, gazing out with forbidding beady eyes.

Mrs. Sands swallowed nervously and said, "I've come to see a patient—Miss Purcella Forrest. I have a letter for her. Is she here?"

"I'm sure I can't say." The nurse wet thin lips and started to close the door. "We admit no visitors, anyhow, without the doctor's permission."

"But I have the doctor's permission!" Mrs. Sands stepped slightly forward and extended the card. The nurse took it from her and held it inside to get a better light.

"You can leave the letter with me," she said, returning the card. "I'll see that it's delivered."

"I'll see that it's delivered," Mrs. Sands persisted firmly. "That card was given to me as permission to see Miss Forrest in the Riverview Home. I intend to see her."

"Very well," the nurse said unemotionally. "Step inside."

Mrs. Sands followed her ungracious guide across a book-lined reception room, furnished only with a desk which held the shaded light. "So this is where he keeps his books," she thought. "I was sure he had another office somewhere. Fifteen-o-seven is more showroom than doctor's study." A small automatic lift, which had served the private home in former years, carried them noisily to the third floor.

Much more graciously now, the nurse led the way down a heavily carpeted hall and opened a door. Her voice was pleasant when she said, "There's someone here to see you, Miss Forrest."

She waited until Mrs. Sands was inside, then closed the door behind her.

The room was a pleasant surprise — spacious and cool, with cheerful chintz chairs and a wide brass bed—but Mrs. Sands caught her breath sharply at the sight of Miss Purcella.

Her eager smile of welcome added to her frailness, touching her face with the ethereal look of an invalid child.

Her blue eyes were questioning, but she said, simply, "Mrs. Colling-Sands. I'm glad you've come."

"I brought a letter from your sister," Mrs. Sands took a chair and drew it close, groping for the right words to say.

"You think I'm very foolish, don't you?" said Purcella as she slipped a delicate finger under the flap, tore it loose, and took out the folded sheet of paper.

"No, I don't believe I do," Mrs. Sands declared. "You're ill. And there's been a terrible strain. You're entitled to rest and privacy."

"Privacy," Miss Purcella repeated, unfolding the sheet of paper. "That's easy to get—isn't it?—but rest is harder to find."

She reached for her pince-nez with the same familiar gesture her sister had used such a short time before. Mrs. Sands sat silently waiting until the letter was finished, returned to the envelope, and slipped between the leaves of a magazine which lay on the floor by the chair.

Miss Purcella folded her hands in her lap and leaned back as though the effort of reading had tired her severely.

"Marcia says you're our friend. Perhaps she's already told you that we need one." She closed her eyes and was silent. All the noise of traffic drifted up from the drive below. From the hallway came another sound; the clanking of the automatic lift in action. Miss Purcella opened her eyes, showing startled fear in their light blue depths.

"It's the elevator," Mrs. Sands said soothingly, but she was not entirely at ease. Miss Purcella's apprehension was contagious. Mentally she was counting the progress of the creeping lift, wondering where it would stop, and what message or visitor it was bringing to other patients in the nursing home of Dr. Lorenzo Ynes.

She began to understand some of the fear which had driven the frail Purcella into flight from the realities of murder and police. Footsteps sounded in the hall and Mrs. Sands was rigid when the long-nosed nurse stepped inside the door. Suddenly she relaxed in the chair, limp with unaccountable relief.

The large grey head of a dog, with pointed ears and almond-shaped eyes, had pushed peremptorily past the white starched skirt. The nurse drew hastily away.

"Walk right on in," she said nastily, and turned towards Miss Purcella. "Another visitor to see you. With a dog this time. I couldn't keep him out. He says his name's Captain Duncan Maclain."

If Duncan Maclain felt any surprise at the presence of Mrs. Colling-Sands he failed to show it. Mrs. Sands hoped he would explain how he had found Riverview Home. If he remained silent the Forrest sisters would always think he had learned the address from her.

She was relieved when he leaned back in his chair, idly scratched Schnucke's head and said: "I'm glad I found you here, Mrs. Sands. Apparently we've worked along the same lines. Anyhow, the results are the same—a friendly call on Miss Purcella."

"My sister asked her to come," Miss Purcella explained. "Mrs. Sands kindly brought me a letter from my sister. I'm being frank with you, Captain Maclain. Please be frank with me. How did you find this place—and why did you come here?"

The captain was silent.

"I'll be glad to leave," said Mrs. Sands, "if you want to talk to Miss Forrest alone."

"You'll do me a favor by staying—unless the captain objects," said Miss Purcella hastily.

"It isn't that at all. I want you here, too, Mrs. Sands." The captain crossed his legs and clasped his hands around one knee. "I'm trying to answer your question, Miss Purcella—as to why I came. Perhaps the main reason was to let you know that Dryden Winslow left an estate of three hundred thousand pounds sterling."

Miss Purcella's slim hands closed with such intensity on the arms of her chair that the wicker creaked under the pressure. "You found his will?"

Maclain shook his head. "We didn't—unfortunately. It might clear up several things—among them the important one of who killed him. There was a letter of credit for three hundred thousand pounds found among his effects. The police kept it quiet until to-day for some obscure reason of their own. Now they've decided the family can be told. He intended to distribute that three hundred thousand pounds among his heirs before he died."

"You mean he intended to leave someone out of his will! Someone rightfully entitled to a share!" Primitive hate had crept into each of Miss Purcella's deliberate words.

"I believe what I said is the truth, Miss Forrest." Maclain shifted his position slightly. "The murderer took a quick, fast way to stop that distribution—killing Winslow and stealing the will—for the murderer was in Dryden Winslow's apartment shortly after Dryden Winslow was killed."

Miss Purcella shrivelled under Mrs. Sands' eyes. "I see now what you're trying to do. You've found out that Gertrude was not really his child . . . but you're wrong, Captain Maclain—and the police are wrong. Gertrude's lovable—sweet! She wouldn't hurt a fly for all the money in the world!"

Mrs. Sands suppressed a terrific desire to take the trembling Purcella in her arms. Something in Maclain's manner held her in check.

"You're needlessly upsetting yourself," Maclain went on firmly. "Neither I nor the police have connected Miss Winslow with this murder in any way. What made you think we had?"

Miss Purcella ceased trembling and turned her head away to look out of the window over the black expanse of the Hudson River. "I trust you both," she said without any affection. "The time has come to tell the truth. Dryden Winslow is dead. Whatever I say now can do no harm. Gertrude Winslow's mother died in childbirth. Marcia and I have reared the child since the day she was born—although Dryden Winslow adopted her when she was one year old."

Miss Purcella stopped, and Maclain asked: "Why?"

She turned back slowly to look from Mrs. Sands to the captain as if seeking assurance. "That's the secret Marcia and I have kept for over twenty years." Her voice was flat and hard. "He was a man with a strange sense of duty—in some directions. He adopted Gertrude because he thought she was his own child.

"Marcia and I knew the truth; that Gertrude's real father was killed in an accident before the child was born; that Gertrude's real mother accepted Dryden Winslow's importunities, hoping she could trick him into marriage, which would make her unborn babe secure.

"For more than twenty years we've guarded that secret, Captain Maclain. Guarded it from Baxter and Gertrude. Guarded it from Dryden Winslow, who would have stopped her support and cut her off without a penny, had he known the truth. Guarded it from the world—until there were days I thought my heart would burst with deceit!"

"You're a brave woman, Purcella Forrest," the captain said gently. "Mrs. Sands and I will guard your secret as faithfully as you have done. But is it necessary now? Gertrude Winslow is legally adopted. I found that out to-day through Pryne, Hoskings and Keeler—the attorneys who acted for Mr. Winslow when his brokerage house failed."

"The deceit was ended before you came, Captain," Miss Purcella smiled wanly. "Subterfuge of any kind is doubly cruel because it's so hopeless. Emmett Black overheard as a child that Gertrude was an adopted daughter. He didn't know, of course, that Dryden Winslow adopted her thinking she was his own. Late this afternoon Emmett and Gertrude asked Marcia for the truth. They've been in love for years. Marcia refused to give permission to their marriage—and a breaking off with Paul Holden—until she communicated with me. That was the

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contents of the letter brought by Mrs. Sands. I'll feel better now if you tell me what you already know."

"Not as much as I'd like to, Miss Purcella." The captain unclasped his hands and flexed his fingers. "Through Pryne, Hoskins and Keeler I found the solicitors in Melbourne who handled Winslow's affairs. I've been in touch with them by phone.

"It was they who told me he intended to distribute his estate before he died. He mentioned a holographic will—a safeguard in the event of his dying en route or before the distribution could be made."

"They have no idea of its whereabouts?"

"None, Miss Purcella," Maclain answered gravely. "I'm afraid it's been destroyed. I have additional important information from the Australian police. Dryden Winslow has a wife in Sydney."

"A wife? Living now?"

"He married shortly after he left this country—a woman named Amy Fleckner. Did you ever hear of her?"

"Never in my life."

"It's ironical, in view of what you've just told me. He discovered shortly after his marriage that she had an illegitimate child—six or seven years old. He never lived with her after that discovery—and consistently refused to divorce her. She was a thoroughly bad lot from what I can learn. She furnished an excellent motive, Miss Forrest, for Winslow's plan to give his fortune away before his death."

Miss Purcella put her feet on the floor and sat up straight in her chair. "You know that to be true, Captain Maclain?"

"I knew it to be true before I heard from the Australian police. Yesterday evening I found the Fleckner family Bible which was taken from Winslow's room. In it was entered the birth of Amy Fleckner's illegitimate child. Following that was a record of her marriage to Dryden Winslow."

"I've been a very foolish woman, Captain Maclain!" Miss Purcella's voice was stronger, her cheeks delicately colored. "I've paid and paid for a silence I didn't need——"

"Wait!" Maclain raised one hand in interruption. "I hear someone coming down the hall."

Mrs. Sands swung toward the door just as it was flung wide and Dr. Lorenzo Ynez stepped inside.

"Please go now," Miss Purcella said feebly from the depths of the wicker chair.

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A large round moon was hanging over the East River, competing vainly against the New York lights, when Mrs. Sands left Duncan Maclain's sedan in front of the hotel.

An unobtrusive man was leaning against the side of the hotel farther down the street. She saw him watching her and wrenched herself back from lunar dreaming with a nostalgic sigh.

The clerk signalled her discreetly and she passed hurriedly through the lobby to wait in the deserted lounge at the rear until the Dwights (who occupied 420) had gone.

"There's a note in your box, Mrs. Sands," the clerk said when she approached the desk. She smiled her thanks, took the unaddressed envelope and opened it in the elevator as she gave her floor.

It contained a single line, written in smudged pencil: "Mrs. Sands, I got to see you, please." It was signed: "Carrie Ritter."

There was a tightness in her throat when she told the boy: "Take me on up to the fifteenth floor."

She had entirely forgotten her talk with Carrie and her casual promise to see the maid later in the day. It came home to her now with double force.

Fright and annoyance were mingled strangely within her as she walked the length of the fifteenth floor to the small service room at the end, where Carrie stayed on duty until twelve, six nights a month, though she was not alarmed to find the service-room deserted.

Carrie Ritter was taking care of half the house, from the ninth to the seventeenth floor, and was probably answering a call.

She sat down in the chair to wait for her return, and found herself staring at the lurid cover of a cheap love magazine which lay on the table, obviously placed for her to see. The pecilled words scrawled on the cover were speaking to her, pathetically dumb. "I'm scared, Mrs. Sands, and I'm hiding in fifteen-twelve."

She rose and went out to the hall. Dark and empty, the service elevator yawned at her right. The sliding door was held back by a hooked piece of wire. That same piece of wire had been there when she fled in terror from 1508, ten minutes before Dryden Winslow was hanged!

Mrs. Sands sped down the hall and into 1512. She fumbled for the light switch, failed to find it, frantically called, "Carrie! Carrie! Where are you?" and breathed again as the girl's sobbing voice answered from the balcony above.

"Here, Mrs. Sands! Oh, please hurry! There's someone else in the room!"

She dashed up the short flight of stairs and stood looking down at the crouched white-aproned figure.

"Stop crying, Carrie, and come," she tried to reassure the terrified girl. "Nobody else is here." She knew she lied as soon as she spoke, for a shadow bulking large by a covered chair moved in the room below. Helpless to speak or scream, she stood as the whistle sounded, cutting into her mind and soul.

She heard it and saw it all, detached and clear, and the truth was never near her—the whistle—the shot—and the body of Carrie Ritter jerked from the balcony before her eyes to crash as a broken-necked corpse in the room below.

TWO more flashlight bulbs popped dully as the police photographer caught the layout of 1512 from different angles.

Captain Duncan Maclain was seated beside Spud Savage on a double settee. Glittering hardness replaced the dullness in Inspector Davis' eyes as they rested on the German shepherd which lay on the floor between Spud and the captain. He wondered how many people in the room had noticed what he saw.

The dog's almond-shaped eyes were deeper than Schnucke's. The breadth of the forechest spelled runner and fighter. The stance of the tail and the set of the white teeth showed indomitable courage and love of fighting rather than loyalty and kindness; and the dog was lying at Maclain's right, held by a leather leash instead of the guiding brace of the Seeing Eye.

The inspector's mind left 1512 for a moment and wandered back to a night when he and Sergeant Archer sat in Duncan Maclain's penthouse office months before. Once again he heard Spud Savage say, "Schnucke's not a police dog, Inspector. She's a German shepherd, trained for the task of intelligent guiding by the Seeing Eye. She wouldn't bite if you beat Maclain to death, because it's against every instinct she has. Any dog is a police dog, Inspector, when it's trained for police work. Take a German shepherd, the gentlest, kindliest, most intelligent dog in the world, and spend week after week in heartbreaking labor training it to obey every command and to bite—if you can train it to bite—and you have a police dog! I'll show you, Inspector, why Duncan Maclain keeps two German shepherds—one named Schnucke, to guide him from the left; and the other, a trained police dog named Dreist, to protect him, from the right."

The departure of the photographers brought the inspector back to the present. Uncomfortably he turned away from Dreist's implacable gaze.

Davis was a brave man, but the animal, Dreist, made him uneasy. It possessed some of Duncan Maclain's calm, detached efficiency which trapped erring humans with the precision of a finely adjusted machine. When Duncan Maclain's expressive face set itself into an unreadable mask, Davis felt he might find more human emotions inside a high-powered shell. He was wrong, he knew, but the impression remained.

He placed his elbows on his knees and began to beat a fist into his palm with erratically spaced blows. He had already been over the scene ad nauseam, and the answer was far away. He looked from Dr. Sylvester's round head to Mr. Pralinger, who was gazing out of the window. From the assistant manager he turned towards Mrs. Colling-Sands, who was stretched out limply on a comfortable lounge in the corner. She was breathing more regularly and color was creeping back into her face. "More brandy, Mrs. Sands?"

"Thank you, no." She spoke without looking at him, staring disinterestedly at the high ceiling of the room.

"I don't believe Mrs. Sands is in any condition to be questioned," said the doctor. "You've already brought her close to a collapse."

The inspector stopped pounding with his fist and slapped one hand sharply against his thigh.

"I've got to know things," he burst out, "even if I break down everybody in the hotel! There's a madman loose around here—or I'm mad myself. Silence isn't helping. What about it, Mrs. Sands?"

"Go ahead," she said determinedly. "I'm all right now. What do you want to know?"

"Good!" said Davis emphatically. "You have more sense than the rest of this hotel put together. Don't mind if I swear. I'm not cussing you; it's myself."

Mrs. Sands managed a faint smile. "You could do some for me, too, Inspector. I feel like it."

"That's splendid!" His face softened, and he gave a quick grin which was instantly gone. "The murdered girl talked to you this morning, you said?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the linen room downstairs on the second floor."

"She came down on her own?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"She was frightened, so she said."

"Of whom?"

"Doctor Lorenzo Ynez." Mrs. Sands repeated Carrie's story, telling of the blue cord. The inspector turned to his sergeant and said:

"See if he's in, Archer, and bring him here."

When the sergeant had departed he turned back to Mrs. Sands and said, "The girl started to tell you something downstairs and didn't finish. Why?"

"Herr Bleucher came looking for her. He'd been making an inspection with Mr. Pralinger and found no maid on the fif-

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teenth floor. She stopped when Herr Bleucher came in, and I told her I'd see her later."

Sergeant Archer came back in and said, "Ynez isn't there. I'll phone down and have them watch for him in the lobby."

"They're already watching," said Davis. "Leave it. Now I have your story like this, Mrs. Sands. Carrie Ritter told you she overheard a row between Holden and Ynez, and about the sash in the closet.

"She had more to tell you but was interrupted. This afternoon you found the cord exactly where she said. Ynez walked in on you and started to get offensive—and Mr. Fralinger stepped in just in time to stop trouble. Miss Marcia Forrest sent for you herself, through the doctor here; and you made the trip up to Riverview Home, where you met Captain-Maclain."

"That's right." Mrs. Sands' voice was weak. Her cheeks had paled again. Watching her, the doctor asked, "More brandy?"

"No," she said, "but I'd like some water, please."

Mr. Fralinger went to the serving pantry in the foyer close by the apartment door. The room was silent except for the swish of running water and the clink of ice in a glass. When he returned Mrs. Sands drained half the water greedily and sat up erect against the cushions at her back.

"Do I have to go over what happened here to-night again?"

"A few points," said Davis. "You came up to the service room on this floor in answer to the girl's note?"

"Yes."

"That was about quarter to eleven?"

"Yes."

"But it was eleven before you saw the note she'd left you on the magazine?"

"About that. I'm not so sure."

"In the meantime you'd heard the elevator door open, footsteps in the hall, and the sound of an apartment door being opened and closed?"

"That's right."

"You say the service elevator, which was seldom used, was standing empty and dark when you passed it on your way to this room?"

"Yes."

"And that same elevator was at this floor Saturday night when you went down to six-o-eight?"

"I'm certain it was."

"That's easy to explain, Inspector," said Herr Bleucher. "Most of the staff know that elevator is seldom used. Carrie Ritter was on duty here Saturday night herself. We're shorthanded, and some of the maids are having to work long hours. She might have brought it upstairs to save herself a walk."

"A walk, Herr Bleucher?" asked Duncan Maclain. "There are other elevators running which the maids can use."

"So!" exclaimed Herr Bleucher. "But an elevator would be handy when a maid is handling half a house, as now. She has calls from eight or nine floors."

"But Carrie Ritter didn't use that elevator to-night," Davis declared firmly. "Mrs. Sands heard the door open herself."

"What about the night watchman?" asked Mr. Fralinger. "You seem to have overlooked him entirely. He goes on duty at eleven."

"Then he wouldn't have used it at ten on Saturday night," the captain put in.

"Have him questioned, Archer," the inspector ordered. "There's one more thing, Mrs. Sands; then I think you'd better get some needed rest. Why on earth did that girl pick fifteen-twelve? She had a passkey. Why didn't she go into fifteen-o-eight, which is unrented?"

"I think she was scared of fifteen-o-eight," said Mrs. Sands. "Most of the staff know I was in that apartment on Saturday night."

"There's more than that, too," said Mr. Fralinger. "Her passkey wouldn't fit fifteen-o-eight. Dennis Riley fitted a new lock on the door yesterday. I didn't find out about it until this afternoon when I started to show the room."

"And whose order was that, please?" Herr Bleucher asked furiously, his dark face purpling with anger.

"You'll have to blame me, Herr Bleucher," said Captain Maclain. "Sergeant Archer gave the instructions to Dennis at my instance."

"If your idea was to keep everyone out of that apartment, Captain," the assistant manager went on, "it wasn't successful. Dennis reported to-night that someone broke into the locked toolroom in the basement and used the key-making machine. There may be ten duplicates to fifteen-o-eight in circulation by now!"

With Davis' permission, Mrs. Sands and Dr. Sylvester left 1512, and Dennis Riley, called from his room in the basement, stood facing the inspector defiantly. His florid Irish face looked ready to burst over the tightness of his collar. Faced with police, top authority in the persons of Herr Bleucher and Mr. Fralinger, and the disconcerting presence of Duncan Maclain, Spud Savage and a dog, Dennis felt that arrogance was his only defence.

"You reported to-night," the inspector began slowly, "that someone broke into the locked toolroom in the basement and used the key-making machine. How did you discover that it had been used?"

"'Tis easy enough to say." Dennis' manner was a trifle more friendly. "I'm on my way from the trunk-room to the dining hall. I passed the toolroom, which is nothing more than a big slatted closet in the corner of the basement. The staple's hanging down where the screws had been taken out and dropped on the floor. It was easy to see the machine had been used—with metal filings all around."

"Just how does the machine work, Dennis?" the captain asked.

The porter swung to face him, moving on his feet with the skill of a defensive boxer. "The key you want to duplicate is set in a vice, and the grinding wheels are fitted into the notches. Then you put in a blank beside the key, shove it against the grinding wheels, and you have two as like as twins."

"Then you have to have the original to make a duplicate?"

"Indeed, and you do"—Dennis openly betrayed his disgust at the question—"unless you could be remembering the looks of a key to the fraction of an inch."

"I see." The captain thoughtfully pulled at an ear lobe. "There were only two keys to the new lock in fifteen-o-eight when you put it on?"

"That's right, sir."

"Thank you, Dennis." Maclain drew a deep breath.

"That's all then," said Davis shortly. "You can go."

When the door had closed behind Dennis the captain asked, "How many keys are there to that toolroom, Herr Bleucher?"

"Two."

"Who has them?"

"Mr. Fralinger and Olsen the engineer." Much of Herr Bleucher's spirit was gone. His jaws sagged heavily under the weight of a second catastrophe to his precious hotel. "What can a new lock on fifteen-o-eight have to do with these killings, Captain Maclain? I have the utmost admiration for you and for the police—but, please no one has been killed in fifteen-o-eight."

The captain took his Swiss repeater watch from his pocket and pressed the chime while the others looked on. Sweetly musical, it announced 1.45. He replaced it again and rose. The inspector noticed the gesture of pushed-down palm which kept the dog beside him on the floor.

"I'm going to ask Inspector Davis and Sergeant Archer to help me go over this apartment once more," he said wearily.

Then, after conducting Herr Bleucher and Mr. Fralinger from the room: "I want this place searched again before we leave, Spud," the captain told his partner. "You and Archer take it on, and I'll know it's done right. Take the adjoining bedroom first, then the rooms on the balcony. I'm looking for the weapon that was used to hang that girl—so use your own judgment. Bureau drawers—closets—and furniture."

The inspector watched Spud and Archer disappear into the adjoining room, then he ran swiftly up the stairs to the balcony and called down: "You can't see me, but I'm up here—standing just where Mrs. Sands said the girl slid over the railing in front of her eyes. You might get a rope down from above over Dryden Winslow, but try to get one down from above here—with nothing but ceiling over your head!"

The captain walked to a place about ten feet from the balcony, just below where the inspector was standing, and reached out a hand to touch a deep upholstered chair beside him. The linen cover which had shrouded it lay in a heap on the floor.

"You can see the marks, Inspector, where the girl's feet struck on the rail?"

"Yes," said Davis. "What of it?"

"Then I'm standing on the spot where Mrs. Sands claims she saw something move."

"That's right," said Davis between his teeth. "A murderer stood down there and whistled at the girl, and she was so scared she fell over the railing and broke her neck. Then he wrapped red-hot wires around her throat and choked her to death. Now tell me she was hanged from above."

The captain's face was set into a mask. "You keep misquoting me, Inspector. I didn't say either Winslow or the girl was hanged from above. Winslow was hanged from the side, from the terrace of fifteen-o-eight; and the girl you're so ably impersonating was hanged from where I'm standing now—from below!"

Davis leaned over the side of the balcony with his hands clenched hard on the rail. "Hanged with what, Captain Maclain? A travelling crane?"

The captain located the arm of the chair beside him and sat down on it, feeling the pile of an Oriental rug on the floor with the toe of his shoe.

"Isn't it strange, Inspector, what narrow limitations there are to the human mind? I'm considered quite clever because I can remember intricate moves in a chess game. Actually, I'm thinking of only one thing—chess. To-night I've been guilty of the same fault—and so have you and Archer and Spud. We've jumped from one important thing to another and have unskilfully failed to piece them together as a whole.

"If I had a jigsaw puzzle here I could show you what I mean. We've left out the centre piece—the dull metallic crash which Mrs. Sands claimed she heard just before the murderer left this room."

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THE WHISTLING HANGMAN

The inspector left his place on the balcony and came downstairs to stand in front of Maclain. "I thought it had something to do with the opening and closing of the door."

"So did I," the captain admitted, "but Mrs. Sands said it sounded like metal on metal."

The captain rose to his feet and stood much like a sleepwalker, staring blankly toward the foyer.

"I have just killed a girl, and another woman is running down the stairs." He paced off several steps and stopped. "She's going to reach for the light switch—and I know exactly where it is. Why don't I kill her, Davis? Why don't I put her out of the way—so she'll never trouble me again? It's just another murder."

Fascinated, the inspector watched Maclain turn accurately to face the foyer.

"I'll tell you why," the captain went on. "Because the room's dimly lighted by moonlight, and she's standing in the foyer at the foot of the balcony stairs. I can't see her, Inspector, but I can see her hand when it reaches for the switch. So that's what I get. I drag her in beside the dead girl and start to make my escape. But I'm clever. I may be seen in the hall, but I'm not going to be seen with my murderous little contrivance which has already snuffed out two lives. I've arranged a hiding place which is quick and secure, and on my way to the door."

The captain stepped forward quickly, turned to the right, and entered the serving pantry with Davis at his heels. The inspector found the switch and turned it on. His pulse was fast as he watched the captain open and close the electric refrigerator door.

"That's not the sound I'm looking for," said Maclain. "It's too soft, and the door is edged with rubber. Anyhow, it's a foolish hiding place—and our quarry hasn't been foolish so far."

With thumb and fingers of each hand he grasped the corners of the refrigerator at the bottom and felt it swiftly up to the top. A click had sounded followed by the faint hum of a silenced motor.

The captain listened for an instant before he said excitedly: "That motor's in the top, Inspector. Look here." He pushed up with both hands against the white enamelled edge. The top, hinged at the back, lifted as easily as the top of a large gramophone.

The inspector bent forward eagerly and looked inside at a welter of coils and wires surrounding the softly running motor.

"What's there?" Maclain asked sharply.

"Nothing but the mechanism of the refrigerator; a lot of wires and things."

"You're sure they're wires, Inspector? Here, take my hand and let me feel. Keep it clear of the motor."

Wonderingly, the inspector took the captain's wrist and guided the searching fingers. The captain felt around the bottom edges of the box, gently squeezing cables and wires. After a moment he withdrew his hand and gave a disappointed sigh.

"I was afraid, when I thought of it, we might be too late. Let the lid drop."

The inspector obeyed, and the white top fell, closing tightly with a muffled crash of metal on metal.

"Spud and Archer are wasting their time," said the captain. "Let's go back into the room, and I'll put my cards on the table."

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"Murder and blackmail. It's a pretty combination." The captain let his hands play over the ornate writing-table in suite 1512, collecting various bronze accoutrements and arranging them into some obscure pattern of his own design. Spud Savage sat in a chair to his left, while Davis and Archer occupied a settee at his right.

His detachment was complete. Oblivious to the three interested men about him, he arranged bronze-handled shears, paper cutter and two pens to form a square. Inside of the square he placed a crystal inkwell and ran his fingers over the result with the pleased air of an architect admiring an impromptu model of house and grounds.

"You were talking about murder and blackmail," the inspector reminded him. "It took your mind off what you were doing. You forgot to put a doghouse in the yard for Dreist."

"Thank you, Inspector," the captain said seriously. "I'll remedy that with a stamp box." He reached unerringly for the article in question, placed it on edge just inside the paper cutter and opened the lid. Spud grinned at the sergeant, and Archer said:

"It has two compartments. You can put Schnucke in there with him too. Five minutes more of waiting and you can add suicide to murder and blackmail. I'll go into the bedroom and hang myself on the shower with a necktie."

"And don't forget to whistle," Spud put in, taking another turn of Dreist's leash about his hand.

Watching the dog keenly, Inspector Davis, face grey, reached out suddenly and clutched the captain's arm. "Maclain," he said intently, "I've just been looking at Dreist and the leash! I'm beginning to get your idea. Either that, or I'm losing my mind. Several months ago I saw a show——"

The captain turned his head and said, "Jumbo. Spud saw it, too, and several others in this hotel."

"So did I," the sergeant added, "and I have lost my mind."

Davis started to rise, then sank back on his seat again. "It won't fit, Captain. It just won't fit. It takes too much skill. A lion tamer, perhaps, or somebody out of an act like I saw—but there're no lion tamers mixed up in this, and no actors either. Where would a man get such a thing?"

"Let me tell what Spud and I have done," the captain insisted quietly. "You will see how hard I've tried to answer that question myself. I even checked up to make sure none had been stolen from the show. Let's start at the beginning and see what we have. We'll finish sooner. Most of it you and Archer already know, but I'll repeat it again to make the picture clear." He folded his hands on the edge of the desk. "Let's start with the Forrest sisters and the American scene:

"Purcella Forrest and her sister come from an excellent family. More than twenty years ago Purcella loved a man slightly too well. He intended to marry her, because they loved each other, but he was killed in an accident. So the girl we know as Gertrude Winslow is Purcella Forrest's daughter.

"We come now to Dryden Winslow. His wife, Baxter Winslow's mother, had been dead less than a year at that time. He was making a play for Purcella. She was a beautiful, highstrung girl, but poor.

"Desperate at the thought her baby would be born nameless, and without means of support, she accepted his advances shortly after her lover was killed, thinking she could drag him into marriage. It didn't work out quite that way."

"Apparently not," said Archer dryly.

"But part of it did, Sergeant," Maclain continued. "Dryden Winslow accepted the baby as his own but refused to marry the girl. Instead, with the brokerage failure behind him, he legally adopted the child which he thought was his own daughter. He left the two children, Gertrude and his own son Baxter, with Purcella and her sister Marcia, and went to Australia, as we know."

"The blackmail begins to shriek," the inspector exclaimed.

"It does." Maclain agreed, "for Winslow stipulated that the child should not be told she was adopted, and Winslow didn't know that the child was not his own. The Forrest sisters valiantly guarded the secret, although there were leaks, as there always are.

"Somehow the Carruthers', who brought up Emmett and Rose Black in England, learned or guessed the truth. Emmett Black overheard some of it as a kid but kept his mouth shut until this afternoon—when his love for Gertrude Winslow brought it to a showdown in Ynez' Riverview Home."

The inspector's eyes crinkled at the corners. "There, Captain Maclain, is a beard I'd like to pluck!"

"A delightful fellow, Inspector, and clever, too. He makes a worthy partner for the Honorable Paul Holden, O.B.E.—who is also a keen student of human grief.

"Beaten down by years of keeping her motherhood from her own daughter, Miss Purcella Forrest was easy prey. Holden met Gertrude Winslow at a cocktail party. It's his business to search for lucrative fields, and an absent father in Australia looked like a good ripe plum."

"I think I can guess the rest," said Archer.

"I thought I could, too, Sergeant, but I missed a lot. I'm not sure I know it all now, but I know enough." Maclain's face set in steel lines. "Holden probably spotted Miss Purcella as the neurotic key to his scheme. It wasn't much of a job to start her going to Ynez, and the doctor did the rest. He's not only a clever hypnotist, but a scientific one—judging from the machine Mrs. Sands saw in his office to-day.

"Miss Purcella talked, and after she talked, she paid—and Miss Marcia, too—for Holden, in a nice way, threatened to expose Purcella's deception to Dryden Winslow. Both the sisters knew what that meant; their income from Winslow would immediately cease, and Miss Purcella's daughter would be cut off without a penny."

The captain paused and closed the stamp box serving as a miniature kennel with an angry click.

"Holden became greedy. The meagre savings of the Forrest sisters were nearly gone. He checked up on Dryden Winslow much as I did, and found out that Winslow was wealthy—and ill. Thereupon he decided to marry Gertrude. It's part of a blackmailer's business to be charming when it is worth his while. In addition, he turned the screws and forced the unwilling Forrest sisters to further his suit."

Spud was flushed and angry. "I don't see how the Forrest sisters could push a girl they loved into a marriage with such a crook!"

"He probably pointed out that divorce was easy but poverty and disgrace could never be overcome," the captain supplied. "But fate tricked him to-day in the person of Emmett Black. It was that complex scene which Dryden Winslow stepped into when he arrived at Doncaster House."

"And what about the mess he left in Australia?" Inspector Davis took out a handkerchief and wiped his mouth.

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"Read the transcripts we made from our records, Spud," the captain directed. "I'd like to hear them again myself."

Spud Savage released Dreist's leash and said, "Down, Dreist, down." He took some crinkly sheets of legal foolscap from his inside pocket, spread them on his knee, then began to read:

"Transcript of an Ediphone record made for Captain Duncan Maclain by Rena Savage re the murder of Dryden Winslow.

"'(1) Information obtained from the Melbourne police; checked with the New York police; checked with a Bible found in Doncaster House by Captain Maclain; and checked with the firm of Wendell & Wendell, Dryden Winslow's solicitors in Melbourne.

"'April 4, 1916, Dryden Winslow married Amy Fleckner, age twenty-nine, daughter of a cattleman, John Fleckner. He had lived with her less than a month when he found she was involved with a notorious character known to the Australian police as Louis James. Investigating further, Dryden Winslow discovered his wife had a seven-year-old son by James, and that the child (which she had named Timothy Fleckner) was kept by his grandfather on the Fleckner cattle ranch——'"

"Skip the details, Spud," the captain interrupted, "and read the information given us by Wendell & Wendell. The part about the wife and child is quite clear, isn't it, Inspector?"

"It's the clearest part of the whole thing to me," said Davis. "Go on, Spud."

Spud rustled over the sheets and continued: "'Dryden Winslow had kept a will with his attorneys, Wendell & Wendell, for some years. He took it from them shortly before his departure for America in 1937, giving them the following instructions:

"'He wanted his estate settled without complications and wished to disinherit entirely his wife, Amy (Fleckner) Winslow, so that not one penny of his money would ever go to her or to her son, Timothy Fleckner. To accomplish his ends he had converted his holdings into money which he was taking to America with him, together with the Fleckner family Bible which held a record of his marriage and the birth of Amy Fleckner's child.

"'Due to his ill-health and imminent death, he had made a holographic will in the back of the Fleckner Bible. This was witnessed by two clerks in the office of Wendell & Wendell (John Arthur and Elizabeth Knott).'"

The inspector stood up, interrupting, and leaned on the edge of the desk. "That's burned into my brain, Captain. What's the answer? Who killed Winslow and this girl?"

The captain thrust inkwell, scissors and paper cutter away from him with a quick decisive gesture. "Someone who fills these conditions, Inspector, unless I'm wrong. The murderer had to know that Dryden Winslow was coming to America. The murderer had to get Dryden Winslow into Doncaster House. The murderer had to know that Dryden Winslow had the Fleckner Bible in his possession, and what it contained. The murderer had to have means of getting the Fleckner Bible out of fifteen-ten and secreting it in the hall. The murderer had to have access to fifteen-o-eight, for Winslow was killed from the terrace of that apartment. The murderer had to have a motive and therefore must be closely connected with Dryden Winslow in some way.

"Spud and I have spent a frantic day trying to fit all those requirements onto the same person. Everybody who attended the conclave in my office yesterday was photographed by cameras set in the walls. Spud took those photographs to the post office to-day, trying to find if anyone in the pictures had called there for Australian mail.

"Spud checked with Alexander Leftwich, jun., who stage-managed Jumbo, to see if the weapon used could have been reported at any time as stolen from the show while it was in New York. We were out of luck on both counts."

"We were out of luck on the girl, too," said Davis. "Why was she killed?"

"To keep her quiet, Inspector—the reason for most second murders! She saw the killer leaving fifteen-o-eight on Saturday night. There's your case, Inspector, tied up in a bundle and dumped in your lap. But it's circumstantial and we need more proof ——"

The four men jumped wildly to their feet. Shrieking through the corridors of Doncaster House came a rising, falling scream—inhuman and unreal. It battered against the door of 1512, sending the hairs up straight on Dreist's back and ringing a startled exclamation from the phlegmatic Archer.

It cut off in the middle with a pop, to be followed instantly by the sound of other screams as frightened tenants rushed for their doors.

With Dreist close by his side Spud ran for the apartment door and flung it wide, peering out into the hall.

"There's no one here, Dunc," he called back. "It must have come from the floor below!"

"What must have come from the floor below?" Davis' fists were clenched by his side. "I'll die if we've got another hanging on our hands."

The captain's mobile mouth twitched strangely. "The hangings are over, Inspector. If there's another death it will be in the electric chair. The whistling hangman's whistled once too often. I'm closing in right now!"

. . . .

It took all of twenty minutes for Herr Bleucher, adroit in the art of quieting startled guests, to restore order to the fourteenth floor. Aided by Mr. Fralinger and Mrs. Sands, summoned from her room by phone, the manager evolved a garbled explanation which concerned a mythical young lady slightly the worse for drink who had fallen and screamed.

Mrs. Sands, bearing up bravely, was commissioned to patrol the other floors which might have been disturbed.

"You can do more than I can, Mrs. Sands," Herr Bleucher told her. "Tell them anything if you find them peering out into the hall, but get them to go back to bed."

Accompanied by Mr. Fralinger, he joined the four men who were waiting by the service elevators on the fourteenth floor.

Herr Bleucher had reached an end. He searched his knowledge of many languages to find what he wanted to say. Finally he looked at Maclain as though the captain were personally to blame, spread his hands wide and said, "Vell, Captain, what? Who's killed now?"

The captain stood with his head turned slightly to one side, listening, oblivious to Herr Bleucher's perturbed appeal.

"One of the service elevators is running," he remarked in a conversational tone. "Do you keep a man on duty all night?"

"No. Gott!" Herr Bleucher exclaimed. "Now it is a service elevator become important! There is no boy on duty. I phoned down for the night engineer to bring it up to this floor. I do not intend to hamper the police, nor you, Captain, but unless your investigations are confined to the back of the house, Doncaster House will be vacant in a month."

"I understand perfectly, Rudolph, so I want your help right now. All I ask is a little time, and I'll turn over to the police the weapon used to kill Dryden Winslow and the girl."

Herr Bleucher tugged at his moustache. "Very well. It is agreed. What do we do?"

"First," said Maclain, "we search the basement. I need a guide who knows every inch of it. Mr. Fralinger will do nicely."

"The basement?" said Davis. "What's the idea?"

"The idea is the dog, Inspector. He has a good nose. I'll take him along on leash and see what he can do."

The inspector opened his mouth and shut it again. He knew something about police dogs, but, better still, he knew Captain Duncan Maclain.

"How many entrances are there to this hotel, Rudolph?" the captain asked.

"Three. The front door. The service entrance at the west end which leads to the basement—and a door from the kitchen to an alleyway in the back."

"Good. Here's my plan." The captain was calm but decisive. "It must be carried out to the letter, or we may have another murder on our hands. I want those three entrances guarded."

The service elevator stopped and the door slid open behind Maclain.

"I don't care who comes in, but no one is to leave. Rudolph, you take the lobby. Inspector, you take the service entrance at the west end of the house. Sergeant, I'll leave the doorway from the kitchen to the alley to you. There's one more thing. How many stairways lead from the basement to the office floor?"

"One," Mr Fralinger supplied. "It comes up in the vestibule right beside the office."

"You take that, Spud. That leaves only the elevators. I don't want anyone to leave the basement while I'm there. Keep the two passenger elevators on the office floor. The engineer who's in this car now can watch the service cars."

"You understand that, Mr. Sorensen?" Herr Bleucher asked the man in the elevator.

"Yes, sir. I'm to stick by these two cars and let nobody up or down. Is that it?"

"That's it," confirmed Maclain. "How many servants sleep in the hotel?"

"Eight only," said Herr Bleucher, "but their rooms are in a wing off the office floor. The others all go home at night."

"One last check before we go downstairs, Rudolph. I want to be sure everything is understood. You guard the entrance to the lobby. Spud, the stairway to the basement. Inspector Davis, the service entrance at the west end of the house; and Sergeant Archer, the door from the kitchen to the alley. Mr. Fralinger goes along with me. Are you armed?"

The assistant manager patted his hip and grinned. "I have an automatic, but I don't know what I could hit. I'm not much of a shot."

"Well, keep it handy," warned Maclain, "and keep your eyes open. Remember, I'm blind."

The elevator stopped at the first floor and let out Herr Bleucher and Spud, then went on down to the basement. There Inspector Davis turned to the left and took the incline which led to the service entrance on the street level.

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Dreist tugged at the leash. Lightly touching the assistant manager's arm, the captain followed the dog down the corridor to where another turned right towards the kitchen. The sergeant left them there to take up his post in the room where a single light glittered against burnished pots and pans.

Mr. Fralinger shifted the heavy automatic from his hip to the side pocket of his evening clothes. The whole procedure seemed pointless and was beginning to get on his nerves.

"That's not your regular dog, is it?" he asked Maclain.

"No," the captain said softly. "Dreist's a trailer and a searcher. I'll show you how he works. What's at our left? I can tell by the sound that we're close to a door."

"A partition is built along here," Mr. Fralinger explained. "There's storage space behind it, and a trunk room built along the front of the house." His voice was as low as the captain's, and it sounded hollow against the white tile of the spotless basement walls.

The captain stopped directly opposite the door, forcing Mr. Fralinger to ask, "How did you know it was there?"

"The sound of our footsteps." The captain leaned down and unsnapped the leash from Dreist's collar, saying, "Search."

In an instant the dog was gone. Mr. Fralinger stood fascinated in the doorway, watching Dreist's swift coverage of boxes, rolled-up rugs in moth-proofing, and several hotel chairs brought to the basement for upholstery and repair. Swiftly the dog wove in and out until he came to the locked wooden door.

At the heavy locked door of slatted wood which barred the way to boxes of the guests he stood for a moment, his nose pressed to a crack, his tail erect. The captain, hearing the pattering footsteps cease, brought him back to heel with a word of command. Farther down the corridor the servants' dining-room was dark. It took Dreist but a few seconds to cover it and return.

"What would he do if he found anything?" Mr. Fralinger asked.

"Bark," said Maclain, "until we came—and maybe trip up the man if he tried to run. Where is the toolroom that was broken into?"

"We're on our way there now."

The captain stopped, holding his hand lightly on Mr. Fralinger's arm. "Did anything strike you as queer about duplicates being made for fifteen-o-eight?"

The assistant manager thought it over a few seconds before he said, "I don't think I see what you mean."

Again the captain was listening, his head turned slightly to one side. "Whoever used that machine had to have a key to fifteen-o-eight before they could make one. Isn't that true?"

"That's so," Mr. Fralinger admitted.

"Well then," Maclain continued, "if they had a key to fifteen-o-eight already in their possession, why did they want to make another? The reason's obvious, isn't it? They wanted it known that the key machine had been used."

"But what was the idea?"

"It was to diffuse suspicion, Mr. Fralinger—to make the police think that many duplicates might be in existence. The place was broken into, and the key closet was broken into. That looks as if the job was done by someone outside the hotel."

"That's clear enough, Captain Maclain, but why did they want to get into fifteen-o-eight?"

The captain paused to listen again before he replied.

"The murder weapon was hidden in fifteen-o-eight, Mr. Fralinger. Until this afternoon it was very cleverly hidden in the top of the electric icebox. Don't you see? It was taken out this afternoon and hidden again in fifteen-twelve.

"The murderer went in there at eleven o'clock to-night to get it, for that was a rented apartment, although the people are away. It was unfortunate for Carrie Ritter that she chose that particular suite as a place to hide, for she heard the killer and made a noise herself."

The assistant manager's voice was thick with excitement. "By Jove, Captain Maclain, I believe you're right! And what do you expect to find here?"

"The weapon," said Maclain. "But we've got to be quiet and careful."

"You think it's hidden down here?"

"I know it's hidden down here. Listen!"

They were near the end of the corridor where another asphalt incline led down to a sub-basement below.

"What's that throb and hum?"

Mr. Fralinger gave a short, nervous laugh. "It's a pump in the engine-room on the floor below."

"What kind of a pump?"

"An air pump for the vacuum system."

"And just where are they cleaning at this time of night?"

"Part of the hotel is rented out for offices and stores. The cleaning there is done quite late." Mr. Fralinger took hold of the captain's arm with a trembling hand. "That screaming wail up in the hall, Captain—that's what it was, now that you speak of it! Somebody opened one of the outlets to the vacuum system! It makes a frightful noise—like a dying shriek!"

"Certainly, Mr. Fralinger," the captain said soothingly. "Unless I'm very much mistaken, my trap's well set. What time is that cleaning over?"

"Before four. The engineer shuts off the pump and cleans the tank some time between three and four!"

The captain took out his repeater watch and listened to it chime 3.15. "Our time's short," he said. "We have to hurry! First we'll send Dreist down to search the engine-room below. Then we'll go down there and wait ourselves. It won't be long before the murderer will make an attempt to get the weapon which was disposed of so cleverly by being fed into the vacuum outlet on the fourteenth floor. At present it's in the dust tank in the engine-room. If we hurry, we can get it first and await the arrival of our friend."

"You know whom we're waiting for, Captain?"

"I hope to know within an hour," said Duncan Maclain.

"WHAT'S at my left?" the captain presently asked, releasing Mr. Fralinger's arm.

"A switchboard. Keep away from it. It controls all the power in the hotel."

The throb of the well-oiled pump sounded muffled and rhythmic in the room.

"Give me the layout."

"The pump is right ahead of you," Mr. Fralinger said. "The panel of switches to your left. On the other side of the room are steam pipes and gauges from the New York Steam. The vacuum tank's in the far corner, diagonally across from where you're standing. And the engineer has a desk and chair in front of the switchboard. I'll take you there and let you sit down. The hot-water tanks are through a small door in an adjoining room."

The captain counted five paces before he reached the semi-circular-backed chair. He seated himself, reached out and located a green-shaded lamp on the desk, and said, "What other lights are in the room?"

"Four: one over each of the gauges and three droplights spaced equally across—just in front of where you're sitting. What do you want me to do?"

"Work fast," the captain said. "You know how to shut off the pump?"

"The switch on the board is marked. There'll be a howl from the cleaners if they're not through."

"Let them howl," said Maclain. "Pull it."

A snap and crackle followed, and the noise of the throbbing pump died away.

The captain's voice was edged. "Can you get into the tank quickly?"

"I think so. There's a door near the bottom. I'll give it a try."

"Down, Dreist," the captain ordered as the dog moved restively by his side. He heard Mr. Fralinger's footsteps cross the room, and a moment later the assistant manager said, "It's easy. The cleaning door is just fastened on by lugs. A turn of an inch will release it. You're looking for a rope, aren't you?"

"Or something similar," said Maclain.

A sound of metal on asphalt followed, then the engine-room was silent; so silent that the captain's sensitive hearing distinguished the slow drip of oil in a pan. Over the slow methodical dripping came another sound—the swish of something flexible drawn over a metal edge. It made hardly more rustle than a long slim snake sliding through the branches of a tree.

When Mr. Fralinger whispered, "Great Heaven!" the two words broke into the tenseness of waiting loud as a blown-out tyre. Straight in his chair, Captain Maclain placed both hands side by side on the blotter before him. Slowly he spread his fingers wide and touched the tips of his thumbs.

"You'll have to hurry, Mr. Fralinger. What have you found?"

"I don't know." The assistant manager spoke so low that the captain leaned forward to catch his words. "I've never seen anything like it before."

"Perhaps I can help you if I describe it." The captain's hands pressed down hard with concentration. "You will remember I have to picture it in my mind. Thirty feet of death aimed by pointing the handle as a killer points a gun. It's a whip which you have pulled out there on the floor—or, rather, two whips, one within the other.

"When the first was carefully plaited, the second was braided around it—and the lashes are made of narrow strips from the hide of a kangaroo. Hand-plaited, they taper from one inch at the top to infinity at the tip. It's no wonder—is it?—the police were so puzzled, for Winslow and Carrie Ritter were hanged with the Australian stockwhip—which you're holding in your hand!"

The seconds which Duncan Maclain knew so well how to count were creeping lengthily by. From another part of the basement a switch clanked and machinery began to whir.

"One of the elevators is running," the captain said.

"Probably taking a guest upstairs." Mr. Fralinger stood up in the corner, announcing his move to Duncan Maclain by a crackle of starched shirt and a swish of broadcloth clothes. "There's no slack in the whip now, Captain Maclain. I wonder why."

"The handle had to be removed," the cap-

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tain explained, "or the whip couldn't have been disposed of through the vacuum pipe." He spoke calmly, but his mind was not on what he said, for the sound he was waiting for so intently had begun—the quick, fast scrape of kangaroo hide sliding along the floor.

He had no time to move before Dreist attacked with his battling growl. Even with that warning, he was just in time. He heard the whistle and the shotlike snap as he shoved himself to his feet.

The coiling lashes aimed for his neck cut into his arms before he fully rose. Wrapping him tightly, they bit into his flesh with searing tendrils which would have broken his neck with a single jerk had he still been in the chair.

He spread his arms and tore at them wildly. Suddenly they were loose, and he knew that the butt of the whip was free. He pulled it toward him, coiling its dusty length in one hand.

"Dreist will tear you to bits if you move," Maclain said coolly. "But I assure you he won't harm you if you stay still and on the floor. You're skilful with a stockwhip, Timothy Fleckner, but you should learn more about dogs. Dreist attacks without warning at sight of an upraised hand. It seems to me that the whistling hangman has whistled his last sad tune!"

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"Personally," said Duncan Maclain, "I think he's a delightful fellow compared with the firm of Holden and Ynez." He poured himself a liberal portion of Herr Bleucher's prune scotch and settled back comfortably in the manager's personal chair.

Davis and Archer had departed with their prisoner, who insisted the depths of degradation were to be captured by a blind man and a dog.

Mrs. Colling-Sands, looking anxious, and attractive in a black negligee, was reclining on a day bed in the corner of the manager's living-room. Spud Savage, seated near her, was holding Dreist's leash, and the big German shepherd, head on paws, was watching Herr Bleucher with a glint of dislike in his light grey eyes.

"Every murder boils down to one thing, Herr Bleucher," said Spud. "That one thing is that one person only can be guilty. It's Dunc's ability to make the guilty party fit all the facts which makes him tops."

"So," said Herr Bleucher, "you pick my assistant manager, Mr. Fralinger, who fits none of the facts."

The captain set down his glass and ruefully felt his arm. "He fitted one fact, Rudolph. He nearly hanged me around the middle. And I disagree with you on the rest of your statement. I'll tell you much of what I told Davis and Archer.

"All the facts pointed to someone closely connected with this hotel." The captain raised his eyebrows. "As a matter of fact, Rudolph, I thought it was you."

"Verdampt idiot!" the manager spluttered. "You're clever at chess, yes! But as a detective——" He gave an eloquent shrug and reached again for his glass of wine.

"Well, I'll admit," said Maclain with a grin, "that I dropped you after the first step. Fralinger, whom we now know to be Winslow's stepson, Timothy Fleckner, filled the requirements all the way. He wrote the letter which brought Winslow and his party to Doncaster House, and you signed it."

"Without reading it," said Mrs. Sands.

Herr Bleucher opened his mouth and shut it again with an injured expression. "And what about the second act?"

"The Bible," said Maclain. "He was the only one who could have got it from Winslow's room—and whoever took it from Winslow's room knew exactly what they were looking for.

"His mother, Amy Fleckner, wrote him about Winslow's departure and Winslow's intentions—which he had made very clear to her; that he was going to give all his money away so she'd never get a cent. Fralinger took the Fleckner Bible from the Gideon cover—and he knew exactly where to look without wasting time—for he brought the Gideon Bible to Dryden Winslow himself."

"There's another point Dunc mentioned to me, too," said Spud. "The Bible was hidden in one of your sand jars, covered over with a few inches of sand. Whoever hid it had to know whether those jars were dumped daily, or whether just enough sand was taken from the top to be replaced with fresh."

"Then things began to pile up." The captain sipped his drink again. "It was Spud who gave me the real hint about the weapon. He'd seen an act in Jumbo—which Mrs. Sands saw, too—where a man wielding a stockwhip flicked a handkerchief from a girl's breast pocket twenty feet away. He started Rena on some research about Australian stockwhips. They're also known as Spanish bull whips and, skilfully handled, they can break the neck of a steer.

"That gave me another lead. If the stockwhip was used, it was safe to assume the murderer was brought up among cattle in Australia. Again I was forced back to someone in the hotel. They'd got into fifteen-o-eight. That meant a passkey. The same thing held for fifteen-twelve.

"But the clinching fact was why Carrie Ritter stopped talking yesterday morning to Mrs. Sands."

"That seems like weeks ago," the housekeeper declared. "That poor girl. I might have saved her."

"I doubt it." The captain shook his head. "She saw him come out of fifteen-o-eight right after Winslow was killed, and that was fatal. He had to keep her quiet. She stopped talking as soon as he and Rudolph came into the linen room. Fralinger must have noticed it then and decided if she stopped at the sight of him, she hadn't yet told everything she knew."

"And why did he go into fifteen-twelve?" asked Mrs. Sands. "Did she see the magazine Carrie left on the table and know the girl was there?"

"His whip was concealed in the refrigerator in fifteen-twelve," said Maclain. "It was originally concealed in fifteen-o-eight, although I couldn't find it when I searched there and didn't know for sure. I brought matters to a head by having a new lock put on the door. He wanted to kill Carrie, and, unfortunately for her, she was hiding in fifteen-twelve when he went to get it. He put it back into the refrigerator after she was killed. That was the clang of metal you heard, Mrs. Sands.

"He discovered the new lock when he was showing rooms, and tried to get more clever—too clever. He broke into the toolroom and the key rack when he had keys to both himself. He thought breaking in would make it look like an outside job. Then after he got the key to fifteen-o-eight, he decided to use the key machine and make it look as though there were a lot of duplicates in circulation. That pointed all the more to someone connected with the hotel. A guest here might break in, but they'd get the key they wanted and leave—not stay there and use the key machine."

The captain passed his hand wearily over his forehead and stood up. "That's about all, Herr Bleucher. I think I'll go home. I haven't had much sleep since our chess game on Saturday night."

"You mean on that little evidence," said Herr Bleucher, "you picked out the right man?"

The captain laughed. "Good Lord, Rudolph, there were a thousand other things which would keep me here till two to-morrow afternoon. The service elevator he left on the fifteenth floor, to get himself down to the office so he'd be there in a couple of minutes when Gertrude Winslow phoned for help. That was another thing that pointed to the hotel. But the main thing was that I knew when I found that whip in the vacuum tank, if I was there alone with him, he would try to get me out of the way.

"He'd taken the wooden stock out so the whip could be disposed of down the vacuum outlets. He was anxious then to get rid of the thing. He'd taken it from the refrigerator in fifteen-twelve when he got a glass of water for Mrs. Sands, rolled it up into as small a bulk as possible, and placed it in the serving pantry under the sink.

"He took a desperate chance and got away with it, for he picked it up and carried it out, Rudolph, when I was saying good-night to you at the door."

"I didn't see it," said Herr Bleucher defiantly. "How could he have had it then?"

"Probably," said the captain, "it was stuck in the hip pocket of his long-tailed coat. Then he made a mistake. He decided to drop it down one of the vacuum outlets on the fourteenth floor, and he forgot about the night cleaning and the fact that the pumps were on. When he opened the outlet, it gave that unmerciful shriek which aroused half the hotel. There was no help for it then. He had to shove the whip in and let it go. He put the stock in his hip pocket and ran on down to the service stairs where he hid for a few minutes until he joined the quieting party.

"I could go on indefinitely, Rudolph—about the whistle and shot coming only from a whip; about Ynez and Holden badly clouding the issue; and principally about sons who'd grown up in Australia and disappeared, taking their Australian accent with them.

"Timothy Fleckner fitted all the requirements—from sharing in the fortune of a man who had left his mother, to being the right age of the man who filled all the requirements for the killer in Doncaster House. I put them both together—and got the whistling hangman! And now—I don't care if they're ninety-four things you still don't understand—Spud and Dreist and I are on our way to the kennels. We're about to go to bed."

Mrs. Sands left her comfortable place on the day bed to go to her own apartment. "I hope everything straightens itself out for the Forrest sisters," she said pensively; then added with a touch of bitterness: "and I hope that Paul Holden and Doctor Ynez have to do a little paying on their own! Can't you see to that, Captain Maclain?"

The captain took her arm and accompanied her to the hall. "There's one thing I'll try to make Mr. Holden pay," he told her with a grin, "but I'm afraid it's going to take Spud and Dreist both to collect it—that's my fee!"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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